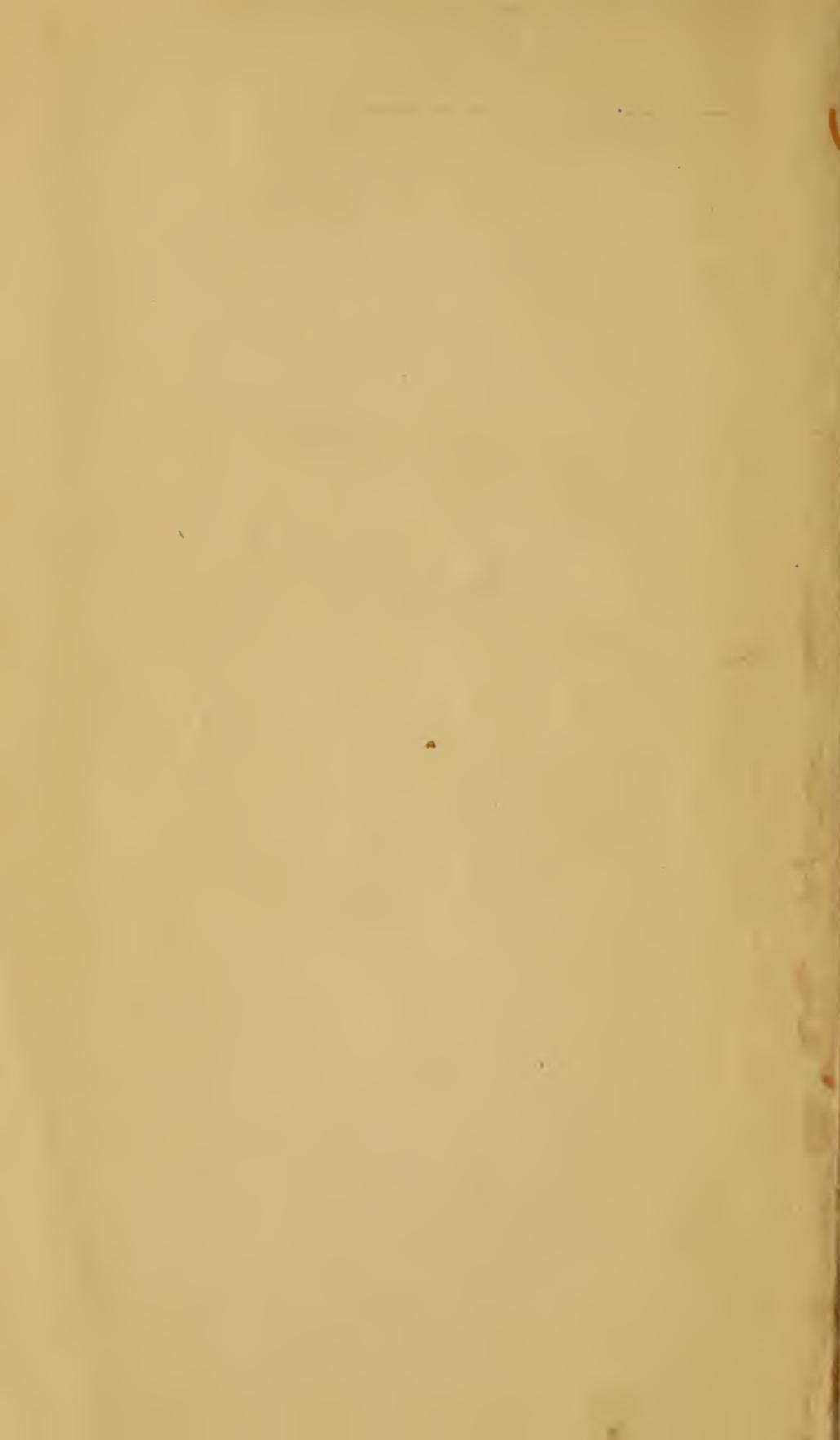


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## PREFACE.

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THIS collection of Hymns for the use of the PROTESTANT CHURCH of the UNITED BRETHREN, consists partly of translations from the German, and partly of original English compositions. The former are marked with an asterisk.

An INDEX containing the first line of each verse, and a TABLE OF TUNES are subjoined.

For the sake of those who possess the former edition, the number of each hymn contained therein is inserted within the marks of a parenthesis.

May all who use these hymns, delight in, and experience at all times, the blessed effects of the apostle Paul's advice, (Ephesians, v. 18, 19,) "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord," yea anticipate already, whilst in the body, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, (Heb. xii. 22, 23,) who being redeemed out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes and made them white in the

blood of the Lamb (Rev. v. 9, and vii. 14,) are singing in perfect harmony, (Rev. v. 12—14,) “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever.” Amen.

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# LITURGY

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.



## THE CHURCH LITANY.

MIN. LORD, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, have mercy upon us!*

MIN. LORD, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven!

*Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen!*

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!

*Be gracious unto us!*

Lord God, Holy Ghost!

*Abide with us for ever!*

CONG. Most holy, blessed Trinity!

We praise thee to eternity. :||: :||:

Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord!

To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,

And on us all have mercy!

From coldness to thy merits and death,  
From error and misunderstanding,  
From the loss of our glory in thee,  
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,  
From self-complacency,

From untimely projects,  
 From needless perplexity,  
 From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,  
 From the influence of the spirit of this world,  
 From hypocrisy and fanaticism,  
 From the deceitfulness of sin,  
 From all sin,

*Preserve us, gracious Lord and God!*

By all the merits of thy life,  
 By thy human birth and circumcision,  
 By thy obedience, diligence, and faithfulness,  
 By thy humility, meekness, and patience,  
 By thy extreme poverty,  
 By thy watching, fasting, and temptations,  
 By thy griefs and sorrows,  
 By thy prayers, and tears,  
 By thy having been despised and rejected,

*Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!*

By thine agony and bloody sweat,  
 By thy bonds and scourgings,  
 By thy crown of thorns,  
 By thy cross and passion,  
 By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,  
 By thy dying words,  
 By thy atoning death,  
 By thy rest in the grave,  
 By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,  
 By thy sitting at the right hand of God,  
 By thy sending the Holy Ghost,  
 By thy prevailing intercession,  
 By the holy sacraments,  
 By thy divine presence,

(Matth. xxviii. 20.)

*Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!*

CONG. We humbly pray with one accord,  
 Remember us, most gracious Lord!  
 Think on thy suff'rings, wounds and cross,  
 And how by death thou savedst us:  
 For this is all our hope and plea,  
 In time and in eternity.

*We poor sinners pray,*

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Rule and lead thy holy christian church;  
 Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and  
 diminish misapprehensions;  
 Make the word of the cross universal among those who  
 are called by thy name;  
 Unite all the children of God in one spirit; (John xi. 52.)  
 Abide their only Shepherd, High-Priest and Saviour;  
 Send faithful laborers into thy harvest;  
 Give spirit and power to preach thy word;  
 Preserve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end  
 of days,  
 And through the Holy Ghost, daily glorify the merits of  
 thy life, sufferings and death;  
 Prevent, or destroy, all designs and schemes of Satan, and  
 defend us against his accusation;  
 For the sake of that peace which we have with thee,  
 may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all  
 men; (Rom. xii. 18.)  
 Grant us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to  
 them that hate us;  
 Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and  
 lay not this sin to their charge; (Acts vii. 60.)  
 Hinder all schisms and offences;  
 Put far from thy people all deceivers and seducers;  
 Bring back those who have erred, or have been seduced;  
 Grant love and unity to all our congregations;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Thou Light and Desire of all nations!

(Mat. iv. 16. Hag. ii. 7.)

Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea;  
 Prosper the endeavors of all thy servants to spread thy  
 gospel among heathen nations;  
 Accompany the word of their testimony concerning thy  
 atonement, with demonstration of the Spirit and of  
 power; (1 Cor. ii. 4.)  
 Bless our and all other christian congregations gathered  
 from the Negroes, Greenlanders, Indians, Hottentots,  
 Esquimaux, and other heathen;

Keep them as the apple of thine eye; (Deut. xxxii. 10.)  
 Have mercy on thy ancient covenant people;  
 And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of thee;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

MIN. O praise the Lord, all ye heathen!

CONG. Praise him, all ye nations!

Give to thy people open doors to preach thy gospel,  
 and set them to thy praise on earth;  
 Grant all ministers of the church soundness of doctrine  
 and holiness of life, and preserve them therein;  
 Sprinkle all thy servants with thy blood;  
 Keep our episcopacy precious before thee;  
 Help all elders to rule well, especially those who labor in  
 the word and doctrine; (1 Tim. v. 17.)  
 That they may feed thy church, which thou hast pur-  
 chased with thine own blood; (Acts xx. 28.)

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Watch graciously over all governments, and hear our  
 supplications for them;  
 Grant and preserve unto them thoughts of peace and con-  
 cord;  
 We beseech thee specially, to pour down thy blessings in  
 a plentiful manner upon the President of the United  
 States and the Governors of the individual States of the  
 Union; upon both houses of Congress, and the respec-  
 tive State Legislatures, whenever assembled. Direct  
 and prosper all their councils and undertakings to the  
 promotion of thy glory, the propagation of the gospel,  
 and the safety and welfare of this country.\*

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\* *To be prayed in times of war, directly after the petitions for the general and state governments.*

Grant, O Lord, unto the President of the United States, in these times  
 of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve  
 himself the father of the people.

Be thou the gracious protector of these States, and of all our fellow-  
 citizens in all parts of the world.

Turn the hearts of our enemies; defeat every evil design against us,  
 and continue to show unto us thy tender mercy, as thou hast done  
 in days past.

Guide and protect the magistrates of the land, wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Supply, O Lord, all the wants of thy church:

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only before God, but also before men; (2 Cor. viii. 21.)

Bless the sweat of the brow, and faithfulness in business; Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life; (2 Tim. ii. 4.)

But may all our labor of body and mind be hallowed unto thee;

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

O thou Preserver of men!

Send help to all that are in distress or danger;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer bonds and persecution for the sake of the gospel;

Defend, and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed;

Be the support of the aged;

Make the bed of the sick, and, in the midst of suffering, let them feel that thou lovest them; (Ps. xli. 3)

And when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then remember, that thou hast died, not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world;

(1 John ii. 2.)

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Now Lord, thou who art over all, God blessed for ever!

Be the Saviour of all men; (1 Tim. iv. 10.)

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercy that we are not consumed;

Stop, in thy tender mercy, the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations, thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of thy name.

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Yea, have mercy on thy whole creation;  
 For thou camest, by thyself to reconcile all things unto  
 God, whether things in earth, or things in heaven;  
 (Col. i. 20.)

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Thou Saviour of thy body, the church! (Eph. v. 23.)  
 Bless, sanctify, and preserve every member through the  
 truth; (John 17, 19.)

Grant that each, in every age and station, may enjoy the  
 powerful and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity;  
 and make us chaste before thee in soul and body;

Let our children be brought up in the nurture and admo-  
 nition of thee; (Eph. vi. 4.)

Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and hand-  
 maids; (Acts ii. 18.)

Purify our souls, in obeying the truth, through the Spirit,  
 unto unfeigned love of the brethren; (1 Pet. i. 22.)

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church trium-  
 phant, and let us eternally rest together in thy presence  
 from our labors!

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

O Christ, Almighty God!

*Have mercy upon us!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the  
 world,

*Own us to be thine!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the  
 world,

*Be joyful over us!*

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the  
 world,

*Leave thy peace with us!*

MIN. O Christ,

Hear us!

CONG. Lord,

*Have mercy upon us!*

MIN. Christ,

Have mercy upon us!

CONG. Lord,

*Have mercy upon us!*

## DOXOLOGY.

*To be used after the CHURCH LITANY on solemn occasions.*

UNTO the Lamb that was slain, (Rev. v. 12.)  
*And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;*

(Rev. v. 9.)

UNTO the Lord who purchased our souls for himself;  
 (Acts xx. 28.)

*Unto that Friend who loved us, and washed us from our sins in  
 his own blood;* (Rev. i. 5.)

Who died for us once, (Rom. vi. 10, 11. 2 Cor. v. 15.)

*That we might die unto sin;* (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

Who rose for us,

*That we also might rise;* (1 Cor. xv.)

Who ascended for us into heaven,

*To prepare a place for us;* (John xiv. 2, 3.)

CHOIR. And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers,  
 and dominions; (1 Pet. iii. 22.)

To him be glory at all times,

*In the church that waiteth for him, and in that which is  
 around him,*

CHOIR. From everlasting to everlasting,  
*Amen!*

Little children, abide in him; that, when he shall appear,  
 we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before  
 him at his coming. (1 John ii. 28.)

CONG. In none but him alone I trust for ever,  
 In him, my Saviour.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious  
 unto thee!

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give  
 thee peace!

CHOIR. In the name of Jesus,  
*Amen.*

## EASTER MORNING LITANY.

*The bishop or minister shall say:*

I BELIEVE in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

CONG. *This I verily believe.*

MIN. We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth! because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father! for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Father! glorify thy name!

CONG. *Our Father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

MIN. I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him;

I believe, that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman;

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin;

For he is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit hath sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord;

He spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen; as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God! which taketh away the sin of the world,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

CONG. Amen! come, Lord Jesus! come, we implore thee;  
With longing hearts we now are waiting for thee;  
Come, Lord, O come!

MIN. The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil,

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness;

So as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

CONG. *This I most certainly believe.*

MIN. I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever;

That he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children;

That he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;

That he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father!

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temples;

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity;

CONG. *Amen.*

MIX. I believe, that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth and sanctifieth the whole church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian church God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

CONG. *This I assuredly believe.*

MIX. I believe, that by Holy Baptism I am embodied as a member of the Church of Christ, which he hath loved, and for which he gave himself, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

CONG. *Amen.*

MIX. In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for us, and shed his blood on the cross for the remission of sins, and who hath granted unto me his body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the scripture saith: Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night, in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said: Take, eat, this is my body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ, when he had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the new testament, which

is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

CONG. *Amen.*

MIN. I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body, which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: my flesh shall rest in hope:

And God, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, will quicken all those bodies in which the Spirit of God hath dwelt.

CONG. *Amen.*

*We poor sinners pray,*

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

MIN. And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren, and with our sisters, who have entered into the joy of their Lord;

Also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home within this year, and with the whole church triumphant; and let us eternally rest with them in thy presence.

CONG. *Amen.*

They are at rest in lasting bliss,  
Beholding Christ our Saviour;  
Our humble expectation is  
To live with him for ever.

MIN. Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; He was dead, and behold! He is alive for evermore;

And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever.

CONG. *Amen.*

Grant us to lean unshaken  
Upon thy faithfulness,  
Until we hence are taken  
To see thee face to face.

MIN. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all;

CONG. *Amen.*

blood of Jesus Christ, who loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. As many of us as have been baptized, have put on Christ.

## T. 22 a.

CONG. The Saviour's blood and righteousness  
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;  
Thus well array'd we need not fear,  
When in his presence we appear.

*(Here the child is brought in, and the minister offers up a suitable prayer.)*

MIN. Children may also be made partakers of this grace: For Christ hath said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MIN. Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

CONG. Into his death.

MIN. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee N. N. in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

*(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)*

Now art thou buried with him, by baptism, into his death;

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

MIN. Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! And the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

## T. 58.

CONG. That our Lord's views with *him* may be attain'd,  
We now commend this child, with faith unfeign'd,  
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favor,  
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and ever:  
Hear us, O Lord!

MIN. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

## BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

## T. 22.

CONG. Christ, the almighty Son of God,  
Took on him human flesh and blood,  
And willingly gave up his breath  
To save us from eternal death.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
That we're from condemnation freed,  
Since Christ our ransom fully paid.

*(After a short discourse follow these petitions;)*

MIN. Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven!

CONG. Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

MIN. Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!

CONG. Be gracious unto us!

MIN. Lord God, Holy Ghost!

CONG. Abide with us for ever!

## T. 132. a. p. 2.

CONG. Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord!  
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,  
And on us all have mercy!

MIN. By thy divine presence,  
By thy holy sacraments,

CONG. Bless us, gracious Lord and God!

(Questions put to the candidate for Baptism.)

MIN. Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him?

ANSWER. I do.

MIN. Dost thou believe, that he is thy Lord, who redeemed thee a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained thee from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying?

ANSWER. I verily believe it.

MIN. Dost thou desire to be cleansed from sin in the blood of Jesus Christ, and to be buried into his death by holy baptism?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire.

MIN. Dost thou desire to be embodied into the congregation of Christ, by holy baptism, and in his kingdom to live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire.

T. 155.

CONG. Unto *him*, O Lamb of God,  
Open thy salvation's treasure—In rich measure;  
Graciously *his* sins forgive,—*him* receive,  
Grant *him* peace and consolation;  
Join *him* to thy congregation;  
As the purchase of thy death.

T. 22. a.

The water flowing from thy side,  
Which by the spear was open'd wide,  
Be now *his* bath; thy precious blood  
Cleans *him*, and bring *him* nigh to God.

(During the last verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the following question is put to the congregation.)

MIN. Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

CONG. Into his death.

MIN. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee N. N. in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

*(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)*

Now art thou washed, justified and sanctified by the blood of Christ: therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! And the life, which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Amen, Hallelujah!

*(Then, the Congregation kneeling, the following verses may be sung:)*

T. 22.

CONG. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,  
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;  
His body torn with many a wound  
Preserve thy soul and body sound!

The blood-sweat trickling down his face,  
Thy condemnation doth erase;  
His cross, his suff'rings, and his pain,  
Thy everlasting strength remain.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Will thee protect, we humbly trust.

*(During the last, or any other suitable verse, the Congregation rises, and the minister pronounces the blessing:)*

MIN. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!  
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be  
gracious unto thee!  
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and  
give thee peace!

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS FROM THE HEATHEN.

MIN. Our Lord Jesus Christ,

CONG. Be gracious unto us!

MIN. By thy divine presence,

CONG. Bless us gracious Lord and God!

MIN. By all the merits of thy holy humanity, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,

CONG. Bless us, gracious Lord and God!

## T. 22.

CONG. Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,  
That thou didst deign a man to be,  
And for each soul which thou hast made,  
Hast an eternal ransom paid!

## T. 132, a.

O Jesus Christ, thou Son belov'd  
Of thy celestial Father,  
By whom all enmity's remov'd,  
And all the lost find succor;  
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,  
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,  
And on us all have mercy!

## T. 127.

O Lamb of God unspotted,—Our crucified Saviour,  
Who hast to shame submitted,—With patient meek behavior;  
Thy bearing our transgression—Hath sav'd us from damnation;  
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus! O Jesus!

## T. 30.

Lift up thy pierc'd hands, most gracious Saviour,  
Now pour out on *him* that grace and favor,  
Which in thy loving—And kind heart for *him* is ever moving.

*(After these or other verses suited to this transaction have been sung, and a short discourse delivered concerning the aim of baptism, and the grace imparted by it to those who receive it, the minister shall put the following questions to the candidate:)*

MIN. Dost thou believe, that thou art a sinful creature,  
and on account of thy sins, deservest the wrath  
of God, and eternal punishment?

ANSWER. I do believe it.

MIN. Dost thou believe, that Jesus Christ became a man  
for us, and by his innocent life, sufferings, blood-  
shedding, and death, reconciled us poor sinful  
creatures to God?

ANSWER. I verily believe it.

MIN. Dost thou believe, that he hath purchased for thee,  
by his blood and death, remission of sins, life and  
happiness?

ANSWER. I verily believe it.

MIN. Wilt thou in this faith be baptized into the death of  
Jesus, and be washed from thy sins in his blood?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire.

MIN. Dost thou also desire to be delivered from the power of sin and of Satan, and to be received into the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and of those who believe in him?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire, and I renounce the devil and all his works and ways.

T. 22.

CONG. Soul, body, spirit, Lord! are thine,  
The purchase of thy blood divine,  
O take *him*, as thy property,  
And keep *him* thine eternally.

*(During this verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the minister prays that he may be cleansed from all his sins in the blood of Christ; delivered from guilt and punishment, and from the dominion of sin and Satan; buried by baptism into the death of Jesus, and raised together with him unto newness of life, and thus, together with all believers, received into, and made a partaker of, the fellowship of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.)*

T. 75.

CONG. Through thy atoning blood,  
That precious, healing flood,  
Remove all sin and sadness,  
And fill *his* heart with gladness;  
Lord, hear thou *his* confession,  
And blot out *his* transgression.

Or, T. 22.

The water flowing from thy side,  
Which by the spear was open'd wide,  
Be now *his* bath, thy precious blood  
Cleanseth *him*, and bring *him* nigh to God.

*(After singing one of these, or any other suitable verse, follows the baptism:)*

MIN. I baptize thee N. N. into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

CONG. Amen.

MIN. Now art thou buried with Christ, by baptism, into his death; therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! And the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

## T. 14. a.

CONG. With awe and heartfelt thankfulness,  
Him in the dust adore;\*  
He who hath look'd on thee in grace,  
Hath bliss for thee in store.

*\* During these words the congregation kneels down, and the person baptized falls prostrate, during which some more verses may be sung, for instance:*

## T. 22. a.

CONG. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,  
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;  
His body torn with many a wound  
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

## Or, T. 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness,  
Thy beauty is, thy glorious dress;  
Thus well array'd thou need'st not fear,  
When in his presence all appear.

## Or, T. 79, p. 2.

His death and passion ever,  
Till soul and body sever,  
Shall in thy heart engrav'd remain.

## T. 22.

All pow'r and glory doth pertain  
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,  
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,\*  
And made us kings and priests to God.

*\* At these words the congregation rises, and the minister pronounces the blessing of the Lord:*

MIX. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!  
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be  
gracious unto thee!  
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and  
give thee peace!

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

## T. 11. a.

CONG. Praise on earth to thee be giv'n,  
Never ceasing praise in heav'n;  
Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine!

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

The service is opened by singing verses expressive of a penitent, contrite heart, after which a prayer for absolution is offered up. The congregation rising, a verse is sung and the bread is consecrated by pronouncing the words of Institution:

*“Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said: Take, eat; this is my body, which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.”*

The consecrated bread is then distributed by the minister and his assistants, among the communicants, during the singing of hymns, treating principally of the sufferings and death of our Lord. After all the communicants have received the bread, the minister repeats the words: “The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for you, preserve your bodies and souls unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for you, and feed upon him in your hearts by faith with thanksgiving.” The congregation partake altogether at the same time, kneeling, either in silence, or while a verse is sung, expressive of the solemn act. The congregation rising, verses of thanksgiving are sung, after which the minister consecrates the wine, by pronouncing the words:

*“After the same manner also, our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.”*

After these words of consecration, the minister addresses the congregation thus: “The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for you, preserve your souls and bodies unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ’s blood was shed for you, and be thankful.”

The minister then partaking of the consecrated cup, delivers it to his assistants, by whom it is administered to the congregation; during which hymns are sung, treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, and its healing and sanctifying power.

The service is continued with hymns treating of brotherly love, communion with Christ, and thankfulness for his incarnation, passion and death, and concluded with the blessing.

## ORDINATIONS.

NOTE.—The service being opened by the singing of the *Veni, Creator Spiritus* (Come Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God!) or some other suitable hymn, the bishop addresses the congregation in an appropriate discourse, ending with a charge to the candidate (or candidates) for ordination, after which he offers up a prayer, imploring the blessing of God upon the solemn transaction, and commending the candidate (or candidates) to his grace, that he (they) may be endowed with power and unction and the influences of the Holy Ghost, for preaching the Word of God, administering the Holy Sacraments, and for doing all those things, which shall be committed unto him, (them) for the promotion of the spiritual edification of the church. The bishop then proceeds to ordain the candidate (or candidates) with imposition of hands, pronouncing the following, or similar, words:

I ordain (*consecrate*) thee N. N. to be a Deacon (Presbyter) (*Bishop*) of the Church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: And may *the Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace! In the name of Jesus, Amen.*

(N. B. At the consecration of bishops, three, or at least two, bishops are required to assist.)

The bishop having returned to his place, kneels down with the whole congregation, all worshipping in silent devotion, while the following *Doxologies* are sung in a solemn manner by the choir, the congregation joining in the *Amen, Hallelujah!*

The service is concluded with a short hymn, and the bishop pronouncing the New Testament blessing.

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## DOXOLOGIES,

TO BE USED AT THE ORDINATION

(a) Of DEACONS.

Glory be to Thy most meritorious Ministry,  
O Thou Servant of the true Tabernacle,

Who didst not come to be ministered unto,  
But to minister!

*Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah!

(b) Of PRESBYTERS.

Glory be to thy most holy Priesthood,  
Christ, Thou Lamb of God!  
Thou, who wast slain for us;  
Who, by one offering, hast perfected for ever them  
that are sanctified!

*Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah!

(c) The Consecration of BISHOPS.

Glory be to the SHEPHERD and BISHOP of our souls,  
The great SHEPHERD of the sheep, through the  
blood of the everlasting Covenant;

Glory and obedience be unto GOD the HOLY GHOST,  
our Guide and Comforter!

Glory and adoration be to the FATHER of our LORD  
JESUS CHRIST,

Who is the FATHER of all, who are called children  
on earth and in heaven!

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat!  
And ev'ry breath His praise repeat!

*Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah!

## LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 1.

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, have mercy upon us!*

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven!

*Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!

*Be gracious unto us!*

By thy human birth,  
 By thy prayers and tears,  
 By all the troubles of thy life,  
 By the grief and anguish of thy soul,  
 By thine agony and bloody sweat,  
 By thy bonds and scourgings,  
 By thy crown of thorns,  
 By thine ignominious crucifixion,  
 By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,  
 By thy atoning death,  
 By thy rest in the grave,  
 By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,  
 By thy sitting at the right hand of God,  
 By thy divine presence,  
 By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

*Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!*

Lord God, Holy Ghost!

*Abide with us for ever!*

## T. 83.

CONG. Christ is risen from the dead,  
 Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour;  
 Of what should I be afraid?  
 I with him shall live for ever;  
 Can the HEAD forsake HIS limb,  
 And not draw me unto him?

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Amen.*

## T. 79.

CONG. This body, now to rest convey'd,  
 Into the earth like Jesus' laid,\*  
 Like his shall rise again:  
 Christ soon in glory will appear,  
 Then we, and these interred here,  
 With him o'er death shall ever reign.

*We poor sinners pray,*

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us eternally rest together in thy presence from our labors.

*Amen.*

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: we shall never taste death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body which we shall

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\* During the singing of this verse, the corpse is committed to the grave.

put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

*Amen.*

T. 22.

CONG. The Saviour's blood and righteousness  
My beauty is, my glorious dress;  
Thus well array'd, I need not fear,  
When in his presence I appear.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he, that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who quickeneth us while in this dying state, and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever.

*Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.

*Amen.*

## LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 2.

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, have mercy upon us!*

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, hear us!*

*Our Father, which art in heaven: hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death, with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in Christ, shall never die, for he is the Resurrection and the Life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himself, that where he is, there we may be also.

Meanwhile none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether

we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he, that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

## T. 14.

CONG. Now to the earth let these remains\*  
 In hope committed be,  
 Until the body chang'd obtains  
 Blest immortality.

*We poor sinners pray,*

*Hear us, gracious Lord and God!*

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us eternally rest together in thy presence from our labors. *Amen.*

(† As touching children, Jesus saith: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.")

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: we shall never taste death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body, which we shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life! He was dead, and behold he liveth for evermore! And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

\* During the singing of this verse the corpse is committed to the grave.

† To be used only at the burial of a child.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him,  
and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever.

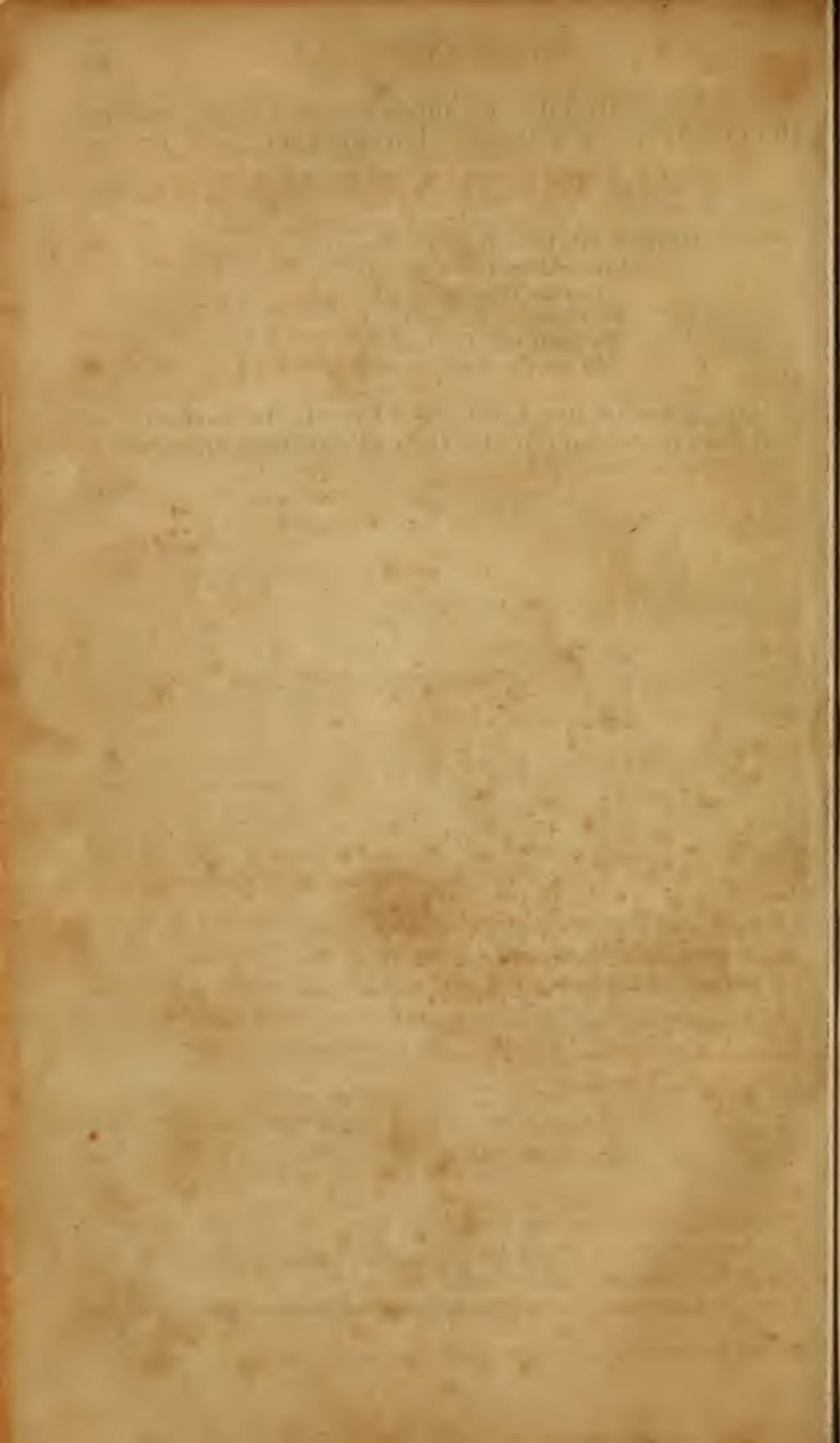
*Amen.*

T. 79.

CONG. While here, the great salvation  
Procur'd by Jesus' passion  
Our fav'rite theme shall be;  
By virtue of his merit,  
We shall true life inherit  
In heav'n to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God,  
and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.

*Amen.*



# COLLECTION OF HYMNS.



## I. *The Word of God.*

### 1.\* T. 119. (1.)

HOLY Lord, :||:  
 Holy and almighty Lord!  
 Thou who, as the great Creator,  
 By all creatures art ador'd;  
 Source of universal nature!  
 And to man, redeem'd with Jesus'  
 blood, Gracious God! :||:

2 Thanks and praise, :||:  
 Lord our God, be ever thine,  
 That thy word to us is given,  
 Teaching us, with pow'r divine,  
 That the Lord of earth and heaven,  
 Everlasting life for us to gain,  
 Once was slain. :||:

3 Day nor night :||:  
 Never let us hold our peace;  
 In his blood-bought congregation  
 Never shall his praises cease;  
 God, as man, made an oblation,  
 Suffer'd, bled and died, my soul for  
 thee, Joyful be! :||:

4 Lord our God, :||:  
 May thy precious, saving word,  
 Till our race is here completed,  
 Light unto our path afford!  
 And, when in thy presence seated,  
 We to thee will render for thy grace  
 Ceaseless praise. :||:

### 2.\* T. 22. (2.)

GOD'S holy word, which ne'er shall  
 cease, [peace,  
 Proclaimeth pardon, grace and  
 Directs to Jesus and his blood,  
 And teacheth us the will of God.

2 As fallen creatures could not bear  
 The awful voice of God to hear,  
 By men the Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveal'd God's holy cov'nant word.

3 This sacred word exposeth sin,  
 Convinceth us that we're unclean;  
 Points out the wretched, fallen state  
 Of all mankind, both small and  
 great.

4 It also shows God's boundless  
 grace  
 Towards the fallen human race,  
 Eternal life to ev'ry one  
 Who turns to Jesus Christ his Son.

5 This gospel cheers the poor in  
 heart,  
 And heav'nly riches doth impart;  
 Sets forth the myst'ry of the cross,  
 And that Christ's blood aton'd for  
 us:

6 It gathers God's elected flock,  
 Grounds them on Jesus Christ the  
 rock,  
 Serves to instruct us and reprove,  
 Confirms our hope, inflames our love;

7 Preserves believers in the faith  
 Of Christ and his atoning death;  
 Prompts us to do God's holy will,  
 And leads us safe to Salem's hill.

8 Receive our cordial thanks, O  
 Lord,  
 For granting us thy holy word;  
 O may we thereby guided be,  
 Till we in heav'n shall dwell with  
 thee!

### 3.\* T. 84. (3.)

DEAREST Jesus! we are here,  
 By thy word to gain instruction;  
 Grant to us an open ear,  
 And thy Spirit's manuduction;  
 That we, freed from things terres-  
 trial,  
 May aspire to joys celestial.

2 Reason gives no saving light  
Unto fallen human nature;  
But thy Spirit clears our sight,  
Makes the sinner a new creature;  
And by his divine emotion,  
Prompts our hearts to true devotion.

3 Holy Ghost, eternal God!  
We now humbly ask the favor:  
Shed in all our hearts abroad  
The great love of God our Saviour:  
Bless our pray'r and meditation,  
And accept our supplication.

4. T. 106. (4.)

SPIRIT of truth, essential God,  
Who didst the saints of old inspire,  
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,  
And touch their lips with sacred fire:  
Thou Guide divine, who dost impart  
The truth to man, instruct each  
heart!

2 Most holy and almighty Lord,  
Whose presence fills both earth and  
heav'n,  
May we believe thy written word,  
Which was by inspiration giv'n:  
Thou only canst thyself explain,  
As truth divine, to fallen man.

3 Come thou divine Interpreter,  
Our sloth and ignorance thou  
know'st:  
Ah, teach us humbly to revere  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
For all the mercy, truth and grace,  
We in the holy scriptures trace.

5. T. 22. (5.)

'T WAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his  
word;  
His spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with  
heav'nly fire.

2 O God! mine eyes with pleasure  
look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name, who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure;  
This is thy word and must endure.

6.\* T. 22. (6.)

LORD Jesus, with thy children  
stay  
Till dawn of thy eternal day;  
And let thy glorious gospel light,  
Meanwhile dispel the gloom of  
night.

2 In these degen'rate evil days  
We pray for constancy and grace,  
That we keep pure, most gracious  
Lord,  
Thy holy sacraments and word.

3 Thy sacred word is all our boast;  
In this thy church can boldly trust;  
This doth alone to bliss direct;  
All other doctrines we reject.

4 Lord, from such teachers us pre-  
serve,  
Who from the holy scriptures  
swerve, [ceive  
And by false doctrines would de-  
Those who thee love and thee be-  
lieve.

5 The cause and glory, Lord, are  
thinē;  
Thy word is pure and truth divine:  
Assist us to rely on thee,  
And keep us thine eternally.

7.\* T. 16. (7.)

FROM the doctrines I'll ne'er  
waver,  
In the holy scriptures stor'd;  
O what sweetness do I savor  
In each sacred cov'nant-word!

2 And if I myself examine,  
While the book I 'fore me hold,  
To each truth my heart saith Amen,  
One the other doth unfold.

3 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth  
With deep awe attentively;  
What thy holy word declareth  
Shall my rule and practice be.

## 8. T. 22. (8.)

FAIN would I, dear Redeemer,  
learn,  
Fain what is excellent discern;  
Thy will would search, my duty  
know;

O let thy word the secret show!

2 My fervent pray'rs to thee ascend,  
That I thy word may comprehend,  
That word, which learnt and under-  
stood,

Affords the soul a lasting food.

3 Let human arts make others wise,  
My learning from the cross shall rise;  
Thy wounds, thy passion, death and  
grave,

Are all the knowledge that I crave.

4 With pity view me at thy feet,  
To be instructed, Lord, I wait;  
Here will I lie, nor wish to rise,  
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

## 9.\* T. 97. (13.)

GIVE us thy Spirit, Lord, that we,  
With gladness and humility,  
The holy scriptures may believe,  
And with a grateful heart receive,  
As thy own word, to make us truly  
wise,  
And not as man's invention or de-  
vice.

## 10. T. 97. (11.)

HERE in thy presence we appear,  
Lord Jesus Christ, thy word to hear;  
Our wand'ring thoughts and hearts  
incline [vine;

With thirst t'imbibe thy word di-  
That all our minds drawn from this  
earth to thee,

May love thee more, and serve thee  
faithfully.

2 God Holy Spirit, now impart  
Thy unction to each longing heart;  
Us with thy heav'nly light and fire,  
To sing, to pray, and preach inspire;  
Thus blest, in spirit and in truth  
shall we,

Give praise unto the Father, Son,  
and Thee.

## 11. T. 14. (10.)

JESUS, thy word is my delight;  
There grace and truth are seen:  
Ah, could I study day and night,  
And meditate therein!

2 The gospel, as a polish'd glass,  
Thy glory lets us see;  
And by beholding there thy face  
We're render'd like to thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,  
And to our hearts explain;  
Let all its life and spirit feel,  
And heav'nly wisdom gain.

4 That thou for us didst live and die,  
Make known to us, dear Lord;  
To us the promises apply,  
Contained in thy word.

## 12. T. 22. (9.)

O HOW I love thy holy word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!  
It guides me in the peaceful way;  
I'll think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining  
wealth,  
The strength of youth, the bloom  
of health!

What are all joys compar'd with  
those  
Thine everlasting word bestows!

## 13. T. 14.

HOW precious is the Book divine,  
By inspiration giv'n,  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to Heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping  
hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears,  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious  
night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of everlasting day.

## 14.\* T. 83. (14.)

O WHAT peace divinely sweet  
 Fills my soul, when I've the favor  
 To sit down at Jesus' feet,  
 And his gracious words to savor!  
 Then I open heart and ear;  
 What he saith finds entrance there.

## 15. T. 89.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and med'cine, shield and  
 sword;  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stran-  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys; [ger  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Though it fills, it never cloys;  
 On a dying Christ I feed,  
 He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind;  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,

Healing med'cines here I find!  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,  
 Satan cannot make me yield:  
 For this word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty shield:  
 While the scripture truths are sure,  
 From his malice I'm secure.

## 16.\* T. 58. (12.)

MOST gracious God, to thee we  
 render praise,  
 Since thy blest word, replete with  
 truth and grace,  
 Teacheth us to know thee and seek  
 thy favour;  
 To us it proveth a life-giving savor,  
 Through Jesus Christ.

## 17.\* T. 11. (15.)

LET the splendor of thy word  
 Light unto our path afford;  
 That we in thy truth and grace  
 May proceed throughout our race.

## II. *The Fall and Corruption of Man, and his Redemption by Christ.*

## 18.\* T. 212, or 166. (16.)

WHEN Adam fell, the frame entire  
 Of nature was infected;  
 The source, whence came the poi-  
 son dire,  
 Was not to be corrected,  
 The lust accurs'd, indulg'd at first,  
 Brought death, as its production;  
 But God's free grace, hath sav'd our  
 race,  
 From mis'ry and destruction.

2 By one man's guilt we were en-  
 slav'd  
 To sin, death, and the devil;  
 But by another's grace are sav'd,  
 Through faith, from all this evil:  
 And as we all, by Adam's fall,

Were sentenc'd to perdition;  
 So for us hath Christ by his death  
 Regained life's fruition.

3 Since God bestow'd his only Son  
 On his rebellious creature,  
 To save our souls, which were  
 undone,  
 And free our sinful nature  
 From shame and guilt, by his blood  
 spilt,  
 His death and resurrection;  
 Do not delay! make sure, this day,  
 Thy calling and election.

4 I send my cries unto the Lord,  
 My heart implores this favor,  
 To grant me of his living word  
 A never-failing savor;

That sin and shame may lose their  
claim,  
To hinder my salvation :  
In Christ the scope of all my hope,  
I fear no condemnation.

5 His word's a lamp unto my feet ;  
My soul's best information ;  
My surest guide and path to meet  
Eternal consolation ;  
This light where'er it doth appear,  
Revealeth Christ our Saviour  
Unto the lost, who firmly trust  
In him alone for ever.

19.\* T. 132. (17.)

OUR whole salvation doth depend  
On God's free grace and spirit ;  
All our best works can ne'er defend  
A boast in our own merit :  
Derived is our righteousness  
From Christ and his atoning grace ;  
He is our Mediator.

2 The law cry'd, "justice must be  
done,  
And man doom'd to damnation ;"  
But Mercy sent th'eternal Son,  
Who purchas'd our salvation,  
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the  
shame,  
And answer'd every legal claim,  
To spare the sons of Adam.

3 Christ, having all the law ful-  
fill'd,  
Through his blest cross and pas-  
sion,  
Is now the Rock whereon we build  
Our faith and whole salvation :  
We call him Lord our Righteous-  
ness,  
Whose death hath purchas'd life  
and grace,  
And ransom'd us for ever.

4 The law reveal'd sin's sinfulness,  
Enhanc'd the accusation ;  
The gospel tenders saving grace  
To sinners consolation,  
Bids all lay hold on Jesus' cross ;  
The law could ne'er retrieve our  
loss,  
Ev'n with our best performance.

5 True faith by Jesus in us wrought,  
By works is manifested ;  
That faith is empty, which is not  
By works of love attested :  
Yet faith alone us justifies ;  
Love to our neighbor but implies  
We are sincere believers.

20.\* T. 166. (18.)

WHEN the due time had taken  
place,  
God look'd upon the sons of men,  
Saw them a sinful, cursed race,  
Perverse, polluted and unclean ;  
Then Jesus came to set us free,  
And for our guilt to shed his blood ;  
His death procur'd our liberty,  
And reconcil'd us unto God.

2 Our Lord now calleth constantly :  
"Come, sinners, come to me and  
live ;  
Surrender ye yourselves to me,  
Repenting sinners I receive :  
My life I freely gave for you ;  
Now all your wants I will supply,  
Yea, pardon, rest, and life bestow ;  
O turn to me, why will ye die ?"

3 Sinners, attend to Jesus' voice ;  
He is the Lord our Righteousness :  
Mourn not, but in his name rejoice,  
Accept of his redeeming grace :  
He fills the hungry soul with good,  
The thirsty heart may take its fill ;  
He guides us in the narrow road  
That leads to Salem's blessed hill.

4 Ah! come, Lord Jesus, hear our  
pray'r,  
Thou worthy son of God most high !  
We humbly ask : our souls prepare,  
That we may to thy mercy fly ;  
That we may all believe on thee,  
And on thy flesh and blood may  
feed,  
True members of thy body be,  
For ever join'd to thee our Head.

## 21.\* T. 89. (19.)

IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st  
me,

Gav'st me being out of love ;

Though I fell, yet thou hast sent me  
Full redemption from above :

Sacred love I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.

2 Love, by whom I was ordained  
To salvation, rest and peace ;

Ev'n before I life obtained,  
Or could know thy saving grace :

Love almighty and divine !  
I would be for ever thine.

3 Love ! who hast for me endured  
Keenest pains of death and hell,

Love ! whose suff'rings have pro-  
cured

More for me than tongue can tell,  
Sacred Love, &c.

4 Love ! my Life, and my Salvation,  
Light and Truth, eternal Word !

Thou alone dost consolation  
To my sinking soul afford.

Love almighty, &c.

5 Love ! thy yoke I gladly carry,  
It is easy, gentle, light ;

Grant that I may ne'er be weary  
Thee to serve with all my might.

Sacred Love, &c.

6 Love ! who interced'st in heaven  
For my soul when I'm oppress'd,

Bear'st my worthless name engraven  
Upon thy high-priestly breast.

Love almighty, &c.

7 Love ! thou me wilt raise to glory  
From the grave, the bed of dust,

And as conqu'ror place before thee,  
Crown'd with bliss among the

just.

Sacred Love ! I long to be  
Thine to all eternity.

## 22.\* T. 590. (20.)

CHRIST, the good Shepherd, God's  
own Son

From all eternity, [throne

Urg'd by his love, exchang'd his  
For human misery ;

His wand'ring sheep gone far astray  
He sought with pungent pain,  
And did for all a ransom pay  
To bring them home again.

2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost  
Art thou, my sinful soul ;

His life it hath the Shepherd cost  
To save and make thee whole ;

Now hear his voice with gratitude,  
Call on his saving name ;

For thee he shed his precious blood,  
And now his own doth claim.

## 23. T. 79. (21.)

THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God !  
Didst leave thy glorious, blest  
abode,

In love to sinners vile,

To bleed for fallen Adam's race,

Who were accurs'd, unclean and  
base,

Entangled fast by Satan's guile.

2 Thou, for their sake who hated  
thee,

Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,  
Thy life for ours didst give ;

Thou bar'st our curse ; our debt  
was paid,

Thy soul for sin an off'ring made,

Thou diedst, that we with thee  
might live.

3 Thus hast thou bought us with  
thy blood,

That price accepted was by God,

With him we are at peace ;

No wrath remains on any one,

Who will but come unto the Son,

Take and put on his righteous-  
ness.

4 Never may I depart from thee ;

Thou hast procur'd my liberty,

Thanks to thy boundless grace !

Thy wounds, whereon I trust by  
faith,

My refuge are from sin and death,

My feeble soul's abiding-place.

## 24.\* T. 221. (23.)

YE bottomless depths of God's infinite love,  
In Jesus Christ to us reveal'd!

Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove!

Though from man's wisdom quite conceal'd.

Whom dost thou love? Sinners, the vilest race;

Whom dost thou bless? Children, who scorn'd thy grace;

O Being most gracious! whom angels adore,

Thou takest delight in things worthless and poor.

2 Our thirsting can never, O merciful God,

Equal thy love and boundless grace;

On us thou more blessings and love hast bestow'd,

Than stripes deserved our trespasses.

O teach us to trust thy fidelity,  
And closely united with Christ to be,

The Spirit's kind teachings in all things to prove,

Yea live to thy honour, thee serve, praise and love.

3 We pray thee, O Being most gracious and mild, [now,

Instruct our minds and teach us

So that in Immanuel, thine image and child, [know.

How great thy name is, we may Ah! show us how easy it is to bear

Thy yoke, and to trust thy paternal care,

That till the short period of this life shall end,

Our faith and our love may the Author commend.

## 25. T. 14. (24.)

HOW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep its stains!

How Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains!

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace

Sounds from the sacred word:  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
Believe in Christ the Lord."

3 My soul, obey the gracious call,  
And haste to gain relief;

I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
O help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,

Incarnate God! I fly:  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,

Into thy arms I fall:  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All.

## 26. T. 582. (25.)

NOT one of Adam's race,  
If in the balance tried,  
Can, by his works of righteousness,  
'Fore God be justified.

The works which we have done  
Are all, alas! unclean;

But we are sav'd by faith alone,  
And cleans'd thereby from sin.

2 Ye sinners, who with grief  
Your condemnation feel,

Look up to Jesus for relief,  
And to his blood appeal:

God gave his only Son,  
That sinners who believe,  
Might not be lost, but be his own,  
And in his kingdom live.

## 27. T. 14. (26.)

I, WITH the fallen human race,  
Lay welt'ring in my blood;  
O'erwhelm'd with shame and deep disgrace,  
And banish'd far from God.

2 The loving Jesus passing by,  
His bowels yearn'd to see  
Me wretched sinner helpless lie  
In deepest misery.

- 3 Inclin'd to me in tenderness,  
My soul he would relieve  
From all its mis'ry and distress:  
He said, "Arise and live."
- 4 He wash'd away my ev'ry stain,  
And cleans'd me in his blood;  
Deck'd me with righteousness di-  
vine,  
And brought me nigh to God.
- 5 My heart no condemnation fears,  
Nor hell, nor Satan dreads,  
Christ as the mercy-seat appears,  
His blood my pardon pleads.
- 6 Against the fiercest pow'rs of hell,  
He is my strength and shield;  
Beneath his cross I safely dwell;  
He fights, I win the field.
- 7 Since he became my sacrifice,  
My bonds and chains he broke;  
Now to my willing neck he ties  
His soft and easy yoke.
- 8 A pardon'd sinner I remain,  
But sin its pow'r hath lost,  
Sin still I have, but grace doth reign,  
Mercy is all my boast.
- 9 Arise, my ransom'd soul, rejoice,  
In endless happiness;  
Open to thee is paradise,  
Go in, and take thy place.

28. T. 22. (27.)

- LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty  
fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant  
breath,  
The seeds of sin engender death;  
The law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 O God! create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;  
O make me wise betimes to see  
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;  
My only refuge is thy grace:  
No outward forms can make me  
clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.

- 5 My sin I feel, my guilt I know,  
Thy blood can make me white as  
snow;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning  
voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice.

29. T. 22. (28.)

- WHEN justice did demand its due,  
And sins increas'd the dreadful  
strife,  
My Saviour to my succour flew,  
And by obedience bought my life.
- 2 My ransom from the pow'r of sin  
Could not be paid on other terms:  
Run, hide thyself, my soul, within  
Thy bleeding Saviour's out-stretch'd  
arms.
- 3 The law condemns, and justice  
cries  
For dreadful vengeance without end,  
But when to Christ I turn my eyes,  
He tells me, he will stand my  
friend.
- 4 God on these terms is reconcil'd,  
And I his gracious heart have won;  
Now I am deem'd his favour'd child,  
In Jesus his beloved Son.
- 5 What can be laid unto my charge?  
When God saith, 'Freely I forgive!'  
Tho' Satan on my crimes enlarge,  
Christ saith, I shall not die, but live.
- 6 The curses which the law of God  
Pronounc'd o'er me, he freely bore;  
I'm now, by faith in Jesus' blood,  
Acquitted of sin's dreadful score.
- 7 Away then doubts and anxious  
fears,  
Be silent all my needless sighs;  
My Saviour wipes away my tears,  
O'er sin and death I conqu'ror rise.

30. T. 79. (29.)

- ARISE, ye who are captive led,  
Complain no more, for Christ our  
Head  
From sin can set you free:  
Redemption Jesus freely gives,  
Repenting sinners he receives,  
He came to save both thee and me.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He meekly all our sorrows bore,<br/>Us fallen sinners to restore<br/>To life and liberty:<br/>For us he suffer'd deep distress,<br/>Was without form or comeliness;<br/>O depth of love! O mystery!</p> <p>3 Th' almighty Judge condemned<br/>was,<br/>That he by death might gain our<br/>cause;<br/>The Prince of life was slain:<br/>And since he suffer'd in our stead,<br/>We need no condemnation dread,<br/>Eternal life in him we gain.</p> <p>4 The Holy One, made sin for us,</p> | <p>Was nail'd to the accursed cross,<br/>And shed his precious blood;<br/>Thus he obtain'd a righteousness<br/>For all who mourn for pard'ning<br/>grace;<br/>Thro' Jesus we have peace with<br/>God!</p> <p>5 Rejoice, O heav'ns, and earth<br/>reply!<br/>With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,<br/>All grace his death procures;<br/>Your woes to blessings he will<br/>change,<br/>You in his children's order range,<br/>Thro' him eternal life is yours.</p> |
|--|---|

### III. *The Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ.*

**31.\*** T. 97. (30.)

JESUS, th' almighty Son of God,  
Takes up with mortals his abode;  
He who was sworn to Abraham,  
Who ever was and is the same,  
Came in due time and mysteries re-  
veal'd, [were conceal'd.  
Which from the world's foundation

2 We, dead in sins and trespasses,  
The narrow way to life and peace  
Had neither will nor pow'r to find;  
Nor were our stubborn hearts in-  
clin'd [know,  
To wish, or seek that happiness to  
Which love alone on sinners could  
bestow.

3 Then Love brake forth, "Behold  
me still,  
"Prepar'd, O God, to do thy will!  
"I freely come, I freely die,  
"For guilty man to satisfy;  
"I in his stead will suffer on the  
tree, [set him free."  
"From sin, and death, and hell to

4 And thus, to save our souls from  
guilt, [spilt;  
Our Surety's precious blood was

The sins of all on him were laid,  
And he for all hath fully paid:  
Now God, as children, freely will  
receive [believe.  
Repenting sinners who in Christ

5 Out of mere grace unmerited,  
Salvation show'rs upon our head;  
Because the Lamb was crucified,  
Because the Lord of glory died,  
Are we invited to receive a crown,  
Before the world was made or-  
dain'd our own.

**32.\*** T. 22. (31.)

To God we render thanks and praise,  
Who pity'd mankind's fallen race,  
And gave his dear and only Son,  
That us, as children, he might own.

2 What grace, what great benevo-  
lence!  
What love, surpassing human sense!  
For this great work no angel can  
Him duly praise, much less a man.

3 The Word eternal did assume  
Our flesh and blood, and man be-  
come;  
The First and Last with wonder see  
Partake of human misery.

4 He came to seek and save the lost;  
We sinn'd, and he would bear the  
cost,

That we might share eternal bliss;  
O what unbounded love was this!

5 For what is all the human race,  
That God should show such match-  
less grace,

To give his Son, that we might  
claim

Life everlasting in his name.

6 How wretched they who still de-  
spise

Jesus, the Pearl of greatest price!  
Such as neglect to hear his voice,  
Must perish by their own free choice.

7 Unhappy those who turn away,  
Or such as carelessly delay  
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came  
Their souls from mis'ry to reclaim.

8 Come, sinners, Jesus will receive  
The worst of sinners; come and live!  
"I'll dwell with you," our Saviour  
saith;

Receive him in your hearts by faith.

9 Your crimes and self-made holi-  
ness,

Your carnal reason and distress  
Give up, and trust to Christ alone,  
Who did for all your sins atone.

10 Thus sav'd by God's unbounded  
grace,

You'll humbly render thanks and  
With all the num'rous ransom'd  
host,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

### 33. T. 590. (32.)

BEHOLD, to us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is giv'n;

Unto the wretched and forlorn  
Descends the Lord from heav'n:

The promis'd seed, Immanuel,  
The everlasting God, [hell,

Comes down to save from death and  
Poor sinners by his blood.

2 Great is the hidden mystery  
That God became a man!

He had, from all eternity,  
In mercy form'd a plan

To save from mis'ry and distress

The fallen human race;  
And now the Sun of righteousness  
His healing beams displays.

3 The Father lov'd us as his own,  
Tho' we from him had stray'd,

And freely gave his only Son  
To suffer in our stead.

The Son in love to us, declar'd:

"I come to do God's will;"  
And in this fallen world appear'd,  
His counsel to fulfil.

4 The Holy Ghost had long foretold  
That Jesus should appear;

And thus the patriarchs of old  
Did his salvation share:

Of him blest Mary did conceive  
The holy child she bore:

And he instructs us to believe  
In Christ, and him adore.

5 Thus Father, Son, and Holy  
Ghost,

In this decree are one,  
To save us sinners, vile and lost,  
By Jesus Christ the Son:

The Father's love we plainly trace  
In Christ th' incarnate God;

What we possess of life and grace  
The Spirit hath bestow'd.

6 Come sinners, view th' incarnate  
Word,

Who us and all things made;  
This helpless Babe is Christ the  
Lord,

Though in a manger laid.  
For us to die is Jesus born,

Adore his saving name;  
Rejoice, rejoice! for all that mourn  
May his salvation claim.

### 34.\* T. 151. (33.)

HOW shall I meet my Saviour?  
How shall I welcome thee?

What manner of behaviour  
Is now required of me?

I wait for thy salvation,  
Grant me thy Spirit's light,

Thus will my preparation  
Be pleasing in thy sight.

2 While with her fragrant flowers  
Thy Zion strews thy way,  
I'll raise with all my powers  
To thee a grateful lay:  
I'll thee, the King of glory,  
For thy great goodness praise,  
And thankfully adore thee  
Throughout my future days.

3 Man, at his first creation  
With fairest gifts endow'd,  
Lost by his sad transgression  
The image of his God;  
But thou, almighty Saviour,  
Our losses to retrieve,  
And us from death deliver,  
Thy heav'nly throne didst leave.

4 I lay in fetters groaning,  
Thou cam'st to set me free;  
My shame I was bemoaning,  
With grace thou clothedst me;  
Thou raisedst me to glory,  
Endowedst me with bliss,  
Which is not transitory,  
As worldly grandeur is.

5 Love caus'd thy incarnation,  
Love brought thee down to me!  
Thy thirst for my salvation  
Procur'd my liberty:  
O love beyond all measure!  
Wherewith thou dost embrace  
Mankind, 'midst all that pressure  
Which since the fall takes place.

6 No sinful man's endeavour,  
Nor any mortal's care,  
Could draw his sov'reign favour  
To sinners in despair:  
Uncall'd, he comes with gladness  
Us from the fall to raise,  
And change our grief and sadness  
To songs of joy and praise.

7 Ye who with deep contrition  
Bemoan your sinful state,  
Fear not, Christ gives remission  
Of sins, however great.  
He comes, repenting sinners  
With life and love to crown,  
And make them happy gainers  
Of glory like his own.

## 35.\* T. 50. (34.)

JESUS, all praise is due to thee,  
That thou wast pleas'd a man to be!  
O'ershadow'd by the Spirit's pow'r,  
A virgin thee conceiv'd and bore.  
Hallelujah!

2 The Son of God, who fram'd the  
skies,  
Now humbly in a manger lies;  
He, who the earth's foundations laid,  
A helpless infant now is made.  
Hallelujah.

3 Th' eternal and almighty God  
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood;  
He deigns with sinful men to dwell,  
Is God with us, Immanuel.  
Hallelujah.

4 He is the Sun of righteousness,  
Which riseth with resplendent  
grace,  
And doth dispel sin's gloomy night,  
That we may share his saving light.  
Hallelujah.

5 To grant us pardon, peace and  
rest,  
He in this world became a guest,  
And open'd, thro' himself, the way  
To life and everlasting day.  
Hallelujah.

6 For therefore poor on earth he  
came,  
That we might all his riches claim,  
To make us heirs of glory bright,  
With all the ransom'd saints in light.  
Hallelujah.

7 For us these wonders hath he  
wrought, [thought,  
To show his love surpassing  
Then let us all unite to sing  
Praise to our Saviour, God and  
King. Hallelujah!

## 36.\* T. 22. (1001.)

REJOICE, our nature Christ as-  
sumes,  
Born of a virgin, lo! he comes,  
As the Messiah fore-ordain'd;  
Adore and wonder every land.

2 He left his bright, his glorious throne,  
He bow'd the heav'ns, to earth came  
And thus his wondrous race began,  
As God with God, and man with man.

3 To save mankind from ruin, sent,  
From God he came, to God he went;  
He stoop'd to death and to the tomb,  
Ere he his glory did resume.

4 Behold a great, a heav'nly light,  
From Bethle'm's manger shining bright,  
Around those who in darkness dwell,  
The night of evil to dispel.

5 Incarnate God, exert thy pow'r,  
Arise, thou glorious Conqueror!  
Subdue sin, death and every foe,  
Erect thy kingdom here below.

37.\* T. 157. (35.)

RISE my soul, shake off all sadness,  
Christ is near—thee to cheer;  
Angels sing with gladness:  
Unto you is born a Saviour  
On this day;—don't delay  
To accept God's favour.

2 Our eternal, kind Creator  
Leaves his own—glorious throne,  
And assumes our nature:  
From perdition full exemption  
To procure,—and endure  
Death for our redemption.

3 O th' amazing demonstration  
Of his love,—which we prove  
By his incarnation!  
If mankind by him were loathed,  
How could he—deign to be  
With our nature clothed?

4 See your Saviour in a manger;  
'Midst his own—yet unknown,  
Treated like a stranger;  
Tended by an earthly mother:  
Him believe,—and receive,  
He is Christ your Brother.

5 Lo! he in the manger lieth;  
Full of grace,—truth and peace,  
Thus methinks he crieth; [ing,  
'Cease, my brethren, now from griev-  
Anxiousness,—and distress;  
Your loss I'm retrieving.'

6 Ye that feel quite poor and needy,  
Come, who will,—take your fill,  
All things now are ready:  
He is come to be your Saviour,  
Full of love,—to remove  
Guilt and curse for ever.

7 Jesus, hear my supplication,  
Grant me grace—to embrace  
Thee as my salvation:  
Then like Simeon, (O what favour!)  
I desire—to retire  
Hence in peace for ever.

38. T. 166. (36.)

INFINITE Source, whence all did  
spring, [Lord,  
Thou of all things the Head and  
Thou mighty and eternal King,  
Who art in heav'n and earth ador'd:  
Thou, whom the heav'ns cannot con-  
tain, [above,

Didst deign to leave thy throne  
To be an infant poor and mean:  
O myst'ry deep! O boundless love!

2 The cause of this, I know it well,  
Was thy great love and my great wo,  
I was an heir of death and hell,  
This prompted thee to stoop so low;  
My mis'ry mov'd the God of grace,  
Who in the Father's bosom lay,  
When the due time had taken place  
His deep compassion to display.

3 What off'ring shall I bring to thee,  
Immanuel, my King and God!  
Thou didst vouchsafe a man to be,  
To save me by thy precious blood;  
Thou at whose birth the angels sing,  
'Peace upon earth, good will to men,'  
To whom the sages humbly bring  
Their gifts, though thou appear so  
mean.

4 This will I do, thou Child divine!  
I'll give thee that for which thou  
cam'st;  
My soul and body, Lord, are thine,  
And them, in love to me, thou  
claim'st.

My humble sacrifice receive,  
Dear Jesus! born to bleed for me,  
That I by faith in thee might live,  
And with thee live eternally.

## 39. T. 58. (37.)

O. COME and view the greatest  
mystery!

He who made all the world, the  
seas and sky, [Mary,

Now is born an infant: the virgin  
Upon her arms, the Lord of hosts  
doth carry, A feeble child.

2 He who prepar'd for every bird a  
nest, [rest,

And gave the foxes holes wherein to  
Poverty endured, became a stranger  
In his own world; then rested in  
a manger, The Lord of all!

3 But why was Jesus born in  
poverty? [lie?

Why did our Maker in a manger  
'Twas that he might purchase life  
and salvation,

And gain for us a glorious habita-  
tion In realms of bliss.

4 O Jesus Christ, thou only holy  
child,

How canst thou show such love to  
sinners spoil'd?

But since thou thus lovest, we now  
adore thee,

We humbly praise thy name and  
bow before thee. Hallelujah!

5 Thy sacred meritorious infancy  
Our crown and everlasting glory be!  
From world, sin and Satan, keep  
us estranged,

Till we shall once around thy throne  
be ranged, For evermore.

## 40. T. 590. (38.)

COME ye redeemed of the Lord,

Your grateful tribute bring,

And celebrate, with one accord,

The birth of Christ our King:

Let us with humble hearts repair

(Faith will point out the road)

To little Bethlehem, and there

Adore th' incarnate God.

2 All glory to Immanuel's name

The choirs of angels sing;

Gladly these heralds peace proclaim,

Peace from our God and King:

C

Well might the shepherds haste  
away

This wond'rous Babe to see;

Well might the sages homage pay,  
Before him bow the knee.

3 We all have reason to rejoice,

When we this myst'ry view,

That God assum'd our flesh and

O wonder ever new! [blood,

We humbly in the dust adore;

Lord who is like to thee!

That thou, vile sinners to restore,

Hast deign'd a man to be.

## 41. T. 126. (39.)

SINNERS, with adoration

Receive this wond'rous Child,

Who came and brought salvation,

Th' eternal Father styl'd:

Behold him with our nature drest,

Divested of his glory,

In his own world a guest.

2 Behold! laid in a manger,

The Ancient of all days;

Upon this heav'nly Stranger

With awe and rev'rence gaze;

He, who the world's foundation

laid,

Must now be fed and nourish'd

By creatures whom he made.

3 Though to his boundless mercy

No limits can be set,

Yet without controversy

The mystery is great;

Angels into its depths can't pry,

'Tis great, immense, stupendous;

Immanuel, born to die!

## 42.\* T. 169. (40.)

ARISE, my spirit, bless the day

Whereon the ages' Sire

A child became; thy homage pay,

Receive him with desire.

This is the night in which he came,

Was born, and put on human

frame,

Us sinners to deliver

From sin and death for ever.

2 'Glory to God,' the angels sing,  
 A Child is born in weakness:  
 Glory to God: our heavenly King  
 Descends, array'd in meekness:  
 Hosanna! cry the sons of men,  
 Hosanna! in the highest strain:  
 Hosanna! God is gracious,  
 Jehovah comes to bless us.

3 Welcome, thou Source of ev'ry  
 good,  
 O Jesus, King of glory!  
 Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of  
 God,  
 To this world transitory!  
 In grateful hymns thy name I'll  
 praise, [my days;  
 With heart and voice throughout  
 For thy blest incarnation  
 Procured my salvation.

4 Ah Jesus! thy unworthy bride  
 Deserved to be loathed,  
 And yet thou hast her to thyself  
 Upon the cross betrothed:  
 Her portion had been infamy,  
 Eternal shame and misery,  
 Hadst thou not left thy glory;  
 Who duly can adore thee!

5 O lovely Infant! thou art full  
 Of grace above all measure;  
 Thou art more precious to my soul  
 Than ev'ry other treasure:  
 Come, Jesus, come abide with me,  
 O let my heart thy dwelling be;  
 Then I, without cessation,  
 Shall joy in thy salvation.

43. T. 79. (41.)

ALL glory be to God on high!  
 Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky  
 With praise and thankfulness;  
 God, mov'd by everlasting love,  
 Decreed with his dear Son above,  
 A sinful world to save and bless.

2 Stand still, and see what God  
 hath done;  
 His only and beloved Son  
 For us he freely gave;  
 For us, and for the num'rous race  
 Of fallen sinners, vile and base!  
 Yea, ev'n the worst he came to  
 save.

3 He as a poor mean Child was  
 born,  
 His birth no palace did adorn,  
 A manger was his bed;  
 Look, look upon this rising Sun,  
 Till tears of love your eyes o'er-run:  
 This lovely Babe is Christ our  
 Head.

44. T. 11. (42.)

WHAT good news the angels bring!  
 What glad tidings of our King!  
 Christ the Lord is born to-day,  
 Christ, who takes our sins away.

2 He who rules both heav'n and  
 earth  
 Hath in Bethlehem his birth;  
 Him shall all the faithful see,  
 And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,  
 With hosannas fill the sky:  
 Glory be to God above,  
 Who is infinite in love!

4 Peace on earth, good will to men!  
 Now with us our God is seen:  
 Angels join his name to praise,  
 Help to sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest name;  
 This the angel doth proclaim;  
 Sinners poor he came to save,  
 They in him redemption have.

6 They who see themselves undone,  
 And take refuge to the Son,  
 They shall all be born again,  
 And with him in glory reign.

45.\* T. 11. (43.)

ALL the world give praises due!  
 God is faithful, God is true;  
 He to man doth comfort send  
 In his Son, the sinners' Friend.

2 What the fathers wish'd of old,  
 What the promises foretold,  
 What the seers did prophesy,  
 Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

3 My Salvation, welcome be!  
 Thou, my Portion, praise to thee!  
 Come, and make thy blest abode  
 In my heart, O Son of God!

4 Grant thy comforts to my mind,  
Since I'm helpless, poor and blind;  
O may I in faith abide  
Thine, and never turn aside.

5 Jesus, when in majesty  
Thou shalt come my judge to be,  
Grant in grace that I may stand  
Justify'd at thy right hand.

46.\* T. 22. (44.)

IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,  
Thou Prince of life, almighty King,  
That thou, expected ages past,  
Didst come to visit us at last.

2 Thou, Lord, tho' heav'n belongs  
to thee,

On earth a stranger deign'st to be:  
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress  
Which doth the poorest state ex-  
press.

3 On wither'd grass reclines thy  
head,

A wretched manger is thy bed:  
Tho' thou appear'st among thine  
own,

No kindness unto thee is shown.

4 I thank thee, gracious Lord, that  
thou

On my account didst stoop so low:  
O that my words, my works and  
ways,

May all proclaim thy matchless  
praise!

47.\* T. 22. (45.)

CHRIST, whom the virgin Mary  
bore,

We all with humble hearts adore;  
O might all nations, tribes and  
tongues

To our Immanuel raise their songs.

2 God, who to all things being gave,  
The fallen human race to save,  
Assum'd our feeble flesh and blood,  
And for our debt as Surety stood.

3 He who the wants of all supplies,  
Now in a manger helpless lies,  
He who the whole creation feeds,  
An earthly mother's nursing needs.

4 The angels at his birth rejoice,  
And sing his praise with cheerful  
voice;

The shepherds, hearing Christ is  
born,

To Jesus, our chief Shepherd, turn.

5 Thanks to the Father now be giv'n,  
Who sent his Son to us from heav'n:  
Thanks to the Son who saves the  
lost,

Thanks to our Guide the Holy  
Ghost.

48.\* T. 22. (46.)

TO-DAY we celebrate the birth  
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth  
Man as his property to claim,  
And from perdition to redeem.

2 Awake, my heart; my soul, re-  
joice;

Look who in yonder manger lies;  
Who is that Child, so poor and  
mean?

'Tis he, who all things doth sustain.

3 Welcome, O welcome, noble  
Guest!

Who sinners not despised hast,  
But cam'st into our misery;  
How shall we pay due thanks to  
thee?

4 Immanuel, incarnate God,  
Prepare my heart for thy abode:  
O may I, through thy aiding grace,  
In all I do, show forth thy praise.

49. T. 16. (47.)

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most  
glorious,

Now is born; O shout aloud!  
Man by him is made victorious;  
Praise your Saviour, hail your God!

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth  
Christ the Sun of righteousness;  
He to us in love inclineth,  
Cheers our souls with pard'ning  
grace.

3 Praise the Lord, whose saving  
splendor  
Shines into the darkest night;  
O what praises shall we render  
For this never-ceasing light!

4 Praise the Lord, God our Salvation,  
Praise him who retriev'd our loss;  
Sing with awe and love's sensation;  
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US!

50. T. 585. (48.)

HAIL, thou wond'rous infant stranger,  
Born, lost Eden to regain;  
Welcome in thy humble manger,  
Welcome to thy creature man!  
Hail Immanuel :||: thou who wast  
ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,  
What thus brought your Maker  
down?

Say, why did he leave your regions,  
Why forsake his heav'nly throne?  
Notes melodious :||: tell the cause:  
' Good will to man.'

3 We this offer'd Saviour needed,  
Hence we join your theme with joy;  
We by none will be exceeded,  
While we laud this mystery,  
And with wonder :||: God incarnate  
glorify.

51.\* T. 10. (1002.)

THE Sun of grace is rising,  
Man with his beams rejoicing;  
He renders undone sinners  
Life's glorious heirs and winners.

2 God makes with man his dwelling,  
Free grace and truth revealing;

Assumeth, cloth'd in weakness,  
Of sinful flesh the likeness.

3 What welcome shall I give thee,  
Or how shall I receive thee,  
Thou long-predicted Saviour,  
In whom the lost find favor?

4 Accept our pray'rs and praises,  
O lovely infant Jesus,  
While at thy humble manger  
We hail thee, heav'nly stranger!

5 By all in earth and heaven,  
To God be glory given,  
Who, by compassion mov'd,  
Gave up his Son beloved.

6 Here, of Christ's incarnation,  
And death, we make confession,  
There, shall his love unbounded  
In nobler strains be sounded.

52.\* T. 83. (1003.)

TRULY that eventful day,  
When the God of our salvation  
Helpless in a manger lay,  
Of our bliss laid the foundation;  
Centuries had never gain'd,  
What He then for man obtain'd.

2 But why do we Jesus see  
Thus assuming human nature?  
Ah! 'twas done for me, for me,  
To redeem a wretched creature,  
Even me, yea thousands more,  
Yet as mine I him adore.

3 Of such love what mortal can  
Fathom the unbounded ocean?  
God, the Holy One, loves man;  
Sink, my soul, in deep devotion!  
First in love the plan He laid,  
And man in his image made.

4 When this favor'd creature fell,  
Forfeiting his Lord's communion,  
And with Satan, sin and hell  
Formed a rebellious union,  
Still with love lost man He sought,  
And with blood and torments  
bought.

5 Stronger far his love than death!  
Yea before the world's foundation,  
Ere first creatures drew their breath,  
Or the elements took station,  
Worms or seraphs had their place,  
Fixed stood his scheme of grace.

6 Who would venture to explain,  
With what holy exultation  
He foretold his blood-bought gain,  
What the heav'nly hosts' sensation,  
When with joy and wonder mix'd,  
They beheld his purpose fix'd?

7 Scarce had Adam fall'n from  
grace,  
Ev'n in paradise ensnared,  
When with parent's tenderness  
God his will to save declared;  
Should not such great mercy move  
All to praise, adore and love?

8 See th' almighty God descend,  
At the time by him directed,  
Thirty years on earth to spend,  
As a man despis'd, rejected,  
As a victim to be slain,  
His love's purpose to obtain.

9 What sure prophecies foretold,  
And mysterious types depicted,  
Sacred covenants of old,  
Solemn promises predicted,  
All was made Amen and Yea,  
On that great eventful day.

10 What shall I now give to thee?  
Take my heart as a thank-off'-  
ring:  
What hast thou not done for me,  
By that life of wo and suff'ring?  
This restores far more than all  
I had lost by Adam's fall.

53. T. 585.

MAN, by Satan's wiles deceived,  
Forfeited God's image bright:  
But Christ hath this loss retrieved,  
Brought redemption's plan to light:  
Glorious myst'ry! God revealed  
In the flesh our fall made good.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,  
Condescends with man to dwell,  
See your Saviour, meek and lowly,  
Hail your God, Immanuel!  
We wait for him: He will save us:  
In his name we will be glad.

3 We unite to render praises  
Unto our incarnate God:  
Sing Hosanna to Christ Jesus,  
Who assum'd our flesh and blood:  
Blessed, blessed, He that cometh  
In the name of God the Lord.

4 Happy they who here adore him,  
As he in a manger lay,  
Unconfounded they before him  
Will appear and hear him say:  
'Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
'In my bliss and glory share.'

54. T. 582. (1006.)

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,  
To us a Son is giv'n,  
To us a Child is born on earth,  
Who made both earth and heav'n.

2 His arm supports the sky,  
The universe sustains; [high,  
The God supreme, the Lord most  
The King Messiah reigns.

3 His name, his nature, soar  
Beyond the angels' ken,  
He, whom th' angelic hosts adore,  
Now pleads the cause of men.

4 Our Counsellor we praise,  
Our Advocate above,  
Who daily in his church displays  
His miracles of love.

5 Th' Almighty God is He,  
Author of life and bliss,  
The Father of eternity,  
'The glorious Prince of peace.'

55. T. 585. (1004.)

HEAR, ye sinners; peace and par-  
Freely offer'd, glad receive; [don,  
Nor your hearts yet longer harden,  
Hear his voice and ye shall live;  
'To God glory in the highest,  
'On earth peace, good will to  
men!'

2 Meek and lowly see your Saviour  
Meet returning prodigals;  
He receives them into favor,  
Therefore come, 'tis God who calls:  
'Unto us a Son is given,  
'Unto us a Child is born.'

3 Now to Bethle'm we're invited,  
Or to Calv'ry, him to know,  
But ere long we shall be cited,  
When the trump of God shall  
blow,

'Fore the presence of his glory,  
As the Judge of quick and dead.

4 Then on clouds in glory seated,  
He'll pronounce their final doom,  
Who, while here, tho' oft entreated,  
For Immanuel found no room.  
Gracious Saviour! since thou callest,  
May not one of us refuse.

5 May we all then stand before thee,  
Giv'n unto thee without loss,  
As thy saints, who here adore thee,  
In the manger, on the cross;  
'To God glory in the highest,  
'On earth peace, good will to men.'

**56.** T. 16. (1007.)

WELCOME, blessed heav'nly  
stranger!

Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,  
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,  
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 O most Mighty, O most Holy,  
Far above the seraphs' thought!  
Zion, view thy King, as lowly  
As inspired prophets taught.

**57.** T. 585. (1005.)

PEACE on earth! heav'n is pro-  
claiming:

Peace, descending from above,  
Peace, good will, lost man reclaim-  
ing,

Peace from God, God who is love!  
Peace in Jesus, :: Peace, that never  
shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,  
Glory in the highest strain,  
Glory to the Mediator,  
Both from angels and from men:  
To Immanuel :: all the glory doth  
pertain.

**58.** T. 22. (49.)

MAKER of all things, Lord our  
God,  
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and  
blood,

To reconcile and set us free  
From endless wo and misery;

2 What heights, what depths of  
love divine

In thy blest incarnation shine!  
Let heav'n and earth unite their lays  
To magnify thy boundless grace.

**59.** T. 14. (50.)

HOSANNA to the royal Son  
Of David's ancient line!  
His natures two, his person one,  
Mysterious and divine.

2 The Root of David here we find,  
And Offspring is the same;  
Eternity and time are join'd  
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched  
men,  
With peaceful news from heav'n!  
Hosannas in the highest strain,  
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

**60.\*** T. 155. (51.)

O THOU Day-spring from on high!  
When we, lost in deepest wonder,  
Duly ponder  
On thy love in coming down  
From thy throne,  
To save sinners from damnation,  
For thy love and great compassion  
Thee we praise, thank and adore.

**61.\*** T. 14. (52.)

A WOND'ROUS change Christ  
with us makes;  
The praise is his alone;  
His own t'impart, our nature takes,  
To raise us to his throne.

2 In servant's form, lo! he appears,  
Our freedom to obtain;  
To show his love, our shame he  
bears,  
And glory thus we gain.

**62.\*** T. 14. (53.)

BOTH to the seraph and the worm,  
God's goodness doth abound,  
He calms the sea, calls forth the  
storm,  
And fructifies the ground.

2 But yet his mercy to man's race  
More richly was display'd;  
He pitied us in our distress,  
And therefore flesh was made:

3 That he as man might sympathise  
With every grief we feel,  
And, being made a sacrifice,  
With blood our pardon seal,

**63.** T. 240. (54.)

ALL hail, Immanuel,  
Eternal Word, all hail!  
O Jesus, sinner's friend,  
Whose mercy knows no end,  
Love made thee condescend  
With men to make abode,  
And, veil'd in flesh and blood,

To bring us nigh to God;  
Thy sacred name we bless,  
Jesus, Jesus,  
Full of truth and power;  
Blessed, blessed,  
Blessed evermore!

**64.** T. 586. (55.)

I WILL rejoice in God my Saviour,  
And magnify this act of love;  
I'm lost in wonder at his favor,  
Which him to leave his throne  
could move,  
To take upon him human nature,  
To suffer for his wretched creature,  
Dire anguish, keenest pain,  
And death-pangs to sustain,  
My soul to gain.

**65.** T. 159. (1009.)

WISDOM and pow'r to Christ  
belong,  
Who left his glorious throne,  
The new, the blessed gospel-song  
Is due to him alone;  
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,  
Join with the highest seraphs' lays:  
To us, to us God's Son is giv'n,  
The Lord of earth and heav'n.

**66.** T. 167.

COME, thou universal blessing,  
Thou, the woman's promis'd seed:  
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,  
Deign throughout the earth to  
spread:

By thy holy incarnation,  
Life, and death, our guilt remove,  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Bless us with thy heav'nly love.

**67.** T. 205. (1008.)

GRACIOUS Saviour, mov'd by  
love,  
Thou the lofty heav'ns didst bow,  
Thou didst leave thy throne above,  
With lost man to dwell below;  
Here among us thou wilt be,  
We rejoice alone in thee,  
Here thy name we will record,  
O Immanuel, our Lord.

**68.** T. 249.

WITH awe and deeply bow'd,  
We praise :||: th' incarnate God,  
Who took our flesh and blood;  
Unto the child at Bethlehem,  
Whose birth th' angelic choirs  
proclaim,  
We our thank-off'rings bring,  
And grateful sing  
Praise to our heav'nly King.

**69.\*** T. 39. (57.)

TO God our Immanuel made flesh  
as we are,  
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and  
Brother most dear,  
Be honour and glory! Let with one  
accord,  
All people say, Amen! Give praise  
to the Lord.

#### IV. *The Name of Jesus, and his Walk on Earth.*

**70.\*** T. 146. (58.)

LORD Jesus, when I trace  
Thee as the great Creator,  
With fear I hide my face;  
But when in human nature  
I see thy deep distress,  
And lowliness of heart,  
I freely must confess  
That thou my Brother art.

2 Therefore I'll thee adore  
With deep humiliation,  
And own thee evermore  
Lord of the whole creation;  
But thy humanity,  
Thy birth, thy life, and death,  
Unite my soul to thee,  
While here on earth I breathe.

## 71. T. 14. (59.)

HOW sweet the name of Jesus  
To a believer's ear! [sounds  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his  
wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus! the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding-place,  
My never-failing Treas'ry fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Saviour,  
Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my  
Accept the praise I bring. [End,

5 Weak are the efforts of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may thy saving Jesus-name  
Refresh my soul in death.

## 72. T. 14. (60.)

JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
I gladly would thy praises sound,  
That earth and heav'n might  
hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
In thee is all my trust;  
Jewels to me are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 O may thy name still cheer my  
heart,  
And shed its fragrance there!  
The noblest balm for all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath;  
When speechless, thou shalt be my  
My joy in life and death. [hope,

## 73.\* T. 58. (61.)

SACRED name of Jesus,  
So great and holy,  
That all our tongues can never  
praise thee truly:  
'Fore thee we bow.

2 Saving name of Jesus,  
In which salvation [and nation,  
Is preach'd to every kindred, tongue  
Might all thee praise!

3 Blessed name of Jesus,  
How efficacious [us!  
To save, to sanctify and to preserve  
Thee we adore.

4 Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Name so revered [be wearied  
By all believers; they can ne'er  
In praising thee.

5 Name for ever sacred,  
For ever precious;  
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus!  
For evermore.

## 74. T. 119. (62.)

JESUS' name :||:  
Source of life and happiness;  
In this name true consolation  
Mourning sinners may possess;  
Here is found complete salvation:  
Blessed Jesus, we thy name will  
praise  
All our days. :||:

2 God with us, :||:  
God appears in human frame;  
In his name rejoice with gladness,  
Since to save lost man he came;  
None need sink in hopeless sad-  
ness,  
For Immanuel is now with us,  
God with us. :||:

## 75. T. 11. (63.)

JESUS is our highest good,  
He hath sav'd us by his blood;  
May we love him evermore,  
And his saving name adore.

2 Jesus, when stern justice said,  
'Man his life hath forfeited,  
'Vengeance follows by decree,'  
Cry'd, 'Inflict it all on me.'

3 Jesus gives us life and peace,  
Faith, and love, and holiness;  
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,  
Jesus for us purchas'd all.

4 Jesus therefore let us own,  
Jesus we'll exalt alone,  
Jesus hath our sins forgiv'n,  
Jesus' blood procur'd us heav'n.

76. T. 14. (64.)

MY God a man! a man indeed,  
An Infant truly poor;  
Born, for a sinful race to bleed,  
Salvation to procure.

2 Who can describe the loveliness,  
Which was, blest Child, in thee?  
Thy whole deportment heav'nly  
grace,  
And true humility.

3 According to th' appointed plan  
My infant Saviour grew,  
In favor both with God and man,  
In years and stature too.

4 My Saviour learned Joseph's  
trade,  
Was call'd a carpenter, (Mark 6. 3)  
And therefore, that he earn'd his  
bread,  
We justly may infer.

5 Often oppress'd with human care  
He to his Father sighs,  
Or spends the night in fervent pray'r,  
And offers tears and cries.

6 Again, as Teacher of Mankind  
I see my humble Lord:  
How cheerfully was he inclin'd  
To preach the saving word!

7 To comfort men was his delight,  
To help them in distress;  
He ready was by day and night,  
To pardon, heal and bless.

8 Oft he was hungry, spent and sad,  
In his own world a guest,  
And of his own no place he had,  
His weary head to rest.

9 Ah, might my heart a mirror be,  
Reflecting Jesus' grace,  
That all, who my behavior see,  
May some resemblance trace.

10 Grant me that meek and lowly  
mind,  
Thou hast on earth display'd,  
Which in thy holy life I find,  
My Pattern, Lord and Head.

77.\* T. 168. (1011.)

MAN of sorrows and acquainted  
With our griefs, what shall we  
say?

Never language yet hath painted  
All the woes, that on thee lay:  
Had I seen thee cloth'd in weakness,  
Bearing our reproach and sickness,  
To attend thee day and night  
Would have been my heart's delight.

2 O that to this heav'nly stranger  
I had here my homage paid,  
From his first sigh in the manger,  
Till he cried: 'Tis finished.'  
That first sigh had consecrated  
Me his own, and I had waited  
On him from his infancy,  
In a constant liturgy.

3 Walking, speaking, in devotion,  
Far to fields or forests stray'd,  
I had watch'd ev'ry motion,  
And my Lord my pattern made:  
More have angels ne'er desired,  
Than on him, or far retired,  
Or at home, awake, asleep,  
Fix'd their wond'ring eyes to keep.

4 Tell me, little flock beloved,  
Ye, on whom shone Jesus' face,  
What within your souls then moved,  
When ye felt his kind embrace?  
O disciple, once most blessed,  
As a bosom friend caressed,  
Say, could e'er into thy mind  
Other objects entrance find?

5 Oft to pray'r, by night retreated,  
See him from all search with-  
drawn;  
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated  
Witness'd still the morning  
dawn;

There, where he made intercession,  
I had pour'd forth my confession,  
And where for my sins he wept,  
Praying, I the watch had kept,

- 6 Should I thus to thee have cleaved  
 'Midst thy poverty and woes,  
 On thee, as my Lord, believed,  
 Or perhaps have joined thy foes?  
 Ah! thy mercy I had spurned;  
 But thyself my heart has turned;  
 Now thou know'st, beneath, above,  
 Nought compar'd with thee I love.

## 78. T. 11. (65.)

- SEE, my soul, God ever blest,  
 In the flesh made manifest!  
 Human nature he assumes,  
 He, to ransom sinners, comes.
- 2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,  
 Standing in the sinner's place;  
 From the manger to the cross,  
 All he did, he did for us:
- 3 All our woes he did retrieve,  
 He expir'd that we might live;  
 By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,  
 By his blood our pardon's seal'd.
- 4 Lord, conform us to thy death,  
 Raise us to new life by faith,  
 Through thy resurrection's pow'r,  
 May we praise thee evermore.
- 5 Circumcise our sinful hearts;  
 Purify our inward parts;  
 Lord, destroy the carnal mind,  
 That in thee we peace may find.
- 6 In thy righteousness array'd,  
 Let us triumph and be glad;  
 Let us walk with thee in white,  
 Let us see thy face in light.

## 79.\* T. 14. (66.)

- IMMANUEL'S meritorious tears  
 Assuage our ev'ry pain, [pray'rs,  
 His bitter suff'rings, cries and  
 Our fav'rite theme remain.
- 2 When Jesus' suff'ring life we  
 In ev'ry scene we find, [trace,  
 That he a man of sorrows was,  
 Though of unspotted mind.
- 3 All they who weeping now go  
 forth,  
 And bear the precious seed,  
 May in our Saviour's walk on earth  
 Pattern and comfort read.

- 4 Among the evils of the fall,  
 Which soul and body grieve,  
 This the most dreadful is of all,  
 That sin to us doth cleave.
- 5 Whene'er the Holy Ghost dis-  
 To our benighted hearts, [plays  
 That we are wretched, vile and base,  
 And light to us imparts,
- 6 How do we blush with conscious  
 shame,  
 While tears of anguish flow!  
 And did we not the suff'ring Lamb,  
 The Friend of sinners know;
- 7 Despairing, we should never cease,  
 To weep most bitter tears;  
 But faith in Jesus' saving grace  
 The mourning sinner cheers.
- 8 When we have that great bliss  
 attain'd  
 To find, that in all need  
 Christ is our Counsellor and Friend,  
 Then are we help'd indeed.
- 9 O 'tis the greatest happiness,  
 When of his peace divine  
 We have a feeling, and he says;  
 'Fear not, for thou art mine.'
- 10 Our thankful tears then testify  
 That Jesus wept for us,  
 And we, possessing heav'nly joy,  
 For him count all things loss.
- 11 Yet tears of grief at times bedew  
 Our cheeks, while here we stay;  
 When we in heav'n his face shall  
 view,  
 He'll wipe all tears away.

## 80. T. 14. (67.)

- O MY dear Saviour, when thy cares,  
 Thy toils for me I read,  
 My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,  
 And I bow down my head.
- 2 Thy suff'ring life I cannot trace,  
 Or read thy sacred word,  
 But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness  
 To thee, my gracious Lord.
- 3 What am I, Lord, that thou so  
 much  
 Shouldst love and value me?  
 Vile dust I am, yet thou for such  
 Didst bear thy misery.

## 81.\* T. 22. (68.)

MY dear Redeemer, God and Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Set forth in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy  
zeal,  
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,  
Such love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them  
mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight  
air,  
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear  
More likeness of thine image here;  
And at thy right hand me confess,  
Arrayed in thy righteousness.

## 82. T. 79. (70.)

THE wise men from the east ador'd  
The infant Jesus as their Lord,  
Brought gifts to him their King:  
Jesus, grant us thy light, that we  
The way may find, and unto thee  
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

2 May Jesus Christ, the spotless  
Lamb,  
Who to the temple humbly came  
The legal rights to pay,

Subdue our proud and stubborn will,  
That we his precepts may fulfil,  
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

## 83. T. 14. (71.)

SERVANT of all, to toil for man  
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:  
Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employ'd for us.

2 In all I think, or speak, or do,  
Let me show forth thy praise;  
Thy bright example still pursue  
Through all my future days.

3 By faith thro' outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free;  
My hands alone engag'd below,  
My spirit still with thee.

4 When thou, my Saviour, shalt ap-  
pear,  
Then gladly may I cry, [here  
'The work thou gavest me while  
'Is done—to thee I fly.'

## 84.\* T. 22. (72.)

WHEN we, in spirit, Jesus see,  
Array'd in frail humanity,  
As toiling, sleeping, or awake,  
Abas'd we own, 'twas for our sake.

2 May all those blessings on us flow,  
And in our lives their virtue show,  
Which from the manger to the cross,  
Thou, Lord, hast merited for us.

## V. *The Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ, and his Resting in the Grave.*

## 85. T. 114. (73.)

WHAT human mind can trace the  
condescension  
Of our almighty Maker's love to  
man? [scan;  
No angel can the hidden myst'ry  
Redeeming love, thou art past com-  
prehension! [can prove,  
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we  
From Jesus' agony, that God is love.

2 Pursue, my soul, the sacred  
meditation, [God;  
And view the agonizing Lamb of  
See him oppressed with the pon-  
d'rous load  
Of all thy sins, to purchase thy  
salvation:  
Heriseth with a heart-affecting look,  
And with his foll'wers passeth Ce-  
dron's brook.

3 My spirit now, with solemn,  
 deep devotion,  
 Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane;  
 There he, on my account, doth  
 weep and pray, [potion:  
 O'ercome with horror at the bitter  
 Yet to his Father's will he is re-  
 sign'd;  
 Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient  
 mind.

4 I see my Saviour kneeling, groan-  
 ing, weeping, [prays for me,  
 He prostrates on the ground and  
 Yea, trembling wrestleth in an  
 agony; [are sleeping,  
 And while his sad disciples all  
 His soul in grief, his eyes in tears  
 are drown'd,  
 His sweat as drops of blood falls to  
 the ground.

5 By all thy grief, thy tears and  
 supplications,  
 Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony;  
 O grant that I may love thee ar-  
 dently; [consolation!  
 Be thou, dear Lord, my life and  
 Whene'er temptation would my  
 soul beset,  
 I'll pray to thee, and think of Olivet.

**86. T. 79. (74.)**

BEHOLD! how in Gethsemane  
 Th' incarnate God doth sweat for  
 thee

Till drops of blood fall down;  
 For thee the Lord lies prostrate  
 there, [pray'r,  
 Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful  
 Mark ev'ry dol'rous sigh and groan.

2 I'm lost in wonder and amaze;  
 Here I'll abide and melt and gaze,  
 'Tis God's beloved Son!  
 How heavy is the weight he bears!  
 His soul is fill'd with grief and fears,  
 Lo! now the bitter cup comes on.

3 Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me?  
 Dost thou endure such misery,  
 To give me life and peace?  
 Then will I henceforth ne'er forget,  
 That thou didst on Mount Olivet,  
 By pray'rs and tears gain my release.

**87. T. 96. (75.)**

OFTEN I call to mind the place  
 Gethsemane, to which the Lamb  
 Who lov'd to be in loneliness,  
 With his disciples often came,  
 Where, out of boundless love to me,  
 He wrestled in an agony.

2 There, overwhelm'd with grief,  
 he said:  
 'My soul is sorrowful to death;  
 And suff'ring freely in my stead,  
 He drank the bitter cup of wrath!  
 Now on his knees, then on his face,  
 He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds,  
 and prays.

3 So lov'd me the eternal God,  
 That he became the Son of man,  
 And took my sins' prodigious load;  
 My soul, admire his gracious  
 plan!

Thy stripes, thy guilt and curse  
 he bore;  
 Believe, and thankfully adore.

**88.\* T. 99. (76.)**

MOST awful sight! my heart doth  
 break,

Oh! it can ne'er my mind forsake,  
 How thou for me hast wept and  
 prayed:

Might I for thy soul's agony,  
 When wrestling with death bitterly,  
 Lord, as thy trophy be displayed!

**89.\* T. 36. (77.)**

GOD, in a garden, suffers in our  
 nature! [every creature;  
 He faints, who cheers and comforts  
 An angel strengthens his Creator  
 yonder: Adore and wonder!

**90.\* T. 54. (78.)**

GO, congregation, go and see  
 Thy Saviour in Gethsemane;  
 Here is a scene which with amaze  
 Must strike thee; here astonish'd  
 gaze: Thy Maker prays!

91.\* T. 185. (79.)

MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with  
Went to Olivet for me; [anguish,  
There he kneels, his heart doth  
heave and languish

In a bitter agony; [senses,  
Fear and horror seize his soul and  
For the hour of darkness now com-  
mences:

Ah, how doth he weep and groan,  
For rebellious man t' atone!

2 How is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed  
With our sins' prodigious load!  
Though an angel comforts the dis-  
tressed

Weak and fainting Lamb of God,  
Yet what trembling seizeth him  
all over, [age cover,  
Tears and sweat and blood his vis-  
And in drops fall on the ground,  
While his heart in grief is drown'd.

3 Stripes and cruel mock'ries he  
endured,

Meek and patient, in our stead;  
How are Jesus' gracious eyes ob-  
scured: [head;

View his wounded back and  
He whom thorns and scourges lacer-  
ated, [ated:

Is the Lord, who all things hath cre-  
Ah! his suff'rings, pain and wo,  
Make mine eyes with tears o'erflow.

4 See him bear his cross, in deep  
affliction,

On his sore and wounded back,  
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,  
Where his limbs they stretch and  
rack; [ter,

As a lamb he's led unto the slaugh-  
And his soul is poured out like water;  
Vinegar and gall he tastes,  
While his suff'ring body wastes.

5 Now behold him weeping, bleed-  
ing, crying,

'Midst two thieves, upon the  
cross; [dying,

Lo, he bows his sacred head; and  
Life eternal gains for us.

Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction,  
[punction:

To consider this with heart's com-  
D

Might our words and actions prove  
That we know thy dying love.

6 Our enraptur'd hearts shall ne'er  
be weary

On our dying Lord to gaze;  
At his cross, in faith, we wish to  
tarry,

There shall be our hiding place.  
May his dying look remain engraven  
On our hearts: for pardon, life and  
heaven,

Our Redeemer then procur'd,  
When he death for us endur'd.

7 Therefore all his agony and pas-  
And his sin-atoning death, [sion,  
Shall remain, through grace, our  
faith's foundation,

While we draw our vital breath:  
Thus shall neither honour, wealth,  
nor pleasures, [sures;

Rob our souls of everlasting trea-  
Jesus, both by day and night,  
Shall remain our sole delight.

8 Could we tune our hearts and  
voices higher

Than man's most exalted lays,  
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,  
Cold would prove our warmest  
praise. [sion,

Jesus' love exceeds all comprehen-  
But our love to him we scarce  
dare mention;

We may weep beneath his cross,  
But he wept and bled for us.

9 O delightful theme, past all ex-  
pression:

'Thy Redeemer died for thee!'

Ah, this prompts my deepest adora-  
tion,

When I hear, 'He died for me.'  
Might my thoughts, my words and  
whole behavior, [Saviour;

Prove that I believe in Christ my  
Yea, my love to Jesus show  
His to me in all I do.

10 Lamb of God! thou shalt re-  
main for ever

Of our songs the only theme;  
For thy boundless love, thy grace  
and favor,

We will praise thy saving name:

That for our transgressions thou  
wast wounded, [sounded,  
Shall by us in nobler strains be  
When we, perfected in love,  
Once shall join the church above.

92.\* T. 151. (80.)

THOU Source of my salvation,  
Thou Conqu'ror of my death,  
Who didst as my oblation,  
In torments yield thy breath;  
Who bar'st the dreadful sentence  
Due to our cursed race,  
To screen my soul from vengeance;  
Accept my thanks and praise.

2 I'll go with thee, my Saviour,  
Up to Mount Calvary;  
And view with spirit's fervor  
All thou hast done for me.  
Thus, with intense devotion,  
I follow thee each step,  
While tender love's emotion  
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3 I see my Saviour languish  
In sad Gethsemane,  
Till through his pores, in anguish,  
The blood ev'n forc'd its way;  
The load which him oppresses,  
I, I deserv'd to feel;  
The bloody sweat of Jesus  
Doth soul and body heal.

4 My Saviour was betrayed,  
Reproach and suff'rings met;  
My sins the Lord conveyed  
'Fore Pilate's judgment seat;  
These, these did him deliver  
Into the foe's dire hand;  
should have felt for ever  
The pangs my God sustain'd.

5 Behold the man! he beareth  
God's wrath and curse for us:  
A crown of thorns he weareth,  
For us endures the cross.  
There to complete his passion,  
His sorrows, pain and wo,  
His blood for our salvation  
In copious streams doth flow.

6 Thou for thy foes entreatest;  
Lord Jesus who was I?  
Thy friends thou not forgettest;  
Turn, Lord, to me thine eye!

Thy mouth now grace declareth  
To the repenting thief;  
My guilty soul this cheereth,  
Of sinners I am chief.

7 Thou anxiously complainest,  
'My God forsaketh me!'  
'I thirst,' thou then exclaimest,  
Yet none refresheth thee.  
Thy passion being ended,  
Thou cry'st, "'Tis finished!  
'My spirit be commended  
'To God!' 'Twas finished.

8 My heart with love is glowing,  
I see my Saviour die;  
His head I see him bowing,  
This brought me endless joy!  
He gave his soul an off'ring  
For sin, that I might live;  
He sav'd me by his suff'ring,  
To him myself I give.

9 Thou God of my salvation,  
In whom I trust by faith,  
Who hast for my transgression  
Lain in the dust of death;  
I place upon thy merit,  
While here, my confidence;  
And will commend my spirit  
To thee, when I go hence.

10 Lord, grant me thy salvation  
And peace divine, I pray,  
While here 'midst tribulation  
On earth below I stay;  
Till I shall stand before thee,  
And for redeeming grace,  
With all the saints in glory,  
My Hallelujah raise.

93.\* T. 594. (81.)

WITH my sins' heavy load op-  
pressed,  
In spirit I my Saviour view,  
I see him mourning and distressed,  
While floods of tears his cheeks be-  
dew:

To change my sorrow into gladness,  
His sweat was mix'd with blood;  
and he,  
Fill'd with unutterable sadness,  
Trembled and agoniz'd for me.

2 O'erwhelm'd with grief and  
rack'd with torment,  
He's pain'd in ev'ry weary limb;  
They that should watch with him  
lie dormant,

An angel comes to comfort him:  
O how heart-piercingly he prayed,  
When he his Father did accost,  
To have the bitter cup delayed:  
Here is my soul in wonder lost!

3 I see his countenance defiled,  
His forehead spit on I behold;  
I see him laugh'd at and reviled,  
Sharp-pointed thorns his head in-  
fold:

Thus to the multitude displayed,  
His back with cruel scourges torn,  
A reed he beareth, is arrayed  
In purple, and then hail'd in scorn.

4 Breathless and almost suffocated,  
He bears the cross's pond'rous  
weight,

Already feels what him awaited,  
The dismal scenes of torment great.  
I see him now in sore affliction  
Ascend the brow of Calvary;  
'Tis here I view his crucifixion,  
Thereby it was he saved me.

5 I see his hands and feet extended  
Upon the cross in keenest smart;  
He bows his head, the conflict's  
ended!

I see the spear transfix his heart.  
Thus closed he his bitter passion,  
Expiring on th' accursed tree,  
Then horror seiz'd the whole crea-  
tion,  
But streams of grace came over  
me.

6 The thought of blood and water  
bursting [heart;  
From God, my Rock, o'ercomes my  
I for that living flood am thirsting,  
O may it stream through ev'ry  
part!

Lord, for thy love with adoration,  
I'll thank and laud thee all my  
days;

Long as I live shall each pulsation,  
And ev'ry breath declare thy praise.

7 This awful, blessed meditation  
Oft fills my soul with conscious  
shame,

Since Jesus died for my salvation,  
Who to his mercy had no claim:  
How poor I am, how void of glory,  
Thou, Lord, know'st best; but yet  
when I, [thee,  
With all my ailments come before  
My suit is granted presently.

8 Thou, Jesus, art my God and  
Saviour,

Thee will I serve with all my pow'r,  
On thee I'll meditate for ever,  
And for thy goodness thee adore:  
Thy dying love hath captivated  
My heart, and now my chief delight,  
Until to heav'n I am translated,  
Is to enjoy thee day and night.

94. T. 167. (82, 1012.)

GREAT High-priest, we view thee  
stooping,

With our names upon thy breast,  
In the garden, groaning, drooping,  
To the ground with horrors prest.  
Angels saw, struck with amazement,  
Their Creator suffer thus;  
We are fill'd with deep abasement,  
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2 Jesus, to thy garden lead us,  
To behold thy bloody sweat, [us,  
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed  
May we ne'er the cost forget:  
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed  
By thy spirit in our ears,  
Till we, viewing whom we pierced,  
Melt 'fore thee in grateful tears.

3 On the cross thy body broken  
Cancels ev'ry legal charge;  
Pleading this authentic token,  
Guilty souls are set at large;  
All is finish'd, truth hath said it,  
Doubt no more, believe your  
Lord;

To frail reason give no credit,  
You have his unerring word.

4 Lord, we fain would trust thee  
solely,  
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;

Suff'ring Saviour, take us wholly,  
 Take and form us as thou wilt;  
 Thou hast borne the dreadful sen-  
 tence,  
 Pass'd on man's devoted race:  
 Grant us faith and true repentance,  
 They're thy gifts, thou God of  
 grace.

95. T. 243. (83.)

GO, follow the Saviour,  
 Consider his travail,  
 Adore him for ever,  
 Ye sinners, and marvel;  
 It is for you—he suffers so.

2 With tears interceding,  
 Your load he sustaineth,  
 And sweating and bleeding  
 Your pardon he gaineth;  
 All who believe—he'll freely save.

3 He's mock'd and defamed,  
 'Midst scourging and torture;  
 By sinners is blamed,  
 And led to the slaughter;  
 While thorns disgrace—his royal  
 face.

4 Behold the Lord Jesus,  
 For you he is wounded,  
 He bleeds to release us;  
 His love is unbounded!  
 For evermore—his name adore.

5 When to the cross nailed  
 He hung on the mountain,  
 That we might be healed,  
 Blood, as from a fountain,  
 Flow'd from his wounds:—There  
 health abounds.

6 Our meek suff'ring Saviour  
 Pray'd for his oppressors,  
 And gain'd God's favor  
 For us vile transgressors;  
 He thus displays—his boundless  
 grace.

7 When he had prevailed,  
 And all was accomplish'd,  
 By prophets revealed,  
 He cried: 'It is finish'd!'  
 Then bow'd his head—and join'd  
 the dead.

8 Accept for thy passion,  
 Most merciful Saviour,  
 Our deep adoration:  
 Remain thou for ever  
 Our highest good,—O Lamb of  
 God!

96. T. 71.

HAIL suff'ring Lamb of God,  
 Whose sweat was mix'd with blood  
 In Olivet's garden,  
 When thy prevailing pray'rs,  
 Join'd with strong cries and tears,  
 Procur'd our pardon.

2 Thy bitter agony  
 Upon my heart shall be  
 Deeply impressed,  
 O! may I ne'er forget  
 The price at which my debt  
 Hath been erased.

3 Thy countenance divine,  
 Round which sharp thorns did  
 Thy dereliction; [twine,  
 Thy having borne our curse,  
 To us now proves a source  
 Of benediction.

4 "'Tis finish'd,' Jesus cries,  
 He bows his head and dies,  
 Our pardon's sealed!  
 All hail! in death though pale,  
 Victorious Lamb, all hail!  
 Thou hast prevailed.

5 Thy head, bow'd down in death,  
 Thy last, expiring breath,  
 Thy side through pierced,  
 Thy wounds in hand and feet,  
 By us in accents sweet,  
 Shall be rehearsed.

97.\* T. 99. (1013.)

I SMITE upon my guilty breast,  
 And stand myself the cause confest  
 Of all my Saviour hath sustained;  
 On Olivet and Golgotha  
 Deeply abas'd I gaze with awe,  
 There, there He bliss for me ob-  
 tained!

2 O that my sins might find their  
grave [save,  
There, where my God, my soul to  
In sweat and blood lay agonizing!  
I weep, and feel both joy and pain;  
Saviour, till sight of thee I gain,  
May I this scene be oft revising!

3 Behold, He sinks in death! 'tis  
done;

See drops of blood still trickling run,  
From head and feet and hands ex-  
tended; [head!

Mark that last groan! He bows his  
The tortur'd soul at length hath fled,  
His heart-strings break! the con-  
flict's ended.

4 Look up, my soul, by faith and  
see, [for thee;

His heart was pierc'd, was pierc'd  
Thence blood and water freely  
streamed!

Blood to atone for heinous sin,  
Water, to wash the sinner clean;  
Our debt is paid; we are redeemed.

5 Heart-piercing sight! He bleeds,  
He dies,

For guilty man a sacrifice,  
The earth the sacred trust receiveth;  
Soon shall he rise triumphantly,  
And then with shouts ascend on  
high,  
Where He to God for ever liveth.

98.\* T. 124. (1014.)

JESUS, till my latest breath,

May I ponder  
On thy agony and death:  
As thou yonder  
Barest my sins' heavy load;  
Suff'ring Saviour,  
Me regard in favor.

2 Looking to Gethsemane,  
In that garden

Both the guilt of sin I see,  
And its pardon;  
Mercy, truth, and righteousness,  
Here combined,  
Man's release have signed.

3 From the cross look down at me,  
Blessed Saviour!

D 2

As at John complacently!

Grant that favor,  
That I, by thy dying love  
Be inspired,  
And with ardour fired.

4 In thy hands and feet I see  
Tokens bloody

Of thy love to worthless me;  
From thy body  
Drops of blood successively  
Now are streaming,  
All with blessings teeming.

5 Jesus bows his head and dies!  
Dark'ning heaven,  
Lo, the sun his beams denies,  
Rocks are riven!

While earth's pillars shake, I find  
In his passion  
Cause for exultation.

6 Blood and water from his side  
Freely floweth:

Hence I'm fully certified,  
My heart knoweth,  
That eternal life for me  
Was acquired  
When my Lord expired.

7 Now to Joseph's tomb convey'd,  
He's interred,

Be my members with him dead,  
With him buried;  
Here, here is my resting place,  
Here with Mary  
Weeping I will tarry.

8 Yea, I give my heart to thee,  
Faithful Saviour!

Living, dying I will be  
Thine for ever;  
From the tomb I shall arise,  
Freed from weakness,  
In thy glorious likeness.

99.\* T. 127.

O LAMB of God unspotted,  
Our crucified Saviour!

Who hast to shame submitted  
With patient, meek behavior:  
Thy bearing our transgression  
Hath sav'd us from damnation.

Have mercy upon us, O Jesus, O  
Jesus!

2 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.  
Own us to be thine, O Jesus, O Je-  
sus!

3 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.  
Leave thy peace with us, O Jesus,  
O Jesus!

100.\* T. 151. (85.)

O HEAD so full of bruises,  
So full of pain and scorn,  
'Midst other sore abuses  
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!  
O Head, ere now surrounded  
With brightest majesty,  
In death now bow'd and wounded!  
Saluted be by me!

2 Thou countenance transcendent,  
Thou life-creating Sun  
To worlds on thee dependent,  
Now bruis'd and spit upon!  
How art thou grown so fallow!  
How are those gracious eyes,  
Whose radiance knew no fellow,  
Clouded in cruel wise!

3 O Lord, what thee tormented,  
Was my sins' heavy load!  
I had the debt augmented  
Which thou didst pay in blood:  
Here am I, blushing sinner,  
On whom wrath ought to light;  
O thou, my health's beginner!  
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

4 Own me, Lord, my Preserver,  
My Shepherd, me receive;  
I know thy love's strong fervor,  
By all thy pain and grief.  
Thou richly hast supplied  
My soul with heav'nly food,  
For which I've often sighed,  
Thy holy flesh and blood.

5 I'll here with thee continue,  
(Though poor, despise me not,)  
I'm one of thy retinue,  
As were I on the spot,  
When, earning my election,  
Thy heart-strings broke in death:  
With shame and love's affection  
I'll watch thy latest breath.

6 O what a consolation  
Doth in my heart take place,

When I thy toil and passion  
Can in some measure trace;  
Ah! should I, while thus musing  
On my Redeemer's cross,  
Ev'n life itself be losing,  
Great gain would be that loss.

7 I give thee thanks unfeigned,  
O Jesus, Friend in need!  
For what thy soul sustained  
When thou for me didst bleed:  
Grant me to lean unshaken  
Upon thy faithfulness,  
Until from hence I'm taken  
To see thee face to face.

8 Lord, at my dissolution  
Do not from me depart,  
Support, at the conclusion  
Of life, my fainting heart;  
And when I pine and languish,  
Seiz'd with death's agony,  
O by thy pain and anguish  
Set me at liberty.

9 Lord, grant me thy protection,  
Remind me of thy death  
And glorious resurrection,  
When I resign my breath;  
Ah then, though I be dying,  
'Midst sickness, grief and pain,  
I shall (on thee relying)  
Eternal life obtain.

101.\* T. 36. (86.)

DEAR Jesus! wherein art thou to  
be blamed?  
Why is death's sentence against  
thee proclaimed?  
What is thy crime? of what art thou  
accused, While thus abused?

2 I see thee scourg'd, plung'd in a  
sea of sorrows,  
Beat in the face, thy back plough'd  
with deep furrows,  
Thy temples crown'd with thorns, in  
mock'ry hailed, To the cross nailed.

3 Why was thy soul with pains of  
hell surrounded?  
Alas, my sins have thee, my Saviour,  
wounded! [of anguish,  
I should have waded thro' this sea  
Which made thee languish.

- 4 There is no good at all in my whole nature,  
Sin hath diffus'd its shame through ev'ry feature;  
And death had been, through everlasting ages, Its dreadful wages.
- 5 How highly wonderful is this proceeding!  
The Shepherd for his wand'ring sheep is bleeding;  
The Master pays for servants' misbehavior, That loving Saviour.
- 6 O boundless love! O love beyond expression,  
Constraining thee to choose such bitter passion!  
I lived in the world's and sins' enjoyment, Thou barest torment.
- 7 O greatest King! whose power is unbounded, [pounded?  
How can thy mercy be aright ex-O myst'ry deep, th' incarnate God is sighing, For sinners dying.
- 8 Thy dying love all other love doth swallow, [shallow,  
My mind to trace its limits is too For such compassion, and for love so tender, What shall I render?
- 9 One thing I'll gladly do to give thee pleasure,  
No more to sin I'll yield in any measure:  
Lest it again seduce my mind and senses To old offences.
- 10 But as my strength is far too weak and feeble  
To crucify my flesh and innate evil,  
Lord, let thy Spirit graciously direct me, From sin protect me.
- 11 Unto thy praise my all I'll gladly venture, [enter;  
Upon thy shame and cross I'll freely Nor pain, nor death, shall change my resolution, Nor persecution.
- 12 Do not despise, I pray, my weak endeavor  
To praise and love and serve thee, dearest Saviour:  
Take soul and body, Lord, as an oblation For all thy passion.
- 13 When thou shalt give to me a crown of glory, [transitory,  
When all is swallow'd up that's Then shall my voice be suited to the matter, And praise thee better.
- 102.\* T. 79. (88.)**
- O WORLD, see thy Creator Extended, like a traitor,  
Upon the cross's tree!  
Behold him, while expiring,  
And for mankind acquiring  
Thereby life, grace and liberty.
- 2 Draw near: thou wilt discover,  
How blood and sweat all over His sacred body dyes;  
Out of his heart most noble,  
For inexhausted trouble,  
Sighs are successive foll'wing sighs.
- 3 Who hath thee thus abused,  
Dear Lord, and so much bruised  
Thy most majestic face?  
Thou knowest no transgression,  
From that contamination  
Free, which defiles the human race.
- 4 I, I and my transgressions,  
Which by my own confessions  
Exceed the sea-shore sands;  
These, these have been the reason  
Of thy whole bitter season,  
Of all thy bruises, stripes and bands.
- 5 The wrath upon thee poured,  
I ought to have endured,  
And borne the pangs of hell:  
The bonds and scourges tearing,  
Which thou, my God, was bearing,  
My soul, my soul deserv'd to feel.
- 6 I'll be with the beholders,  
And see thee on thy shoulders  
Bear my prodigious load:  
Thou tak'st the curse-infliction,  
Giv'st for it benediction; [God.  
Thy death procures my peace with
- 7 As Surety thou presentest  
Thyself, to die consentest  
For me in debt all o'er;  
A crown of thorns thou wearest,  
All scorn and pain thou bearest,  
With patience never known before.

8 Death's horrors thou endurest,  
And my escape procurest;  
Its sting I need not prove;  
My curse and condemnation  
Thou bear'st for my salvation,  
O undeserved, boundless love.

9 The highest obligations  
Bind me through all life's stations,  
T'express my thanks to thee;  
Weak as I am and feeble,  
As far as I am able,  
I'll yield thee service willingly.

10 While here on earth I'm living,  
I nothing have worth giving  
To thee for all thy pain;  
Yet shall thy passion ever,  
Till soul and body sever, [main.  
Deep in my heart engrav'd re-

11 Its fresh representation  
Shall raise my admiration,  
Where'er I turn or move;  
I'll take it for a mirror  
Of innocence, for terror [love.  
To guilt, but seal of truth and

12 How greatly man incenses  
The Lord by his offences;  
God's holiness how stern;  
How rig'rous he chastiseth,  
When he with wrath baptizeth;  
This from thy suff'rings will I learn.

13 From thence I'll be taught truly  
How to be pure and holy,  
Resign'd, compos'd, and still;  
How patiently to suffer,  
When any to me offer  
Rude acts of malice and ill-will.

14 I'll be my flesh denying,  
And gladly crucifying,  
With Christ, each sinful lust:  
With all that thee displeases  
I'll gladly part, O Jesus,  
By help and strength which thou  
bestow'st.

15 Thy sighs and groans unnum-  
ber'd,  
And, from thy heart encumber'd,  
The countless tears forth prest;  
These shall, at my dismissal,  
To final rest's fruition,  
Convey me to thy arms and breast.

## 103.\* T. 165. (89.)

THOUSAND times by me be greet-  
Jesus, who hast loved me, [ed,  
And thyself to death submitted  
For my treasons against thee.  
Ah! how happy do I feel,  
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel  
At the cross where thou expiredst,  
And true life for me acquiredst.

2 Jesus, thee I view in spirit,  
Cover'd o'er with blood and  
wounds;  
Now salvation, through thy merit,  
For my sin-sick soul abounds.  
O who can, thou Prince of Peace,  
Who didst thirst for our release,  
Fully fathom all that's treasure'd  
In thy love's design unmeasur'd!

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,  
Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad;  
All the woes of my condition  
By thy balm be now allay'd:  
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,  
Or which on myself I've brought;  
If thy blood me only cover,  
My distress will soon be over.

4 On my heart thy wounds for ever  
Be inscrib'd indelibly,  
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,  
What thou hast endur'd for me:  
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,  
End of all solicitude;  
Let me, at thy feet abased,  
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5 With the deepest adoration  
Humbly at thy feet I lie,  
And with ardent supplication  
Unto thee for succor cry;  
My petition kindly hear,  
Say, in answer to my pray'r,  
'I will change thy grief and sadness  
Into comfort, joy and gladness.'

6 Jesus, at my dissolution  
Take my longing soul to thee;  
Let thy wounds at the conclusion  
Of this life my refuge be!  
When in death I close mine eyes,  
Let me wake in Paradise,  
And in endless bliss and glory  
With the saints in heav'n adore thee.

## 104.\* T. 168. (90.)

JESUS, Source of my salvation,  
 Conqu'ror both of death and hell!  
 Thou who didst, as my oblation,  
 Feel what I deserv'd to feel:  
 Through thy suff'rings, death, and  
 merit,  
 I eternal life inherit;  
 Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,  
 Dearest Lord, for ever be!

2 O how basely wast thou used,  
 Buffeted and spit upon!  
 Scourg'd and torn, and sorely  
 bruised,  
 Thou, the heav'nly Father's Son:  
 Me, poor sinner, to deliver  
 From the devil's pow'r for ever!  
 Thousand, &c.

3 Lord, thy deep humiliation  
 Paid for my presumptuous pride;  
 I need fear no condemnation,  
 Since for sinners thou hast died:  
 Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,  
 To restore me to God's favor.  
 Thousand, &c.

4 Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever  
 Who for me wast crucified,  
 For thy agony, dear Saviour,  
 For thy wounds and pierced side!  
 For thy stooping under sentence  
 Of God's wrath and fiery vengeance:  
 For thy death and love divine,  
 Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

## 105.\* T. 165. (91.)

CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter  
 passion,  
 Bloody sweat, cross, death, and  
 tomb,  
 Be my daily meditation,  
 Till I to thy presence come.  
 When a sinful thought would start,  
 Ready to seduce my heart,  
 Thy sore pain effectually  
 Me forbid with sin to dally.

2 Should my bosom with lewd pas-  
 sion  
 Be inflam'd, and burn with sin,

Let the thoughts of thine oblation  
 Quench that spreading fire within.  
 Would the tempter make his way  
 To my heart, Lord, grant, I may  
 By thy wounds, thy pain and an-  
 guish,  
 All his vile intrusions vanish.

3 Would the world with gay temp-  
 tation  
 Draw me to its own broad way;  
 Let me think upon thy passion,  
 And the load which on thee lay:  
 Sure the sweat and precious blood  
 Of the dying Lamb of God  
 Can arm me, on each occasion,  
 To oppose th' infatuation.

4 Lord, in ev'ry sore oppression,  
 Let thy wounds be my relief;  
 When I seek thine intercession,  
 Add new strength to my belief.  
 Ah, the feeling of thy peace  
 Sets my troubled heart at ease,  
 And affords a demonstration  
 Of thy love and my salvation.

5 All my hope and consolation,  
 Christ, is in thy bitter death;  
 At the hour of expiration,  
 Lord, receive my dying breath.  
 Most of all, when I go hence,  
 Let this be my confidence,  
 That thy deep humiliation  
 Hath procured my salvation.

## 106.\* T. 126. (92.)

O LORD, when condemnation  
 And guilt afflict my soul,  
 Then let thy bitter passion  
 The rising storm control:  
 Remind me that thy sacred blood  
 Hath cancell'd my transgressions  
 By paying what I ow'd.

2 O wonder, far exceeding  
 All human thought and sense!  
 Heav'n's Sov'reign was seen bleed-  
 ing  
 To wipe off my offence:  
 The Prince of life gave up his breath  
 For me, whose vile rebellion  
 Deserv'd an endless death.

- 3 Though sins exceed a mountain,  
Or sands on ocean's shore,  
The everlasting fountain  
Of Jesus' blood hath pow'r  
To wash all sin and guilt away,  
And save me from that terror  
Which held me in dismay.
- 4 My heart, while here 'tis moving,  
Shall beat with fervent praise  
To thee, who art so loving  
To the lost human race:  
Thy dying words and agony  
Shall be my meditation,  
Till I am call'd to thee.
- 5 Lord, let thy bitter passion  
Dwell always in my mind,  
To raise an indignation  
'Gainst sin of ev'ry kind;  
That henceforth I may ne'er forget  
The greatness of that ransom,  
Which paid my endless debt.
- 6 All pains and tribulations,  
Contempt and worldly spite,  
Help me to bear with patience;  
And always fix my sight  
On that unerring rule of faith,  
Thy blessed steps to follow,  
Until my latest breath.
- 7 O may my life and labor  
Express what thou hast done,  
By love towards my neighbor,  
By serving ev'ry one  
Without self-int'rest or disguise;  
And may thy pure example  
Be my best exercise!
- 8 When I give up my spirit  
To thee, my Judge and God,  
O then apply the merit  
Of thy atoning blood;  
And let my faith its pow'r display,  
And rest upon thy promise  
To save me in that day.

## 107.\* T. 167. (93.)

O THE love wherewith I'm loved,  
O the undeserved grace;  
Thou, O Love, by mercy moved,  
Tak'st upon thee my distress!  
As a Lamb led to the slaughter  
Goest to the cross's tree,

- Seal'st thy love with blood and  
water,  
Bear'st the world's iniquity.
- 2 Love, so strikingly displayed  
In thy tears and bloody sweat:  
Love, by sinful men betrayed,  
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat:  
Love, who for my soul's salvation,  
Willingly didst shed thy blood,  
Through thy death and bitter passion  
I am reconcil'd to God.
- 3 Love, who as my bleeding Saviour  
Didst my heart in righteousness  
Unto thee betroth for ever,  
Ah, I thank thee for thy grace:  
Love, who thus thyself engaged,  
Let all mis'ry which I feel  
By thy suff'rings be assuaged:  
By thy stripes my sorrows heal.
- 4 Love, who hast for me endured  
Death upon th' accursed tree,  
And eternal bliss procured,  
Fill my soul with love to thee.  
Lord, how hast thou captivated  
My else cold and lifeless heart!  
Let me, till to heav'n translated,  
Never more from thee depart!

## 108.\* T. 216. (94.)

A LAMB went forth, and bare the  
guilt  
Of all the world together,  
Most patiently his blood he spilt  
To pay for ev'ry debtor;  
He freely took sin's heavy load,  
To reconcile us unto God;  
All comfort he refused:  
He underwent reproach and blame,  
Death on the cross, with stripes and  
shame,  
And said, 'I freely choose it.'

2 This Lamb is God omnipotent,  
Of all things the Creator;  
The Son, who, by the Father sent,  
Assum'd our feeble nature:  
O love no human tongue can tell,  
O love divine, unsearchable!  
God gave his well-beloved  
To suff'rings, death, and to the  
grave,

- That he lost man thereby might save;  
His mercy thus he proved!
- 3 Jesus, I never can forget  
The pangs thou hast sustained:  
I'll thee, long as my pulse doth beat,  
Adore with thanks unfeigned;  
Yea, thou shalt be my heart's de-  
light;  
Thou, when I sink in death's dark  
night,  
Shalt be my consolation;  
In life and death I will be thine,  
And on thy faithfulness recline  
With humble resignation.
- 4 My song in thy great loveliness,  
Both day and night shall centre;  
Amidst all wants and feebleness,  
I'll on thy service venture:  
My life's whole stream for thee shall  
flow,  
O may by all I speak or do,  
Thy holy name be praised!  
And all that thou hast done for me,  
Upon my heart indelibly  
For ever be impressed!
- 5 Thou canst true comfort to me  
yield  
In my life's ev'ry station;  
In combat thou dost prove my shield,  
In grief, my exultation;  
In happy hours the source of joy;  
And when all other meat doth cloy,  
This manna shall support me;  
In thirst thou shalt my well-spring  
be,  
In solitude my company,  
At home and on a journey.
- 6 What harm can I from death  
sustain,  
Since thou art my salvation?  
From scorching heat thou art my  
screen,  
In pain my consolation;  
When gloomy thoughts surround  
my breast, [rest,  
Thou, Lord, alone canst give me  
'Tis by thy pow'r I conquer:  
Thou art, when storms of trial blow,  
And toss my vessel to and fro,  
My sure and stedfast anchor.
- 7 When I in heav'n shall rest with  
thee,  
Thou God of my salvation,  
Thy blood and righteousness shall  
My glorious decoration: [be  
Thou on my head wilt place a crown,  
Thus shall I stand before the throne  
Of thy dear heav'nly Father,  
Dress'd in salvation's robe, with thee  
To live to all eternity,  
In bliss no tongue can utter.
- 109.\* T. 152, or 9. (95.)  
JESUS, I am richly bless'd  
By thy bitter passion;  
O how is my soul refresh'd  
In the meditation  
On the pain and deep distress,  
Which thou hast endured!  
By thy death for me a place  
Is in heav'n procured.
- 2 Jesus, who hast once been dead,  
Now for ever livest;  
Thou in ev'ry time of need  
Kindly me relievest,  
And dost help to me afford:  
Faithful Lord and Saviour,  
Give me what thy death procur'd,  
And I'm rich for ever.
- 3 Grant, O Christ, thou Son of God,  
Through thy bitter passion,  
That we may, as thy reward,  
Joy in thy salvation:  
May we ever weigh the cause  
Of thy death and suff'ring,  
And a poor, but contrite heart,  
Bring as a thank-off'ring.
- 110.\* T. 51. (96.)  
WHEN Jesus hung upon the cross,  
Expiring to retrieve our loss,  
Bereft of consolation,  
The dying words he spoke, deserve  
Our serious meditation.
- 2 First for his foes he intercedes,  
And with his Father for them pleads,  
(His matchless goodness show-  
ing;)  
He saith, 'Forgive them; they know  
not  
What they to me are doing.'

- 3 Weigh next the pardon and relief  
Bestow'd on the repenting thief,  
The object of his favor:  
'To-day thou shalt in Paradise  
Be with me, and for ever.'
- 4 Observe the sympathy and care  
Which he for John and Mary bare:  
'Behold thy son, O mother;  
O John, thy mother there behold.'  
Thus, Christians, love each other.
- 5 Hark! how the meek and suff'-  
ring Lamb  
Doth on the cross, 'I thirst,' ex-  
claim;  
Such thirst the Lord sustained  
For our salvation, but now he  
Joy for his grief hath gained.
- 6 Next take to heart his anguish  
great,  
When, press'd beneath sin's pond'-  
rous weight,  
All comfort from him taken,  
He cries aloud, 'My God, my God,  
Why hast thou me forsaken?'
- 7 'Tis finish'd!' was the solemn  
word,  
When for mankind our dying Lord  
Had gain'd complete salvation;  
Ye mourning sinners all rejoice  
To hear this declaration.
- 8 The last, attention due demands:  
'O Father, now into thy hands  
I recommend my spirit!'  
He bow'd his head, gave up the  
ghost,  
That we might life inherit.
- 9 All those who here enjoy by faith  
The blessed fruits of Jesus' death,  
True bliss in him possessing,  
Find in his seven dying words  
A treasure of rich blessing.

**111.** T. 168. (97.)

O BEHOLD your Saviour, wound-  
ed,  
Hanging on th' accursed cross;  
None hath e'er the love expounded,  
Our Redeemer show'd to us:  
Hear him at his crucifixion  
Pray for foes, 'midst keen affliction,

'Them forgive, they do not know,  
Heav'nly Father! what they do.'

2 At his cross's foot now tarry,  
View his languid, marred face,  
Mark his care for John and Mary;  
To the thief he offers grace.  
Ah, he thirsts with love unshaken;  
'God! why hast thou me forsaken?'  
And 'Tis finish'd!' Jesus cries,  
Yields his spirit, droops and dies.

**112.\*** T. 168. (98.)

SING with awe in strains melo-  
dious,  
Sing with awe: Behold the man!  
Yea, repeat in tones harmonious,  
Ah, Behold, behold the Man!  
On thy dying look, dear Saviour,  
I will fix my eyes for ever;  
I am never tir'd to gaze  
At thy lovely, bleeding face.

2 Oh! this makes me think with  
sighing,  
I'm the cause: Behold the Man!  
Then his love, which I'm enjoying,  
Comforts me: Behold the Man!  
Ah! that cruelly abused  
Countenance, so marr'd and bruised,  
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,  
Till to him I've leave to go.

3 Wounded head, back plough'd  
with furrows,  
Visage marr'd: Behold the Man!  
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,  
Sunk with grief, Behold the Man!  
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,  
Melted, poured out like water;  
Should not love my heart inflame,  
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd  
Lamb!

**113.\*** T. 217. (99.)

WHEN thou in death didst bow  
thy head,  
All nature, Lord, was struck  
with wonder;  
The op'ning graves gave up their  
dead,  
Earth trembled, rocks were rent  
in sunder:

Then felt the pow'rs of hell below  
 Their last irrevocable blow; [ed,  
 Thy aim was then by right obtain-  
 To free the souls by Satan chained;  
 Now, thro' thy anguish and distress,  
 The captives find a full release.

2 Thou, who the nail-prints dost  
 retain, [cended,  
 Tho' to thy glorious throne as-  
 Whose side-incision doth remain,  
 And thorn-marks which thy head  
 once rended:

This is thy most transcendent form,  
 Which doth our hearts transport  
 and warm, [guish,  
 As thou upon the cross didst lan-  
 Extended there in keenest anguish,  
 Or, as thy body, pale and dead,  
 In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3 'Tis the most lovely attitude  
 Wherein we can behold our Sa-  
 viour, [view'd,  
 When by the eye of faith he's  
 With blood and bruises stain'd  
 all over.

That love which urg'd our Lord  
 and Head

To suffer freely in our stead,  
 Sinks deep into our hearts' recesses:  
 The blessed fruits of his distresses  
 We richly can enjoy by faith,  
 While meditating on his death.

4 Christ's agony, his death and  
 blood,

Shall be our joy and consolation,  
 The grace unmerited bestow'd  
 On us, our constant meditation;  
 Fresh proofs of his fidelity,  
 And tender care we daily see;  
 He will continue still to feed us,  
 Till he at last will thither lead us,  
 Where all his glories shall be seen,  
 Without a vail to intervene.

**114.\*** T. 594. (100.)

ONE view, Lord Jesus, of thy  
 passion,

Will make the fainting spirit glad;  
 This yields us solid consolation,  
 When thy dear blood, so freely  
 shed,

E

Pervades and heals both soul and  
 body,

When thou dost give to us thy  
 peace;

Ah, then our arms of faith are  
 ready,

Thy cross, O Jesus, to embrace!

2 No drop of blood thou deem'dst  
 too precious,

To shed for sinners vile like me,  
 O that thy fire of love, dear Jesus,  
 Inflam'd my heart with love to  
 thee!

May thy atoning death and passion,  
 Thy agony and bitter pain,  
 Until my final consummation,  
 Deep in my heart engrav'd re-  
 main.

3 O might I live in the enjoyment  
 Of all my Lord for me hath  
 gain'd!

Might this be daily my employ-  
 ment,

To muse upon what he sustain'd!  
 O may his hands, whereon engraven  
 My poor and worthless name  
 doth stand,

Support me, till I in the haven  
 Of endless joy shall safely land.

**115.\*** T. 14. (101.)

MY life-supplying element  
 Is Jesus' blood and death:

My soul is eagerly intent  
 To live therein by faith.

2 Lord Jesus! who is like to thee!  
 O might by night and day

My spirit upon Calvary,  
 That scene of suff'ring, stay.

3 How that blest moment I regard,  
 When thou didst bow thy head!

O had my list'ning ear but heard  
 The groan that left thee dead!

4 How highly favor'd had I been,  
 Had I with John stood by,

And my beloved Saviour seen  
 In keenest anguish die!

5 Beholding, with deep reverence,  
 Thy side for me then pierc'd,

With what emotion had I thence  
 Seen blood and water burst!

6 It is as tho' my eyes now view'd  
This heart-affecting sight,  
And ev'ry scene depicted stood  
'Fore me in clearest light.

7 O might thy dying love divine  
Become to me more clear,  
And smile in ev'ry smile of mine,  
And flow in ev'ry tear.

8 When I depart, my latest breath  
To thee, Lord, shall ascend,  
As a thank-off'ring for thy death;  
Thus, blest my race will end.

**116.\*** T. 126. (1017.)

WITH grateful heart's sensation,  
At Jesus' feet I fall;  
Him, with deep adoration,  
My Lord and God I call,  
Since he sustained death for me,  
Procuring my redemption,  
Upon th' accursed tree.

2 His stripes, whereby I'm healed,  
Are precious to my soul,  
His blood is now revealed,  
The balm to make me whole;  
His cry: 'My God, my God, Ah!  
why,  
Why hast thou me forsaken?'  
To God now brings me nigh.

3 In holy contemplation,  
I day and night review  
The theme of Christ's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
My pulse shall to his honor beat,  
And till his blest appearing,  
Each breath his praise repeat.

4 Myself I now deliver  
Into his faithful hand,  
He will support me ever,  
Till I before him stand;  
Till then I never can forget,  
That his atoning passion  
Hath cancell'd all my debt.

**117.** T. 244. (1018.)

THE suff'ring Lamb, my Saviour,  
Remains my sole delight,  
My fav'rite theme for ever,  
My object day and night;

The incense of his pray'rs,  
His cries and bitter tears,  
For me to God ascendeth,  
My mournful cry He hears.

2 With God, my habitation  
Upon mount Calvary  
I'll fix without cessation:  
Here it is good to be!  
Thus from my Saviour's death  
Deriving life by faith,  
Of heav'n I have a foretaste,  
Until my latest breath.

**118.\*** T. 151. (1021.)

HERE am I blushing, weeping,  
A breeze of heav'nly bliss  
From Jesus' cross perceiving,  
Rejoicing that I'm his;  
To Him what shall I render,  
My grateful heart to show?  
Did but my love more tender,  
More ardent for him glow!

2 I was defil'd all over,  
Depraved and unclean;  
His blood my guilt did cover,  
And wash'd my soul from sin;  
The time I well remember,  
When fill'd with deepest awe,  
My name among the number,  
In the Lamb's book I saw.

3 My Saviour's death and passion,  
His anguish, grief and pain,  
Until my consummation,  
My fav'rite theme remain;  
Himself hath sanctified,  
The grave, my resting place,  
And since for me He died,  
I shall lie down in peace.

**119.\*** T. 168. (1022.)

THOU hast cancell'd my trans-  
gression,  
Jesus, by thy precious blood,  
May I find therein salvation,  
Happiness and peace with God;  
And since thou, for sinners suff'ring,  
On the cross wast made an off'ring,  
From all sin deliver me,  
That I wholly thine may be.

2 All the pain thou hast endured,  
All thy wounds, thy crown of  
thorn,  
Hands and feet, with nails thro'  
bored,

The reproach which thou hast  
borne; [furrows,  
Thy back, ploughed with deep  
Cross and grave, and all thy sorrows,  
Thy blood-sweat and agony,  
O Lord Jesus, comfort me!

**120.\*** T. 36. (1023.)

LAMB, for thy boundless love I  
praises offer,  
That love, which urg'd thee in my  
stead to suffer,  
While all the wrath, which I should  
have endured,  
On thee was poured.

2 How highly is poor man by thee  
esteemed!  
Thou gav'st thyself that he might  
be redeemed;  
Take soul and body, Lord, as an  
oblation,  
For all thy passion.

3 Thou richly dost deserve, that  
each pulsation  
Thy praises should express, with-  
out cessation,  
And that each drop of blood be  
hallow'd ever,  
To thee, my Saviour.

**121.\*** T. 22. (1015.)

ROUND Tabor heav'nly glories  
shone,  
But what on Olivet was done,  
What signaliz'd mount Calvary  
Calls forth my praise:—'twas done  
for me.

**122.** T. 582. (1024.)

WAS ever grief like thine,  
Jesus, thou man of wo?  
The visage and the form divine,  
Why was it marred so?

That man, by thee restor'd,  
God's image might regain,  
And by the sorrows of his Lord,  
In joys eternal reign.

**123.\*** T. 14. (102.)

SEE, world, upon the shameful  
tree  
Thy Maker sinks in death!  
Cover'd with stripes and wounds  
for thee,  
Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2 Behold the streams of sacred  
Behold his pierced side! [blood,  
What hath drawn forth this copious  
flood,  
And swell'd this flowing tide?

3 My sins, as num'rous as the sands  
Upon the ocean's shore, [hands,  
Have been the cruel, murd'rous  
That wounded thee so sore.

4 Thy wond'rous love to evidence  
Thou wouldst my surety be:  
Thyself wouldst pay my debt im-  
mense,  
Thereby to set me free.

5 Thou art destruction to the grave,  
Death's enemy severe;  
That each in bondage as its slave,  
Might now be sav'd from fear.

6 My debt to thee, God, who art  
love,  
Weak words can ne'er express;  
I cannot here, if there above,  
Return due thankfulness.

7 Grant me the grace while I am  
(Since I can nothing give) [here,  
Thy suff'rings in my heart to bear,  
And by thy death to live.

**124.** T. 14. (103.)

BEHOLD the Saviour of the world  
Imbrued with sweat and gore,  
Expiring on the accursed cross,  
Where he our sorrows bore!

2 Compassion for man's fallen race  
Brought down God's only Son,  
To veil in flesh his radiant face,  
And for their sins atone.

- 3 Who can to love his name for-  
bear,  
That of his suff'rings hears,  
And finds the ransom of his soul  
Was blood as well as tears?
- 4 When earth and hell's malicious  
pow'rs  
Encompass'd thee around,  
Thy sacred blood, O Son of God,  
Stream'd forth from ev'ry wound:
- 5 Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy  
cheeks,  
And trembling lips were spread;  
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,  
And life thy drooping head.
- 6 Joy for thy torments we receive,  
Life in thy death have found;  
For the reproaches of thy cross  
Shall be with glory crown'd.
- 7 May we a grateful sense retain  
Of thy redeeming love;  
And live below like those that hope  
To live with thee above!

**125. T. 14. (104.)**

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote his sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He grōan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness  
hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When the Almighty Maker died,  
An off'ring for my sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing  
face,  
While Jesus' cross appears;  
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes in tears!

**126. T. 22. (105.)**

WHEN I by faith my Saviour see  
Expiring on the cross for me,  
Satan and sin no more can move,  
For I am fill'd with Jesus' love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro'  
my heart,  
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;  
I view his wounds with streaming  
eyes;

But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of  
God,  
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in  
blood!

Behold his side, and venture near,  
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;  
Only the fountain-head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I thus could always feel!  
Lord, more and more thy love  
reveal!

Then my glad tongue shall loud  
proclaim  
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and  
fear,  
Revives my heart and charms mine  
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

**127. T. 14. (106.)**

BEHOLD the loving Son of God  
Stretch'd out upon the tree;  
Behold him shed his precious blood,  
And die for you and me.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,  
And wrung with keenest smart?  
Why flows the blood from all his  
veins,  
Why torn with grief his heart?

3 All righteousness did he fulfil,  
No sin did ever know;  
He never thought nor acted ill;  
Why was he wounded so?

4 Alas, we own with conscious  
shame,  
While we behold his cross,  
Our sins have slain the guiltless  
Lamb,  
He suffer'd all for us.

5 But hence our confidence begins;  
For we may boldly say,  
That thus, by bearing all our sins,  
He took them all away.

6 Our God is fully reconcil'd,  
His justice satisfied;  
Each sinner may become his child,  
Since Jesus bled and died.

7 Come then, ye needy sinners come,  
If ye accept, he'll give;  
O suffer him to lead you home;  
Whoever will, may live.

**128. T. 22. (107.)**

THERE hangs the Saviour of man-  
kind,

His visage marr'd, his head reclin'd,  
His bleeding hands, his bleeding  
feet,

Declare his love divinely great.

2 His flesh is torn with whips and  
nails,  
His strength decays, his spirit fails;  
His side is pierc'd, his heart is broke,  
Our sins upon himself he took.

3 The thieves expiring on each side,  
Proclaim the crimes for which they  
died; [done?  
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou  
Thou diedst for sin, but not thine  
own.

4 Jesus, and didst thou bleed for  
me?  
O great, O boundless mystery!  
I bow my head in deep amaze,  
And silently adore thy grace.

**129. T. 582. (108.)**

GO forth in Spirit, go  
To Calv'ry's holy mount;  
See there thy Friend between two  
thieves,  
Suff'ring on thy account.

2 Fall at his cross's foot,  
And say, 'My God and Lord,  
'Here let me dwell, and view those  
wounds,  
'Which life for me procur'd.'

E 2

3 Fix on that face thine eye;  
Why dost thou backward shrink?  
What a base rebel thou hast been  
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not, for this is he  
Who always loves us first, [ness  
And with white robes of righteous-  
Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss  
What thou to him shalt say?  
Be but sincere, and all thy case  
Just as it is display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,  
Thy plaintive cry he'll hear,  
Look with an eye of pity down,  
And grant thee all thy pray'r.

**130. T. 14. (109.)**

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree;  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark how he groans! while na-  
ture shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend;  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's  
paid,  
'Tis finish'd!' Jesus cries;  
Behold he bows his sacred head,  
He bows his head, and dies.

4 Salvation thus did he obtain,  
O mystery divine!  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine!

**131. T. 22. (110.)**

THE cross, the cross, O that's my  
gain, [slain;  
Because on that the Lamb was  
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,  
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears,  
When to our view the cross appears;  
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,  
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile  
Upon the Friend of sinners vile;  
Abas'd, I view what I have done,  
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,  
God's glory, with unveiled face;  
And by beholding, I shall be  
Made like to Him who loved me.

5 Here is an ensign on a hill,  
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;  
To look aside, is pain and loss;  
I glory only in the cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim  
To all the world his saving name;  
Repenting souls in him believe;  
Ye wounded, look on him and live.

7 No flaming sword doth guard the  
place, [grace:  
The cross of Christ proclaims free  
All pilgrims who would heaven win,  
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

**132.** T. 96. (111.)

O LOVE divine, what hast thou  
done! [me!

Th' incarnate God hath died for  
The Father's co-eternal Son

Bore all my sins upon the tree:  
Th' incarnate God for me hath died;  
My Lord, my Love is crucified!

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of life and  
peace! [die,

Come see, ye worms, your Maker  
And say, was ever grief like his!  
Come feel, with me, his blood ap-  
plied:

My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God;  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:  
Pardon for all flows from his side;  
My Lord, my Love is crucified!

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing  
stream,

All things for him account but loss,  
And all give up our hearts to him:

O may we nothing know beside  
The Lamb of God as crucified.

**133.** T. 11. (112.)

LET me dwell on Golgotha,  
Weep and love my life away!  
While upon the cross I see  
Jesus bleed and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,  
Shows my sin in all its guilt:  
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load;  
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark! his dying word: 'Forgive,  
'Father, let the sinner live;  
'Sinner, wipe thy tears away,  
'I thy ransom freely pay.'

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,  
And obtain my pardon seal'd,  
All my soft affections move,  
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell world, thy gold is dross,  
Now I see the blood-stain'd cross;  
Jesus died to set me free  
From the law, and sin, and thee!

6 He hath dearly bought my soul;  
Lord, accept, and claim the whole!  
To thy will I all resign,  
Now, no more my own, but thine.

**134.** T. 583. (113.)

I KNEEL in spirit at my Saviour's  
cross,

Where he in blood expired for his  
foes;

With deepest rev'rence humbly I  
adore

My dying Lord, who all my sorrows  
bore.

2 I, sinful worm, with awe before  
him bow,

While I the deep unfathom'd  
myst'ry view:

Poor man must highly valu'd be  
indeed,

For whom so great a ransom-price  
was paid.

3 This blessed truth I firmly will  
maintain, [slain:

That my Creator for my sins was  
May this constrain me gladly to  
obey,

And love the Lord, who took my  
sins away.

**135.** T. 166. (1016.)

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And blush, ashamed of my pride;  
 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
 In aught besides my ransom price,  
 All the vain things which charm'd  
 me most  
 For Christ I freely sacrifice.

2 Behold the dying Lamb of God,  
 And say, was grief like His e'er  
 known?  
 See from his wounds in streams of  
 blood [down;  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled  
 What can I offer that's not thine?  
 My thanks, O Lord, how short  
 they fall!  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

**136.** T. 184.

FOR our transgressions thou wast  
 wounded,  
 Our sins, O Lord, on thee were laid;  
 Thy suff'rings, (O what love un-  
 bounded!)  
 For guilty man the debt have paid.  
 With humble thanks we now adore  
 thee,  
 Thy cross our glory shall remain;  
 Yet oft, asham'd, we weep before  
 thee,  
 That we by sin the Lord have slain.

**137.** T. 232. (114.)

BEHOLD, my soul, the Lamb of  
 God, [blood,  
 Baptiz'd with tears, and sweat, and  
 Spent, comfortless, forsaken:  
 See, how he bows his head and dies,  
 While to the world the sun denies  
 His light, and rocks are shaken.  
 My dear Redeemer, let thy death  
 Subdue my heart, confirm my faith:  
 Teach me thy dying love to know,  
 And in return with love to glow:  
 Thy love divine—My heart incline,  
 Lord, to be thine,  
 Till I in death my soul resign.

**138.\*** T. 151. (117.)

THY blood, so dear and precious,  
 Love made thee shed for me;  
 O may I now, dear Jesus,  
 Love thee most fervently:  
 May the divine impression  
 Of thy atoning death,  
 And all thy bitter passion,  
 Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

**139.\*** T. 588. (115.)

'TIS finish'd now,  
 Salvation's finish'd now!  
 Redeemed sinners bow,  
 Adore and wonder,  
 That earth and heaven's Founder  
 Now sinks in death. :||:  
 2 Look up and see,  
 By faith look up and see,  
 His heart was pierc'd for thee;  
 The Rock of ages,  
 Whose stream thy thirst assuages,  
 Was rent for thee. :||:  
 3 The precious flood  
 Of water and of blood,  
 Of sin-atoning blood,  
 Now freely floweth  
 On him, who Jesus knoweth  
 As Lord and God. :||:  
 4 We are redeem'd,  
 Redeem'd to endless bliss,  
 Our souls rejoice at this;  
 With hearts enlarged,  
 We see our debt discharged,  
 Our ransom paid. :||:  
 5 O sing again,  
 Sing still in higher strain  
 Unto the Lamb once slain;  
 Bring for salvation  
 Praise, thanks and adoration,  
 Hallelujah! :||:

**140.** T. 14. (116.)

THERE is a fountain fill'd with  
 blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that  
 flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the  
stream,  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love hath been my  
theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

**141.** T. 240. (119.)

ALL hail! thou Lamb of God,  
Bearing sin's pond'rous load!  
Thanks for thy agony,  
Thy bloody sweat for me,  
Thy suff'ring willingly;  
All hail! 'midst pain and scorn,  
Spit upon, crown'd with thorn,  
And by the scourges torn,  
All hail! in purple clad.

Sinners, sinners,  
Ah! behold the man!  
Sinners, sinners,  
Ah! behold the man!

2 Bearing the cross's weight,  
Thou mountest Calv'ry's height:  
I, weeping, follow thee;  
For all is done for me,  
For me, thine enemy!  
All hail! as in my stead,  
Thou, a sin-off'ring made,  
In torments bow'st thy head;  
Thanks for thy pierced side!

Sinners, sinners,  
All ye who pass by,  
Hearken, hearken,  
Mark his dying cry!

3 'Tis finish'd,' Jesus cries,  
He bows his head and dies;  
The veil is rent in twain,  
Burst is the captive's chain,  
Man is restor'd again!  
All hail! in death though pale,  
Victorious Lamb! all hail!  
Then did thine arm prevail:

O glorious sacrifice!  
Ever, ever  
To thy promis'd word  
Faithful, faithful  
Saviour, God and Lord!

**142.** T. 136. (1020.)

I WEEP for joy,  
And tender love's emotion,  
When I Christ's suff'rings trace  
with deep devotion,  
From Olivet  
To Calv'ry's bloody brow;  
When him, with scoffing multi-  
tudes surrounded,  
I view from head to foot for my  
transgressions wounded,  
Ah! then it is my blest employ  
To weep for joy.

2 He died for me,  
For me became an off'ring,  
My sin-sick soul he healeth by his  
suff'ring:

His precious blood,  
For my redemption shed,  
An open fountain is for my trans-  
gression,  
I in his sacred wounds, those  
pledges of salvation,  
Discover my election free;  
He died for me.

3 O happy day,  
O blest sabbatic moments,  
When we, reposing after pain and  
torments,  
Christ's body see,  
Now laid in Joseph's tomb:  
Rejoice, O church, in that complete  
salvation,  
Which he in death then brought to  
its full consummation,  
When in the grave for us he lay:  
O happy day!

**143.\*** T. 185. (1025.)

UNTO Jesus' cross I'm now re-  
tiring,  
There my Saviour's pierced feet,  
(Dying love a grateful sense in-  
spiring)  
Bath'd in tears I humbly greet;

Might I never lose this blest im-  
pression,  
But in Spirit fix my happy station  
On those heights so dear to me,  
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2 Might thy dying love, dear suff'-  
ring Saviour,

Which subdu'd my stubborn heart,  
Me constrain, and rule my whole  
behavior,

Till I from this world depart:  
Thus my mortal body I shall nourish,  
And, as thine, with holy rev'rence  
cherish,

Earnestly intent to bear  
More of thy blest image here.

3 With a mind, from earthly cares  
divested,

Let me dwell, by day and night,  
Where the body of my Saviour rested,  
Here I find supreme delight;  
Here 'tis good for me, with pardon'd  
Mary,

At his sepulchre in faith to tarry:  
Thus, in blessed fellowship  
With my Lord, I wake and sleep.

**144.\*** T. 208. (120.)

HAPPY meditation

On my Saviour's passion,  
On his death and grave;

It can't be expressed  
What a feeling blessed

At such times I have,  
When I Christ in spirit view,  
In his suff'ring scenes revising  
My Lord agonizing.

2 All the pains and sorrows  
He endured for us,

All the tears he shed,  
When he in the garden,  
Bearing our sin's burden,

In soul's anguish pray'd:  
Yea, each scene of suff'ring love  
Raises in me an emotion  
Of intense devotion.

3 Lamb of God, thus dearest  
Thou to me appearest;

O might I each breath  
Spend, while here I'm living,  
In praise and thaksgiving

For thy wounds and death!  
Till I, for thy dying love  
Shall, with all the saints in glory,  
Praise, thank, and adore thee.

**145.** T. 581. (121.)

MET around the sacred tomb,  
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?  
'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom  
Shall your faith give way to fears?  
He will soon, ev'n as he said,  
Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hidden from all ages past  
Was the cross's mystery,  
Doubts awhile a veil had cast  
O'er that first dear family;  
Till they saw him, and believ'd,  
And as Lord and God receiv'd.

3 Now with tears of love and joy,  
We remember all his pain,  
Sighs and groans and dying cry:  
For the Lamb for us was slain,  
And, from death our souls to save,  
Once for us lay in the grave.

4 Hither, sinners, all repair,  
And with Jesus Christ be dead,  
All are safe from Satan's snare,  
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;  
Here the weary and oppress'd  
Find a never ending rest.

5 Wounded Saviour, full of grace,  
Hast thou suffer'd thus for me?  
Ah! I hide my blushing face;  
How have I requited thee?  
Should not I with ardor burn  
Some love's token to return?

6 But alas, the spark how small!  
Scarcely seen at all to glow;  
Lord, thou know'st how short I fall,  
And my growth in grace how slow;  
Yet, when to thy cross I fly,  
Soon all strange affections die.

7 In thy death is all my trust,  
I have thee my refuge made,  
And, when once consign'd to dust,  
In the tomb my body's laid,  
Then, with saved souls above,  
I will praise thy dying love.

8 But, while here I'm left behind,  
Burden'd with infirmity,

May I help and comfort find,  
 Visiting Gethsemane,  
 Calvary and Joseph's tomb,  
 Till my sabbath's also come.

**146.** T. 114. (122.)

NOW haste, my soul, with awe and  
 deep devotion,  
 To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to  
 behold  
 Laid in the dust, his body pale and  
 cold.

Ah! in thy stead he drank death's  
 bitter potion:  
 He as a lamb was wounded, bruis'd  
 and slain,

For thee eternal happiness to gain.

2 For worthless me, (O Godlike  
 condescension!)

The Maker of creation's boundless  
 sphere,

Whom all celestial hosts as Lord  
 revere,

Whose pow'r divine is past their  
 comprehension,

Became a man, my guilty soul to  
 save,

And rests from labour in the silent  
 grave.

3 Here is the place where weary  
 souls may tarry;

Though near the dead, death can  
 no pow'r assume,

For life, eternal life, rests in this  
 tomb.

Come then, my pardon'd soul, with  
 humble Mary

Behold thy wearied Master sweetly  
 sleep; [and weep.

Admire his matchless love, adore

4 I view in thee, thou wan and  
 mangled body,

My Lord, Redeemer, Priest, and  
 Sacrifice, [greatest price,

The Bread of life, the Pearl of  
 My soul's Belov'd, the Fairest,

white and ruddy,  
 The promis'd Seed, the Lord our  
 Righteousness,

The long-predicted Lamb, and  
 Prince of Peace.

5 Here will I stay, engag'd in con-  
 templation

On my Redeemer's agony and death;  
 This shall increase and fix my  
 wav'ring faith

In thee the Finisher of my salvation;  
 Yea, in my soul and body mortify  
 The sins which did my Jesus crucify.

6 Thou Lord of life! fix thou my  
 soul and senses

On thee, the dearest object of my  
 heart:

That when from this vain world I  
 shall depart,

And when the awful scene of death  
 commences,

I may resign my spirit unto thee,  
 And in thy presence live eternally.

7 Meanwhile I'll love and thank  
 without cessation,

Thee my Redeemer, who my soul  
 hast bought,

And me a wand'ring sheep in mercy  
 sought!

Accept my tears, my pray'r and  
 adoration:

To thee my life, my all I now resign  
 In life and death; O keep me ever  
 thine!

**147.** T. 208. (123.)

NOW will I, like Mary,

My best spices carry

To my Saviour's tomb;

I'll behold his body

Mangled, pale, and bloody;

Now my sabbath's come.

But, alas!—what spices has [ing,

My poor heart, save tears and cry-

Heart-felt throbs and sighing!

2 Lo! methinks his body,

There stretch'd out already,

Lifeless I behold:

Yes, I view him yonder,

And astonish'd ponder

O'er him dead and cold:

Deep and wide—I see his side,

Livid wounds on every member

I see without number.

3 Back the scourges ploughed!  
Side, whence blood-streams flowed!

Hands, and feet, and head!  
Lips, o'er which death hover'd,  
Now with paleness cover'd!  
Cheeks, whose color's fled!  
Bruised face—still full of grace!  
On this scene I gaze ashamed,  
Weep whene'er 'tis named.

4 Lamb of God, my Saviour,  
Thou shalt be for ever  
My most fav'rite theme:  
And for thy atonement,  
Might I ev'ry moment  
Praise thy saving name:  
Constantly—thy passion be,  
Till my final consummation,  
My heart's meditation.

148.\* T. 45. (124.)

0 DEEPEST grief,—which the  
relief  
Of mankind hath procured!  
God's beloved only Son  
In a tomb was buried.

2 Ye sons of men,—this doleful  
plan  
Was laid by your transgression;  
What Christ suffer'd for your guilt  
Is beyond expression.

3 The Lamb of God—shed all his  
blood,  
Which flow'd upon the mountain;  
This for all iniquity  
Is an open fountain.

4 O Prince of Peace—thou Source  
of grace,  
And Author of salvation!  
Thy unbounded love demands  
Humble adoration.

5 How blest he is—who weigheth  
this,  
That God became his Saviour,  
To bestow eternal life  
Upon him for ever!

6 O Jesus blest!—my heart's true  
rest,  
Be thou my soul's desire,  
Till I too can in my tomb  
From this world retire.

149. T. 119. (125.)

LAMB once slain, :||:  
My Redeemer! while I view  
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;  
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:  
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder  
On the cause of all thy grief and  
smart,  
Melts my heart. :||:

2 Holy Lord, :||:  
By thy body giv'n to death,  
Mortify my sinful nature  
Till I yield my dying breath.  
Ah! protect thy feeble creature,  
Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside,  
Thine abide. :||:

150. T. 598. (1026.)

BELOVED, white and ruddy,  
Of thousands none so fair;  
I with thy wounded body  
No beauty can compare;  
Here to thy care consigned,  
Within thy tomb enshrined,  
Might but my body lie;  
To thee my soul would fly.

2 But while on earth I tarry,  
Wrapt in this mortal vest,  
Within thy sanctuary  
My troubled soul finds rest.  
Hinder all strange affections,  
O might 'midst imperfections,  
Ev'n in my looks be seen,  
That I with God have been.

3 In this sepulchral Eden,  
The tree of life I've found,  
Here is my treasure hidden,  
I tread on hallow'd ground;  
Ye sick, ye faint and weary,  
Howe'er your ailments vary,  
Creep hither and make sure  
Of a most perfect cure.

4 Here lies in death's embraces  
My Bridegroom, Lord and God;  
With awe my soul retraces  
The bloody, dol'rous road,  
That leads to this last station;  
Here in sweet meditation  
I'll dwell by day and night,  
Till faith is chang'd to sight.

## 151. T. 45.

WEEP Zion, weep,  
In death's deep sleep  
Your King his head has bowed;  
Closed are those lips, whence late  
Truth and mercy flowed.

2 In strains of wo  
Our songs shall flow,  
What love is here displayed!  
See God's dear and only Son,  
To a tomb conveyed.

3 Yet, O rejoice,  
With heart and voice,  
Soon will he rise most glorious:  
And at the right hand of God  
Seat himself victorious.

## 152. T. 167.

OH! what love is here displayed!  
See the Father's only Son,  
To the silent tomb conveyed;  
Ah! my soul, what hast thou  
done!

Yet, while I, my sins bewailing,  
Own that they his blood have  
spilt,  
May that blood, for me prevailing,  
Wash away my sin and guilt.

2 Here my Sabbath is completed,  
Here my soul enjoys sweet peace,  
At the feet of Jesus seated,  
Here I taste true happiness;  
I adore this paschal off'ring,  
I adore God's counsel deep,  
I adore my Jesus suff'ring,  
And while I adore him, weep.

## 153.\* T. 185. (127.)

WHEN I visit Jesus' grave in  
spirit,  
It is never done in vain;  
Since 'tis only from his death and  
merit  
I can life and strength obtain:

Jesus' cross, his last hours in his  
passion, [piration,  
Jesus' stripes, his wounds and ex-  
Jesus' body and his blood  
Shall remain my highest good.

## 154. T. 205. (128.)

RESTING in the silent grave,  
Spent with torment, pangs and  
cries,  
See the Lord God, strong to save!  
Him, whose thunders shake the  
skies!  
'Twas for me he groan'd, he bled,  
And was number'd with the dead;  
Sacred body, with amaze,  
Thankfully on thee I gaze.

## 155. T. 11. (126.)

GO my soul, go ev'ry day,  
To the tomb where Jesus lay;  
Be my members with him dead,  
Be his sepulchre my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come  
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb!  
Evil never can molest  
Those who near his body rest.

## 156.\* T. 519. (129. 1175.)

MOST holy Lord and God!  
Holy, almighty God!  
Holy and most merciful Saviour!  
Thou eternal God!  
Grant that we may never  
Lose the comforts from thy death!  
Have mercy, O Lord!

2 Most holy Lord and God!  
Holy, almighty God!  
Holy and most merciful Saviour!  
Thou eternal God!  
Bless thy congregation [blood,  
Through thy suff'ring, death and  
Have mercy, O Lord!

VI. *The Resurrection of Christ from the Grave.*

157.\* T. 132. (130.)

CHRIST Jesus was to death abas'd,  
Because of our transgression;  
But now for us, by being rais'd,  
Hath gain'd life and salvation.  
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice,  
To praise the Lord with heart and  
In singing Hallelujah! [voice,

2 By none of all the human race  
Could death and hell be foiled;  
Sin render'd all men weak and base,  
All ruin'd were and spoiled;  
Death having enter'd by the fall,  
Bore sway and was entail'd on all;  
All sinners are by nature.

3 But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,  
In love and great compassion,  
To free us from sin's galling load,  
Appear'd in human fashion:  
He hath destroy'd sin's pow'r and  
claim, [name;  
And left death nothing but the  
Its sting can't hurt believers.

4 How great and wond'rous was  
the strife,  
Life was by death assailed!  
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,  
O'er sin and death prevailed;  
He triumph'd over them in death,  
And we are conqu'rors too, by faith  
In Christ our risen Saviour.

5 He is the blessed Paschal Lamb,  
By God himself appointed:  
The prophets all aloud proclaim  
That he is the Anointed.  
If on our hearts his blood appear,  
We're freed from death's enslaving  
Subdu'd is that destroyer. [fear,

6 This is the day the Lord hath made  
To lively hopes to raise us:  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And join to sing his praises:  
For Christ, our everlasting light,  
Dispels the clouds of sin's dark night  
And all the pow'rs of darkness.

F

7 The bread of life we eat in faith  
Is Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Who conquer'd Satan, sin and  
death,  
And liveth now and ever:  
Our souls desire no other food,  
But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,  
Which gives us life eternal.

158.\* T. 590. (131.)

SING Hallelujah, Christ doth live,  
And peace on earth restore!  
Come, ransom'd souls, and glory  
Sing, worship and adore! [give,  
With grateful hearts to him we pay  
Our thanks in humble wise:  
Who aught unto our charge can lay?  
'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn? since Christ  
was dead,  
And ever lives to God;  
Now our whole debt is fully paid,  
He saves us by his blood.  
The ransom'd hosts in earth and  
heav'n  
Thro' countless choirs proclaim,  
'He hath redeem'd us; praise be  
giv'n  
'To God and to the Lamb!

3 God rais'd him up, when he for all  
Had freely tasted death,  
And thus redeem'd us from the fall;  
On this we ground our faith.  
For God thereby his sacrifice  
Declar'd, unto his praise,  
An all-sufficient ransom-price  
For Adam's fallen race.

4 The God of peace to guilty man  
Doth pard'ning grace afford,  
Since from the dead he brought  
again  
Our Shepherd, Head and Lord;  
That Shepherd who so freely shed  
His blood for sinners poor;  
Who died, but now is ris'n indeed,  
And lives for evermore.

5 The God of mercies let us praise,  
Who saveth fallen men,  
That by his pow'r, which Christ  
did raise,

He us begets again  
Unto a lively confidence,  
That we, for Jesus' sake,  
Shall of that blest inheritance,  
Reserv'd for us, partake.

6 His resurrection's pow'r divine,  
By grace on us bestow'd,  
Renews us, that we, dead to sin,  
May live alone to God:

Thus we, supported by his might,  
From strength to strength proceed;  
And, walking in his truth and light,  
Praise him in word and deed.

7 In all we do, constrain'd by love,  
We'll joy to him afford,  
And to God's will obedient prove,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Sing Hallelujah! and adore  
On earth the Lamb once slain,  
Till we in heav'n shall evermore  
Exalt his name, Amen!

**159. T. 590. (132.)**

BELIEVING souls, rejoice and  
Your risen Saviour see, [sing,  
And say, 'O death, where is thy  
'O grave, thy victory?' [sting?  
He died your guilty souls to save,  
And dying, conquer'd death;  
Was bury'd in the gloomy grave,  
But reassum'd his breath.

2 Rejoice, your conqu'ring Saviour  
lives,  
He lives, to die no more;  
And life eternal freely gives,  
Since he our sorrows bore,  
To all who their lost state bewail;  
For Jesus' precious blood  
Doth for each contrite soul prevail  
Before the throne of God.

3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;  
Life, immortality,  
And lasting bliss are now restor'd  
For all, for you and me.

Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,  
Adore his saving name;  
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole  
His love and pow'r proclaim.

4 The Prince of life reclin'd his  
Expiring on the cross; [head,  
But now the Lord is ris'n indeed,  
Is ris'n and lives for us.  
Rejoice, and in the dust adore  
The Lamb for sinners slain;  
He liveth now and evermore,  
For evermore to reign.

**160. T. 50. (133.)**

REJOICE, O church, the Saviour's  
bride,

All grief and mourning lay aside:  
With cheerful hearts and voices sing  
The resurrection of our King. Hal.

2 He, having triumph'd over death,  
Now reassumes his vital breath:  
The angels wait with watchful eyes,  
And joy to see their God arise.

3 Our gracious Saviour, Head and  
Lord, [word;  
Hath well perform'd his promis'd  
And now would have his church  
rejoice;

He loves to hear her cheerful voice.

4 Let us then with the heav'nly  
throng  
Now join in that eternal song:  
'Salvation to our God and King,  
'Whose death did our redemption  
bring.'

5 Blessing and praise we give to  
thee, [free;

That thou from death hast set us  
Thy resurrection from the grave  
Proves clearly thou hast pow'r to  
save.

6 Thy blood shall wash our gar-  
ments white,  
Then we, with all the saints in light,  
Shall joyful meet our Lord and Head,  
We know for us thy blood was shed.

7 Astonish'd, at thy footstool low,  
With humble gratitude we bow:  
Our words can never fully tell  
What in our thankful hearts we feel!

**161.** T. 595. (134.)

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;  
 Let hope and joy succeed,  
 The joyful news with gladness hear,  
 'The Lord is ris'n indeed!'  
 The promise is fulfill'd  
 In Christ our only Head;  
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,  
 He lives who once was dead.

2 The Lord is ris'n again,  
 Who on the cross did bleed;  
 He lives to die no more, Amen!  
 The Lord is ris'n indeed.  
 He truly tasted death  
 For wretched fallen men;  
 In bitter pangs resign'd his breath;  
 But now is ris'n again.

3 He hath himself the keys  
 Of death, the grave and hell;  
 His is the victory and praise,  
 And he rules all things well.  
 Death now no more I dread,  
 But cheerful close mine eyes:  
 Death is a sleep, the grave a bed,  
 With Jesus I shall rise.

**162.** T. 11. (135.)

GLORY unto Jesus be!  
 From the curse he set us free;  
 All our guilt on him was laid,  
 He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done;  
 God's well pleased in his Son,  
 For he rais'd him from the dead,  
 Christ now reigns, the church's  
 Head.

3 His redeem'd his praise show  
 forth,  
 Saints above and saints on earth;  
 Angels sing around the throne,  
 'Thou art worthy, thou alone!'

4 Ye who love him, cease to  
 mourn,  
 He will certainly return;  
 All his saints with him shall reign;  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.

**163.** T. 79. (136.)

JESUS, who died the world to save,  
 Revives, and rises from the grave,  
 By his almighty pow'r:  
 From sin and death he sets us free,  
 He captive leads captivity,  
 He lives again to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see  
 Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty,  
 Triumphant o'er the tomb:  
 Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your  
 fears, [pares,  
 In heav'n your mansion he pre-  
 And soon will come to take you  
 home.

3 His church is still his joy and  
 crown,  
 He looks with love and pity down  
 On her he did redeem:  
 The members of his church he  
 knows, [woes,  
 He shares their joys and feels their  
 And they shall ever reign with  
 him.

**164.\*** T. 22. (137.)

REJOICE, the Lord in triumph  
 reigns! [chains,  
 Breaks death and hell's infernal  
 Retakes his life and majesty;  
 Praise him to all eternity.

2 Behold the great accuser cast;  
 The hour of darkness now is past;  
 No right to us can Satan claim,  
 If we believe in Jesus' name.

**165.** T. 14. (138.)

ON this glad day a brighter scene  
 Of glory was display'd  
 By God, th' eternal Word, than when  
 The universe was made.

2 He riseth, who mankind hath  
 bought  
 With grief and pain extreme:  
 'Twas great to speak the world  
 from nought,  
 'Tis greater to redeem!

**166.\*** T. 132. (139.)

CHRIST being risen from the tomb,  
 To Mary show'd his favor,  
 And kindly called her by name:  
 She, when she saw her Saviour,  
 Directly turn'd about in haste,  
 His feet with heart-felt joy embrac'd,  
 And hail'd her risen Master.

2 His holy name for ever be  
 Adored, bless'd and praised,  
 That he hath such invariably  
 To taste his friendship raised,  
 As Mary Magdalen, and me,  
 Who nought can boast, but know  
 that he  
 Hath pardon'd our transgressions.

3 How happy feels a contrite heart,  
 Enjoying Christ's salvation!

Those who have chosen Mary's  
 And fav'rite occupation, [part  
 Find in our Saviour, day and night,  
 A source of comfort and delight;  
 'Tis this makes life important.

4 He pardon'd me, like Magdalen,  
 I love him, my Preserver!  
 I love him, but (it gives me pain)  
 I love not with such fervor.  
 When Jesus I shall once behold,  
 I then shall feel as she of old,  
 When he to her appeared.

**167.\*** T. 185. (140.)

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord  
 and Saviour! [death!  
 Thou hast burst the bonds of  
 Grant us, as to Mary, that great  
 favor

To embrace thy feet in faith:  
 Thou hast in our stead the curse en-  
 dured,  
 And for us eternal life procured;  
 Joyful, we with one accord  
 Hail thee as our risen Lord.

2 O thou matchless Source of con-  
 solation,  
 Scarce thy resting moments end,  
 When a heart-enliv'ning salutation  
 To thy children thou dost send;  
 We would share thy dear disciples'  
 feeling,  
 As before their risen Master kneel-  
 ing:  
 Thus shall we, with all our heart,  
 Witness what a Friend thou art!

**168.\*** T. 205. (141.)

JESUS, who is always near,  
 To assuage his children's grief,  
 Unto Thomas did appear,  
 To remove his unbelief,  
 'Come,' he said, 'my nail prints  
 view,  
 And my side, the spear pierc'd  
 through;'  
 Bold in faith he then avow'd:  
 'Christ, thou art my Lord, my  
 God!'

2 I would go from pole to pole  
 To behold my risen Lord,  
 But content thyself, my soul,  
 Listen to thy Saviour's word:  
 'They who me by faith receive,  
 Without seeing who believe,  
 Trust my word and thereon rest,  
 They abundantly are blest.'

## VII. *The Ascension of Christ; his Sitting at the Right Hand of God, and interceding for us.*

**169.** T. 14. (144.)

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,  
 Deck'd with resplendent wounds;  
 While shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,  
 And heav'n with joy resounds.

2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,  
 Receive the conqu'ring King:  
 The angels strike their harps of  
 gold,  
 And saints triumphant sing.

3 Sinners, rejoice; he died for you,  
For you prepares a place;  
His Spirit sends, you to endow  
With ev'ry gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,  
For your salvation pleads;  
And seated on his Father's throne,  
He reigns and intercedes.

170.\* T. 83. (142.)

SURELY God is present here!  
Since the Lord with grace and  
favor

To my spirit doth appear,  
As my Jesus, as my Saviour;  
For the holy Trinity  
Is to us in Jesus nigh.

2 O might all my wishes tend  
Unto Christ without cessation,  
He's my best and nearest Friend,  
Full of grace, truth and salvation;  
I, when he is present, feel  
Happiness, no tongue can tell.

3 Holy awe pervades my heart,  
When I see my great Creator  
Of man's nature taking part,  
That he, as my Mediator,  
Might lay down his life for me,  
And from death might set me free.

4 In the grave for me he lay,  
Then arose with pow'r and glorious,  
Grace triumphant to display,  
Proving over death victorious;  
And for forty days was seen,  
By his foll'wers, God with men!

5 When the Lord's disciples saw  
Jesus, gloriously arrayed,  
From their longing sight withdraw,  
In a cloud to heav'n conveyed;  
Sure, alternate grief and joy [ploy.  
Did their hearts and thoughts em-

6 He ascended up on high,  
Glorious and with honor crowned:  
Cloth'd in God-like Majesty, [ed,  
And at God's right hand enthroned.  
He doth still as man appear,  
Pleading for poor sinners there,

7 God be prais'd, they who are his  
In this present dispensation,  
Nought essential ever miss,  
Since they share in his salvation;  
Though unseen, he's nigh to all,  
Who in truth upon him call.

8 O when will the time draw near,  
That he, who to heav'n ascended,  
Will in majesty appear,  
By the heav'nly hosts attended!  
But we're silent:—to believe  
Is our lot, while here we live.

171.\* T. 58. (143.)

YE, the Lord's redeemed,  
Holy, beloved,  
Who as new creatures are in Christ  
approved, Look heaven-ward!

2 That he, who ascended  
For our salvation,  
May give you of his grace a sweet  
sensation, Though still unseen.

3 Countenance majestic,  
Yet kind and gracious,  
Of our once suff'ring, now exalted  
Jesus! We gaze at thee.

4 Hark! the Father welcomes  
His Son beloved:  
'Come thou, whose pow'rful arm  
victorious proved,  
Come to my throne!

5 Sit thou at my right hand,  
Till for thy passion,  
Thy foes shall at thy footstool with  
prostration Confess thee Lord.'

6 To the Father's glory,  
With awe before him  
The countless heav'nly hosts fall  
down, adore him,  
And homage pay.

7 While on earth we tarry,  
His death and passion  
We will show forth, and our sanc-  
tification, From him derive.

8 With his ransom'd people,  
Each day that passes  
Shall be devoted unto solemn  
praises For Jesus' death,

9 Lamb of God most holy!  
Praise, honor, blessing,  
Be giv'n to God, through thee, by all  
possessing Thy saving grace.

10 Everlasting praises  
And adoration  
To him, who hath himself by Jesus'  
passion To us made known!

11 Holy, holy, holy!  
In earth and heaven,  
To God and to the Lamb be glory  
given By all that breathe!

**172.\*** T. 146. (145.)

GO up with shouts of praise!  
Go up, High-Priest, to heaven!  
Who hast the ransom'd race  
Upon thy heart engraven;  
Though seated on thy throne,  
Thou deign'st to hear our pray'r;  
Nor art asham'd to own,  
That we thy brethren are.

**173.\*** T. 26. (146.)

O COMFORT, words can ne'er  
express!  
That, by th' angelic hosts attended,  
Our gracious Lord to heav'n as-  
cended,  
There to prepare for us a place.

**174.** T. 79. (147.)

WHEN thou, dear Saviour, didst  
ascend,  
'My hosts,' thy Father said, 'at-  
tend,  
And worship ye the Son.'  
With loud acclaims of joy they  
gaz'd,  
And cheerful Hallelujahs rais'd,  
Adoring humbly at thy throne.

2 Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?  
Shall we not worship at thy feet,  
For all thy griefs and pain?  
Yes, we will join th' angelic throng,  
In singing that eternal song:  
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was  
slain?'

3 Th' assembly, which with thee  
at rest,  
Appears in spotless garments drest,  
Bows down and humbly sings:  
We too thy saving name will bless,  
And thee, our gracious Lord, con-  
fess [kings!  
The Lord of lords and King of

**175.\*** T. 132. (148.)

RAISE your devotion, mortal  
tongues:  
Be your exalted Saviour  
The theme of your triumphant  
songs,  
Extol his name for ever.  
Lo! angels strike their loudest  
strings,  
For heav'n and all created things  
Must sound Immanuel's praises.

2 Ye mourning souls, look upward  
too,  
For Christ is now preparing,  
At God's right-hand a place for you;  
Shake off all thoughts despairing:  
Thence he your gracious Lord will  
come

To fetch your longing spirits home,  
And crown your love and labor.

3 Since he o'er heaven bears sov'-  
reign sway,  
By all its pow'rs attended;  
And hath more graces to display  
Than can be comprehended:  
Fear not, for he his blessing pours  
On such meek, humble breasts as  
your's,  
The objects of his favor.

**176.** T. 22. (149.)

TO thee, our Lord, all praise be giv'n,  
For thy ascending up to heav'n:  
Support us while on earth we stay,  
And kindly hear us when we pray.

2 Tho' seated on thy Father's throne  
Thou ne'er wilt cease thy flock to  
own;

For we believe that thou art near  
When in thy presence we appear.

3 For us to heav'n thou didst ascend,

To plead our cause, and to attend  
To all our wants, yea, to prepare  
A place for us, thy bliss to share.

4 At parting from thy little fold,  
Thy second advent was foretold;  
Therefore we wait with eagerness,  
Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

177. T. 590. (150.)

WE sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,  
Who sitt'st upon the throne:  
Ten thousand blessings to thy name  
Who worthy art alone!  
Thy sacred, bruised body bore  
Our sins upon the tree:  
And now thou livest evermore:  
O may we live to thee!

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died!

(What theme can sound so sweet!)  
His drooping head, his streaming  
side,

His pierced hands and feet;  
With all that scene of suff'ring love,  
Which faith presents to view;  
For now he reigns and lives above,  
Yea, lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,

Can aught so great be nam'd?  
What pow'rful beams of love divine  
Thy tender heart inflam'd!

Ye angels, praise his glorious name,  
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus;  
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,  
For he was slain for us.

178.\* T. 58. (152.)

THE man of sorrows, whose most  
precious blood

Pleads now our cause before the  
throne of God,

Is in glory seated, and with com-  
passion

Beholds, both far and near, each  
congregation

With looks of love.

179. T. 595. (151.)

JESUS, who died, is now  
Seated upon his throne:  
The angels, who before him bow,  
His just dominion own.

2 Th' unworthiest of his friends  
Upon his heart he bears;  
He ever to their cause attends,  
For them a place prepares.

3 Blest Saviour, condescend  
My advocate to be:  
I could not have a better friend  
To plead with God for me.

180. T. 14. (153.)

JESUS, our High-Priest and our  
Head,  
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,  
And always interced'st for us  
Before the throne of God.

2 We know thou never canst forget  
Us, thy weak members here;  
Yea, when we suffer in the least,  
Thou part with us wilt bear.

3 Thou with great tenderness art  
touch'd  
At what thy children feel;  
When by temptations we are press'd,  
Thou know'st well what we ail.

4 Thou hast a tender sympathy  
With ev'ry grief and pain;  
For when thou wast a man on earth,  
Thou didst the same sustain.

5 And tho' in heav'n exalted now,  
Yet thou to us art near;  
Know'st all our weaknesses and  
wants,  
And list'nest to our pray'r.

6 What shall we say for this thy  
love,  
But 'fore thee prostrate lie;  
And thank thee that thou wast a  
man,  
To all eternity.

## 181. T. 14. (154.)

WITH joy we contemplate the  
 grace  
 Of our High-Priest above;  
 His heart is fill'd with tenderness,  
 His bowels yearn with love.

2 In all' our griefs he takes a share,  
 He knows our feeble frame;  
 He knows what sore temptations  
 are,  
 For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
 Pour'd out strong cries and tears;  
 And, in his measure, feels afresh  
 What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking  
 flax,  
 But raise it to a flame;  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith ad-  
 dress  
 His mercy and his pow'r;  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
 In the distressing hour.

6 He ever lives to intercede  
 Before his Father's face;  
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to  
 plead,  
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

VIII. *God, as manifested in the Creation, Preservation  
 and Government of the World.*

## 182.\* T. 166 or 22. (155.)

O GOD, thou bottomless Abyss!  
 Thee mortal tongue cannot define,  
 Or speak thy God-like properties,  
 Thy holy heights, thy depths di-  
 vine!

Thou'rt an unfathomable sea;  
 Of universal nature Lord!  
 True wisdom is not found in me,  
 Frail worm, thy glories to record.

2 Thee would I view and duly  
 praise,  
 Did not mere weakness me sur-  
 round;

Thy nature's everlasting rays  
 My senses and my soul confound.  
 All sprung from thine omnipotence  
 Which mind conceives, or eye  
 hath seen:  
 No single atom comes by chance,  
 We'rt thou not, nothing e'er had  
 been.

3 All things with thee are possible,  
 Thy will in heav'n and earth is  
 done;

Thy wisdom's depths who can re-  
 veal,  
 Or who thy mind hath fully known?  
 No limits thee can circumscribe,  
 Thy kingdom every where ex-  
 tends: [scribe,  
 None can thy greatness e'er de-  
 For thy dominion never ends.

4 Thou stretchest to infinity;  
 The highest heavens are thy seat,  
 Thy glorious name, thy majesty  
 No seraph can conceive or mete:  
 Thou art as Lord by all ador'd,  
 For every knee to thee must bend;  
 Who thus have knelt and grace im-  
 plor'd,  
 Found in thee an Almighty Friend.

5 Counsel and deed are one with  
 thee,  
 And justice in thy court presides:  
 Perfection's thine without degree,  
 And love thy character abides;  
 Thy mercy, faithfulness and grace  
 Each morning unto us are new,  
 And every day brings fresh displays  
 Of thy protecting care to view.

6 Ah! who can render thee just  
praise!

Who? though his heart and  
tongue combin'd:

No temple is thy dwelling place,

Thy worship cannot be confin'd;

By building shrines where thou  
shalt dwell,

Thy proper aim is ne'er attain'd;

To such thou dost thy love reveal

Who humbly on thy word de-  
pend.

7 Service, not gifts, thou dost de-  
mand

From man, this shall his profit be:

Salvation, life, flow from thy hand,

But no increase accrues to thee;

Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine:

Thy fire in wrath consumes thy  
foes,

While in its genial warmth and shine

Thy friends with heav'nly joy re-  
pose.

8 The seraphim with sweetest tone

Express the glory of thy sway,

The elders, kneeling at thy throne,

Serve thee, and deepest homage  
pay:

Like them, before thy majesty,

With humble awe I sink asham'd;

Thou art in truth, O Lord most high,

All that is great and holy nam'd!

**183.** T. 14. (156.)

ALMIGHTY God, thou sov'reign

Lord,

'Fore thee we prostrate fall,

In heaven and on earth ador'd,

As the great Cause of all.

2 Thou canst not by our eyes be  
seen,

Thou art a Spirit pure,

Who from eternity hast been,

And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in ev'ry place

Thy Godhead we adore;

Beyond the bounds of time and  
space

Thou dwellest evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,  
Thine eye doth all things see,  
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart  
Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, thou, Lord,  
canst do

Here and in heav'n above,

But chiefly we rejoice to know

Almighty God is Love!

6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands  
have made;

Thy goodness we rehearse,

In shining characters display'd

Throughout the universe.

7 With longing eyes thy creatures  
wait

On thee for daily food;

Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,

And fills their mouths with good.

8 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King!

Let age to age thy righteousness

In sounds harmonious sing.

9 Creatures with all their endless  
race,

Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:

May we, who taste thy richer grace,

Delight to bless thy name!

**184.\*** T. 22. (157.)

MONARCH of all, with humble  
fear,

To thee heav'n's hosts their voices

raise,

Ev'n earth and dust thy bounties

share:

Let earth and dust attempt thy

praise.

2 Before thy face, O Lord most  
high!

Sinks all created glory down:

Yet, be not wroth with me, that I,

Vile worm, draw near thy awful

throne.

3 Of all thou the beginning art,

Of all things thou alone the end:

On thee still fix my wav'ring heart,

To thee let all my actions tend.

4 Thou, Lord, art light: thy native  
ray  
No shade, no variation knows;  
To my dark soul thy light display,  
The brightness of thy face dis-  
close.

5 Thou, Lord, art love: from thee  
pure love [streams;  
Flows forth in unexhausted  
Let me its quick'ning virtue prove,  
O fill my heart with sacred flames!

6 Thou, Lord, art good, and thou  
alone:  
With eager hope, with warm de-  
sire,  
Thee may I still my portion own,  
To thee in ev'ry thought aspire.

7 So shall my ev'ry pow'r to thee  
In love and endless praises rise;  
Yea, body, soul and spirit be  
Thy ever living sacrifice.

8 Lord God almighty, ceaseless  
praise  
In heav'n, thy throne, to thee is  
giv'n;  
Here, as in heav'n, thy name we  
bless, [heav'n.  
For where thy presence shines is

**185.** T. 22, (161.)

GIVE to our God immortal praise!  
Mercy and truth are all his ways;  
Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown.

2 He built the earth, he spread the  
sky,

And fixt the starry lights on high:  
He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night.

3 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt, from darkness and the  
grave:

Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world he guides  
our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no  
more.

**186.** T. 166. (162.)

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry  
cloud

That veils on earth thy wise de-  
signs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations  
keep;

Great are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty  
deep.

2 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty  
share;

The whole creation is thy charge,  
But man is thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent thy grace!  
Whence all our hope and com-  
fort springs,

The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

3 From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet re-  
past;

There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And we the living water taste.  
Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from thy presence, gra-  
cious Lord,

And in thy light divine we see  
The glories promis'd in thy word.

**187.** T. 22. (160.)

LORD! I contemplate with delight  
Thy various works, both day and  
night:

What glory shines through ev'ry  
part,

What boundless pow'r, what wond'-  
rous art!

2 All things in beauteous form ap-  
pear'd,

By thy Almighty fiat rear'd;  
At last thou from the dust didst  
raise

Thine image, Man, unto thy praise.

## 188.\* T. 214. (163.)

I WILL sing to my Creator,  
 Unto God I'll render praise,  
 Who by ev'ry thing in nature  
 Magnifies his tender grace.  
 Nought but loving condescension  
 Still inclines his faithful heart  
 To support and take their part,  
 Who pursue his blest intention.  
 All things to their period tend,  
 But his mercy hath no end.

2 Yea, his Son his heart paternal  
 Freely did give up for me,  
 Me to save from death eternal,  
 And from endless misery.

Depth of love past comprehension!  
 Whence can my weak spirit  
 fetch [reach  
 Thoughts profound enough to  
 This unfathom'd condescension!  
 All things, &c.

3 His good Spirit's blest instruction  
 In his word to me is giv'n,  
 Whose unerring manuduction  
 Leads me in the way to heav'n.  
 He endows my soul and spirit  
 With the light of living faith,  
 To o'ercome sin, world and death,  
 And escape the hell I merit.  
 All things, &c.

4 My soul's welfare he advances,  
 For my body he doth care:  
 Aid and comfort he dispenses,  
 When I call on him by pray'r;  
 When my nat'ral strength is shrink-  
 In the time of utmost need, [ing,  
 He, my God, draws nigh with  
 speed,  
 And recovers me from sinking.  
 All things, &c.

5 As a hen is us'd to gather  
 Her young brood beneath her  
 wings,  
 So hath God, my heav'nly Father,  
 Kept me safe from hurtful things;  
 Had my God withdrawn his favor,  
 Had not his protecting grace  
 Sav'd me in each trying case,  
 I should have been helped never.  
 All things, &c.

6 Since nor end, nor bounds, nor  
 measure,  
 In God's mercies can be found,  
 Heart and hands I lift with plea-  
 sure,  
 As a child in duty bound;  
 Humbly I request the favor:  
 Grant me grace both day and  
 night,  
 Thee to love with all my might,  
 Till I change this infant savor  
 For that taste of bliss above,  
 Perfect praise and endless love

## 189. T. 14. (165.)

IN thee I live, and move, and am;  
 Thou number'st all my days:  
 As thou renew'st my being, Lord,  
 Let me renew thy praise.

2 From thee I am, thro' thee I am,  
 And for thee I must be:  
 'Twere better for me not to live,  
 Than not to live to thee.

3 Naked I came into this world,  
 And nothing with me brought:  
 And nothing have I here deserv'd;  
 Yet I have lacked nought.

4 I do not praise my lab'ring hand,  
 My lab'ring head, or chance;  
 Thy providence, most gracious God,  
 Is my inheritance.

5 Thy bounty gives me bread with  
 A table free from strife: [peace,  
 Thy blessing is the staff of bread,  
 Which is the staff of life.

6 The daily favors of my God  
 I cannot sing at large;  
 Yet humbly can I make this boast,  
 I am th' Almighty's charge.

7 Lord, in the day, thou art about  
 The paths wherein I tread;  
 And in the night, when I lie down,  
 Thou art about my bed.

8 O let my house a temple be,  
 That I and mine may sing  
 Hosannas to thy majesty,  
 And praise our heav'nly King.

## 190.\* T. 590. (159.)

LORD, when thou saidst, 'So let  
it be,'  
The heav'n's were spread and  
shone,  
And this whole earth stood glo-  
riously;  
Thou spok'st, and it was done;  
The whole creation still records,  
Unto this very day,  
That thou art God, the Lord of  
lords;  
Thee all things must obey.

## 191.\* T. 151. (168.)

COMMIT thou ev'ry grievance  
Into his faithful hands,  
To his sure care and guidance,  
Who heav'n and earth com-  
mands.

For he, the clouds' director,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
Will be thy kind protector,  
And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God thy Saviour,  
So shalt thou safe go on;  
Build on his grace and favor,  
So shall thy work be done:  
Thou canst make no advances  
By self-consuming care;  
But he his help dispenses,  
When call'd upon by pray'r.

3 Thy faithfulness eternal,  
O Father, certainly,  
What's good or detrimental,  
Doth for thy children see:  
Thee all things serve in nature,  
According to thy will;  
Thou, as the great Creator,  
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4 My soul! then with assurance  
Hope still, be not dismay'd;  
He will from each incumbrance  
Again lift up thy head:  
Beyond thy wish extended  
His goodness will appear,  
When he hath fully ended  
What caus'd thy needless fear.

## 192.\* T. 106. (167.)

HE that confides in his Creator,  
Depending on him all his days,  
Shall be preserv'd in fire and water,  
And sav'd in many dang'rous  
ways. [stay,  
He that makes God his staff and  
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2 What gain'st thou by thy anxious  
caring?

What causes thee to pine away?  
Thy rest and health thou art im-  
pairing [day.

By sighs and groans from day to  
Thou art but adding grief to grief,  
Instead of getting sure relief.

3 O could we be resign'd and quiet,  
And rest in God's good provi-  
dence, [diet,  
Who oft prescribes us wholesome  
By methods cross to flesh and  
sense!

To him, who chose us for his own,  
Our wants and cares are fully  
known.

4 He knows the hours for joy and  
gladness,  
The proper time and proper place;  
Are we but faithful 'midst our sad-  
ness, [praise:  
Seek not our own, but seek his  
He'll come, before we are aware,  
And dissipate our grief and care.

5 God can this hour with ev'ry  
dainty [spread;  
The poor man's table amply  
And strip the rich of all his plenty,  
And send him out to beg his  
bread:

God can do wonders, if he please,  
Humble the one, the other raise.

6 Do thou with faith discharge thy  
station, [his praise,  
Keep God's commands, live to  
Rely on him for preservation,  
On whom the whole creation  
stays.

The man that's truly wise and just,  
Makes God, and God alone his trust.

## 193. T. 14. (164.)

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal  
warmth

The gratitude declare, [heart!  
That glows within my ravish'd  
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,

When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and  
cries

Thy mercy lent an ear, [learnt  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had  
To form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,

Before my infant-heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe  
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils  
and deaths,

It gently clear'd my way, [vice,  
And through the pleasing snares of  
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft  
hast thou

With health renew'd my face ;  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Ten thousand thousand precious  
My daily thanks employ ; [gifts

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

10 Through ev'ry period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ; [thee,

And after death, in heav'n with  
The glorious theme renew.

11 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise :

But, O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

G

## 194. T. 14. (158.)

LONG ere the lofty skies were  
spread,

Jehovah fill'd his throne ; [made,  
Ere man was form'd, or angels  
The Maker liv'd alone.

2 His boundless years can ne'er de-  
crease,

But still maintain their prime,  
ETERNITY'S his dwelling-place,  
And EVER is his time.

3 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,

He fills his own immortal now,  
And sees our ages waste.

## 195.\* T. 106.

WELL art thou leading, Guide su-  
preme !

Thy people on their pilgrimage :

Thy paths may strange and devious  
seem, [pests rage,

But yet are straight :—should tem-  
Amid the desolating blast,

Thy calming voice is heard at last.

2 Thy wisdom scatters, Lord most  
high, [bine:

What human prudence would com-  
Thy pow'r upraises to the sky,

What some in fetters would con-  
fine :

Man, reading not thy perfect will,  
Walketh in some vain shadow still.

3 Thy thoughts are high, and soar  
above

The vanities which all admire :

No eloquence thine ear can move,  
Thy impulse must the tongue in-  
spire.

The Pharisee thou passest by,

While mercy waits the sinner's cry.

4 We magnify thy grace, pure love  
Doth thy paternal heart excite ;

Thy pillar doth before us move,

To dwell with us is thy delight ;

Thou watchest o'er us day by day,

And lead'st us in the narrow way.

5 Thou can'st discern our ignorance,  
 Thou know'st how very weak we  
 Our actions prove our impotence,  
 Thine—unremitting faithful care.  
 Though to the world unknown, thy  
 sheep  
 Thou in thy fold dost safely keep.

6 Sometimes thy rod may seem severe,  
 Again, thy love thou dost display;  
 Thy gentle chastisement is near,  
 When we are prone to go astray:  
 Soon as we mourning seek thy face,  
 Thou bid'st our wayward wand'  
 rings cease.

7 Shed wisdom's ray, that I discern  
 Nature from grace, thy light from  
 mine: [burn,  
 That no strange fire within me  
 Which I might vainly think divine;  
 Thou Source of life! how blest is he  
 Who in thy light the light can see!

**196.\* T. 595. (169.)**

GIVE to the winds thy fears,  
 Hope, and be undismay'd;  
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy  
 tears,

God shall lift up thy head;  
 Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms  
 He gently clears thy way; [night  
 Wait thou his time, so shall the  
 Soon end in joyous day.

2 He ev'ry where hath way,  
 And all things serve his might,  
 His ev'ry act pure blessing is,  
 His path unsullied light:  
 When he makes bare his arm,  
 What shall his work withstand?  
 When he his people's cause defends,  
 Who, who shall stay his hand?

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway,  
 To choose and to command,  
 With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt  
 own

How wise, how strong his hand;  
 Thou comprehend'st him not,  
 Yet earth and heaven tell,  
 God sits as sov'reign on the throne,  
 He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
 Our hearts are known to thee,  
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
 Confirm the feeble knee;  
 Let us, in life and death,  
 Boldly thy truth declare,  
 And publish, with our latest breath,  
 Thy love and guardian care.

**197. T. 151. (170.)**

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,  
 His promise bears them through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe his people too;  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed;  
 And he, who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give his children bread.

2 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,  
 Their wonted fruit should bear;  
 Though all the field should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there:  
 Yet God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice;  
 For, while in him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

**198. T. 581. (171.)**

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 Make me as a weaned child:  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleas'd with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:  
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,  
 Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own,  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone:  
 Let me thus with thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard and Guide.

4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,  
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
 May I live upon thy smiles,  
 Till the promis'd hour appears,  
 When the sons of God shall prove  
 All their Father's boundless love.

IX. *The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

199.\* T. 132. (172.)

TO God on high all glory be!

And thanks that he's so gracious,  
That hence to all eternityNo evil shall oppress us.  
His word declares good will to men,  
On earth is peace restor'd again

Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2 We humbly thee adore and  
praise,And laud for thy great glory :  
Father, thy kingdom lasts always,  
Not frail, nor transitory ;Thy pow'r is endless as thy praise,  
Thou speak'st, the universe obeys ;  
In such a Lord we're happy.3 O Jesus Christ, thou Son belov'd  
Of thy celestial Father,By whom all enmity's remov'd,  
And all the lost find succour ;  
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and  
Lord,To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,  
And on us all have mercy !4 O Comforter, God Holy Ghost,  
Thou source of consolation,  
From Satan's pow'r thou wilt, we  
trust,Protect Christ's congregation ;  
His everlasting truth assert,  
All evil graciously avert,  
Lead us to life eternal.

200.\* T. 97. (173.)

MOST holy, blessed Trinity !  
God, prais'd to all eternity !Lord over all, whose pow'r did  
frame [same ;The world, and still upholds the  
All things thou reconcilest unto  
thee ; [jesty !

With awe we now adore thy Ma-

2 Father of Jesus, Lord of all,  
Thee we our God and Father call,  
Since Jesus made us by his blood  
Children, and blessed heirs of God ;  
Eternal praise and thanks are due  
to thee, [bought property.  
From Christ's redeemed, blood-3 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain'  
Who didst the human race regain,  
And claim'st it as thy property ;  
Worthy art thou eternally !For all we are and have is thine  
alone, [thine own.  
Ah ! take and keep us evermore4 O Holy Ghost, to thee we raise,  
With joyful hearts, our thanks and  
praise,For leading us to Christ by faith,  
And glorifying Jesus' death ;  
O grant that we may all in him  
abide, [bride.

That he may glory in a faithful

5 We all say, Amen! deeply bow'd  
In presence of the Triune God,  
By whom in Christ we're fore-or-  
dain'd,To happiness that knows no end ;  
With grateful hearts we thank and  
praise the Lord :

His saving name for ever be ador'd!

201. T. 68. (179.)

HOLY Trinity!

We confess with joy,  
That our life and whole salvation  
Flow from God's blest incarnation,  
And his death for us  
On the shameful cross.2 Had we angels' tongues,  
With seraphic songs, [thee,  
Bowing hearts and knees before  
Triune God! we would adore thee,  
In the highest strain,  
For the Lamb once slain.

## 202.\* T. 230. (174.)

TO the Father thanks and praises,  
Whose love in Christ to life us  
raises,

And comforts us in all distress;  
Glory, thanks and adoration,  
Be giv'n to Christ without cessa-  
tion, [peace;

Whose presence yields us joy and  
The Spirit magnify,  
Who doth to us apply—Jesus merit;  
Our God revere,—He's present here,  
Come, worship Him with filial fear.

2 Father of the congregation,  
O what abundant consolation  
We in thy gracious counsel find,  
Which by Christ was manifested!  
His coming in the flesh attested  
Thy tender love to all mankind;  
Thy name we magnify—To all  
eternity;

For thy mercies—unbounded are;  
Thy love and care  
Exceed our utmost wish and pray'r.

3 Lord, our matchless Friend and  
Brother, [other

Thy praises from each day to th'  
I'll sing, while I have breath in me:  
God, as man to us related!

The grateful sense thou hast created,  
To praise excites me pow'rfully;  
Rise, joyful spirit rise,  
Exalt his sacrifice,—Hallelujah!  
In highest strain—To the Lamb  
slain,

Let heav'n and earth reply, Amen.

4 Holy Spirit, we adore thee,  
And to thy name give praise and  
glory,

For graciously directing us  
To seek pardon, peace and favor  
With God, thro' Jesus Christ our  
Saviour,

From whom alone salvation flows;  
O fill us with his love,  
So that our walk may prove—To  
his honor;

And grant that we—Continually  
May to thy voice obedient be.

## 203.\* T. 155.

TO the Father thanks are due,  
For he gave his Son Christ Jesus,  
To release us,

And with gifts abundantly  
Doth supply,

From the fulness of his treasure,  
Those whom he regards with plea-  
sure,

As the Saviour's property.

2 Angels, principalities,  
Thrones and pow'rs in heav'nly  
places,

Worship Jesus  
As the Author of their frame;  
We with them

Praise him for his incarnation,  
Human life and bitter passion,  
And adore his saving name.

3 Praise the Spirit's mighty work,  
For he proves himself most glorious,  
And victorious,

And o'er all, who him obey,  
Bears the sway:

Doth he not from Christ's salvation  
Truth dispense, and consolation,  
And to bliss direct the way?

## 204. T. 39. (175.)

O FATHER of mercy, be ever  
ador'd;

Thy love was displayed in sending  
our Lord [ness we praise

To ransom and bless us: thy good-  
For sending in Jesus salvation by  
grace.

2 Most merciful Saviour, who  
deign'dst to die,

Our curse to remove, and our par-  
don to buy; [to save,

Accept our thanksgiving, almighty  
Who openest heaven to all that be-  
lieve.

3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and  
of power,

We prove thy blest influence, thy  
grace we adore:

Whose inward revealing applies  
our Lord's blood, [of God.

Attesting and sealing us children

**205. T. 206. (176.)**

O FATHER! hear—our humble  
pray'r:

Us kindly own

As children; since thy Son,  
Whom thou so graciously

And free

Gav'st up to die,—Did satisfy  
For Adam's race;  
Procuring truth and grace.

2 Most gracious Lord,  
Eternal Word!

Who flesh wast made,  
Our Saviour, Friend and Head:  
Thou holy Lamb of God,  
Thy blood,

Thy pain and death,  
Preserve in faith  
Thy church while here,  
Till we 'fore thee appear.

3 Dear Comforter!

Receive our pray'r,  
Instruct us, Lord,  
That we may know thy word,  
And thus in love and peace  
Increase.

Oh may we all,  
Both great and small,  
Count all things loss  
Save Jesus and his cross.

**206. T. 14. (178.)**

OUR heav'nly Father, Source of  
love,

To thee our hearts we raise;  
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by  
thee,

To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's  
love

Shed in our hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live and move,  
And be with Christ in God.

4 Honor to the almighty Three,  
And everlasting One;  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit, and the Son.

**207.\* T. 58. (1027.)**

GLORY to the Father,  
Who in Christ Jesus,  
Doth as dear children own, and  
richly bless us,  
World without end.

2 Glory unto Jesus,  
The man of sorrows,  
Who suffer'd, died, rose and re-  
vived for us,  
That we might live.

3 Glory and obedience,  
To th' Holy Spirit,  
Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and his  
merit  
To us applies.

4 Lamb of God, once wounded  
For our salvation,  
Let all who breathe, proclaim thy  
bitter passion,  
For evermore.

**208.\* T. 58. (181.)**

THAT our Lord's views with us  
may be attain'd,  
We now commend ourselves, with  
faith unfeign'd,  
To the Father's blessing, to the  
Son's favor,  
The Holy Spirit's guidance now  
and ever, The angels' guard.

**209. T. 167. (182.)**

MAY the grace of Christ our Sa-  
viour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above!  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other in the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

**210. T. 590. (1029.)**

FATHER of angels and of men,  
Saviour, who us hast bought,  
Spirit, by whom we're born again,  
And sanctified and taught;  
Thy glory, holy Three in One,  
Thy people's song shall be,  
Long as the wheels of time shall run,  
And through eternity.

**211.** T. 166. (183.)

THAT peace which God alone reveals,  
 And by his word of grace imparts,  
 Which only the believer feels,  
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:

And may the holy Three in One,  
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
 Pour an abundant blessing down  
 On ev'ry soul assembled here.

**212.\*** T. 185. (180.)

WITH thy presence, Lord, our  
 Head and Saviour,  
 Bless us all, we humbly pray;  
 Our dear heav'nly Father's love and favor

Be our comfort ev'ry day;  
 May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding

Favor us with his most gracious leading;

Thus we shall be truly blest,  
 Both in labour and in rest.

**213.** T. 14. (1028.)

TILL God in human flesh I see,  
 My thoughts no comfort find,  
 The holy, just and sacred Three  
 Fill with dismay my mind:

2 But when Immanuel's face appears,

My hope, my joy begins,  
 His name forbids my slavish fears,  
 His grace removes my sins.

**214.** T. 185. (184.)

THE Lord bless and keep thee in  
 his favor,

As his chosen property;  
 The Lord make his face shine on  
 thee ever,

And be gracious unto thee:  
 The Lord lift his countenance most  
 gracious

Upon thee, and be to thee propi-  
 tious,

And his peace on thee bestow:  
 Amen, Amen! Be it so!

**215.** T. 595. (185.)

YE angels round the throne,  
 And men that dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, love the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.

**216.** T. 22. (186.)

WITH grateful hearts we humbly  
 praise  
 Our heav'nly Father for his grace,  
 Our Saviour who for sinners bled,  
 The Holy Ghost by whom we're  
 led.

2 O righteous Father, how divine  
 Thy grace and mercy! praise be  
 thine,

Since thou our souls with cords of  
 love

Hast drawn to thy dear Son above.

3 Jehovah Jesus! unto God  
 Thou, with thine own most precious  
 blood,

Hast reconcil'd the world; to thee,  
 For so great love, all glory be!

4 God Holy Ghost, blest Com-  
 forter,

With solemn praise we thee revere:  
 Since we, by thee convinc'd and  
 taught,

Are to the blood of sprinkling  
 brought.

**217.** T. 22. (187.)

THE grace of our Lord Jesus  
 Christ,

The love of God so highly priz'd,  
 The Holy Ghost's communion, be  
 With all of us most sensibly.

**218.\*** T. 132. (188.)

NOW sing, thou happy church of  
 God,

His favor'd congregation,  
 Redeem'd with Jesus' precious  
 blood

From ev'ry tribe and nation:  
 Most holy, blessed Trinity,  
 For the Lamb slain, all praise to  
 thee

Both now and ever! Amen.

X. *Our Heavenly Father.*

219. T. 22. (189.)

OUR heav'nly Father is not known  
To us, but in the Son alone;  
His mercy, loye, and boundless  
grace

We see display'd in Jesus' face.

2 O God! how dreadful was thy  
name,

Until the God-man Jesus came!

We cannot love nor honor thee,  
Unless the Son hath made us free.

3 O love, no human tongue can tell!

O love divine, unsearchable!

The Father gave his only Son  
For guilty sinners to atone.

4 Can any ill distress my heart,  
Since God with his own Son did  
part?

Whate'er I want can't be denied,  
Since Christ for me was crucified.

220. T. 14. (190.)

BEHOLD what love the Father  
hath

On guilty men bestow'd,  
That we, who children are of wrath,  
Should children be of God!

2 O how beyond expression great  
His love in Christ doth shine!

'Tis like himself—th' eternal God!  
Past knowledge! all divine!

3 Behold! for fallen, guilty man,  
The Lord of glory dies;

Lays down his life, us to redeem,  
A precious sacrifice!

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of  
God,

Who for us liv'd and died,  
See of the travail of his soul,  
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to  
man

Most gloriously display'd,  
And life eternal we obtain  
From God, in Christ our Head.

6 O let us then repeat the theme,  
Which always sounds above;  
And ever sing, with joyful hearts,  
The wonders of his love!

221.\* T. 22. (191.)

THOU hast the world so greatly  
lov'd,

Father, that thou, by mercy mov'd,  
Didst give thy well-beloved Son,  
By death for all our sins t' atone.

2 That he all who in him believe,  
Might in thy family receive;  
His sacrifice so great, so dear,  
Thou all-sufficient didst declare.

3 As children we are own'd by thee,  
Since Christ our Brother deign'd to  
be;

We feel thy kind, paternal heart  
To us who have in him a part.

4 The whole salvation of thy Son,  
And all his merits make our own;  
Yea, grant us richly, for his sake,  
Of heav'nly blessings to partake.

5 Thou art our Father and our God,  
Since Christ assum'd our flesh and  
blood;

Therefore in thee our trust we place,  
And give thee never-ceasing praise.

222.\* T. 96. (196.)

DEAR heav'nly Father, we adore  
And thank thee for the dreadful pain  
Thy Son, when he our sorrows bore,  
For our redemption didst sustain.

O grant that we may all our days  
Live to exalt redeeming grace.

223.\* T. 58. (197.)

O SANCTIFY us by thy truth, we  
pray,

Christ's glorious brightness in our  
hearts display,

We to thy protection ourselves sur-  
render,

With filial confidence and love most  
tender,

O Lord our God.

**224.** T. 341. (192.)

THEE, O my God and King,  
My Father, thee I sing,  
Hear well pleas'd the joyous sound,  
Praise from earth and heav'n receive:

Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy Son,  
In Christ I am thine own.

Stranger long to thee and rest,  
See the prodigal is come:

Open wide thy arms and breast,  
Take the weary wand'rer home.

3 Thine eye observ'd from far,  
Thy pity view'd me near:  
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,  
Me thy mercy ran to find,  
Empty, poor, and void of thee,  
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,  
Thy kiss forgave me all:  
Still the gracious words I hear,  
Words that made the Saviour mine,  
'Haste, for him the robe prepare,  
His be righteousness divine!

**225.\*** T. 58. (1031.)

LORD GOD, Abba Father,  
The whole creation  
With us unites in praise and adoration,

To thy great name.

2 Unto thee we render  
Eternal praises,  
For having manifested in Christ  
Jesus,

Thy love to us.

**226.\*** T. 132. (195.)

WHEN Christ, who sav'd us by his  
blood,

His foll'wers call'd together,  
His farewell was, 'I go to God,  
To mine, and to your Father;  
Therefore, believing in the Son,  
With filial love we humbly own  
Thee, God, our God and Father.

**227.** T. 14. (199.)

FATHER of all, almighty Lord!  
Our Father, and our God!  
Since Jesus Christ th' eternal Word,  
Assum'd our flesh and blood.

2 Let all with love and filial fear  
Thy sacred name adore;  
O may thy kingdom soon appear,  
And spread the world all o'er.

3 Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,  
As done by heav'nly pow'rs;  
Accomplish in us all thy will,  
And let that will be ours.

4 Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,  
With food which thou see'st best;  
We ask our portion for the day,  
And leave to thee the rest.

5 Let mercy pardon all our crimes,  
Which justice must condemn;  
As some have wrong'd us many  
times,  
And we would pardon them.

6 Let not temptation us befall,  
While here our race we run;  
But rescue and defend us all  
From sin, and th' evil one.

7 Thine is the kingdom, thine the  
pow'r,  
O'er angels, and o'er men;  
The glory too, for evermore  
Is thine; Amen, Amen!

**228.\*** T. 90. (194.)

BE of good cheer in all your wants,  
And stedfast on God's word rely,  
He, who the greatest favors grants,  
The smallest never will deny:  
If God could give his Son for us,  
What can he then to us refuse?

**229.\*** T. 106. (198.)

DRAW me, O Father, to the Son,  
That he may draw me unto thee,  
Thy Spirit render me his own,  
And rule without control in me;  
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,  
And keep me in thy peace, O God!

**230.\*** T. 79. (193.)

REJOICE, my soul, God cares for  
Trust to his word assuredly, [thee,  
However things may go; [sake,  
Thy heav'nly Father, for Christ's  
Of thy concerns will notice take,  
And mercy freely to thee show.

2 My griefs and cares to thee well  
known,

My God, I cast on thee alone,  
In thee is all my trust;  
Since thou dost govern, I'll be still,  
Into thy hands resign my will,  
And thank thee prostrate in the  
dust.

3 I confidently do believe,  
Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not  
For thou my Father art: [leave,  
Fill thou my soul with love and faith,  
Thus I am rich in life and death;  
And from thy love nought shall  
me part.

**231.** T. 166. (200.)

OUR Father, who in heaven art,  
Hallow'd be thy most blessed  
name;

Thy kingdom come; thy will be  
done

Always in heav'n and earth the  
same;

Give us this day our daily bread;  
Forgive our sins, as we forgive;  
Into temptation do not lead,  
But full release from evil give.

**232.\*** T. 125. (1032.)

OUR Father, great and glorious,  
On heav'n's exalted throne,

Thy kingdom prove victorious,  
That Jesus Christ, thy Son,  
May for his death and passion,  
From ev'ry tongue and nation,  
Receive a rich reward.

*XI. Jesus Christ, the Son of God.*

**233.** T. 22. (202.)

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,  
My praise ascend to his abode:  
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The great Supreme, the mighty  
God!

2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense;  
Eternal ages saw him shine,  
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger  
laid,  
Almighty Ruler of the sky,  
As when the six days' work he made  
Fill'd all the morning-stars with  
joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
Salvation is his dearest claim;  
That gracious sound well-pleas'd  
he hears,  
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well-plac'd hopes with joy  
I see,

My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal  
To worship him who died for me.

**234.\*** T. 68. (1033.)

O ETERNAL Word,  
Jesus Christ, our Lord!  
While the hosts of heav'n adore  
thee,

We with awe fall down before thee,  
And with rapture raise,  
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed,  
Comfort in all need,  
Thou becam'st a man of sorrows,  
To gain life eternal for us,  
By thy precious blood,  
Jesus, man and God!

**235.** T. 22. (201.)

BEFORE the heav'ns were  
stretch'd abroad,

From everlasting was the Word;  
With God he was, the Word was  
God,

And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things  
made; [stand;

By him supported all things  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at his command.

3 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son;  
How full of truth, how full of grace  
Was Christ, in whom the God-  
head shone!

4 Archangels left their high abode,  
To learn new myst'ries here, and  
tell

The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

**236\*.** T. 172. (203.)

THY majesty how vast it is!

And how immense the glory,  
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess!

Both heav'n and earth adore thee.  
The numberless heavenly hosts laud  
thy name, [cendent;

Thy glory and might are trans-  
Ten thousands of angels thy praises  
proclaim,

Upon thee gladly dependent.

2 The Father's Equal, God the Son,  
With him thou ever reignest;

Thou art partaker of his throne,  
And all things thou sustainest.

Both angels and men view their  
Maker as man,

With joy that is past all expres-  
sion; [can

O happy, unspeakably happy who  
Find in him life and salvation!

3 This myst'ry ev'ry throne and  
pow'r

Admires with adoration;

Th' angelic choirs for evermore  
Extol his incarnation:

The angels and elders before him  
fall down, [praising;  
With accents melodious him  
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him  
on the throne,  
They render glory unceasing.

4 The church on earth in humble  
strain,  
Exalteth Christ our Saviour;  
She sings, 'The Lamb for us was  
Our foe is cast for ever; [slain,  
For Christ hath redeem'd us by his  
precious blood

Out of ev'ry nation and kindred,  
And made us thereby kings and  
priests unto God,  
To him thanksgiving be render'd.'

5 When Christ in majesty shall come,  
With all his bright attendance,  
On ev'ry man pronounce a doom,  
An awful, final sentence:

Then shall all his enemies quaking  
with dread, [to cover;  
Wish mountains and rocks them  
The ransom'd with gladness will  
lift up their head,  
And live with Jesus for ever.

**237.** T. 14. (204.)

O THE delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place, [beams  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest  
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down:  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs re-  
joice  
To see him wear the crown.

4 Upon that dear majestic head,  
That cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine,  
And circle it around!

5 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,  
Whom we unseen adore;  
But when our eyes shall see his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.

## 238. T. 341. (205.)

WORTHY, O Lord, art thou,  
That ev'ry knee should bow,  
Ev'ry tongue to thee confess;  
Universal nature join,  
Strong and mighty thee to bless,  
Gracious, merciful, benign!

2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,  
Dominions, thrones and pow'rs!  
Source of pow'r, he rules alone:  
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,  
Cast your crowns before his throne,  
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

3 Justice and truth maintain  
Thy everlasting reign;  
One with thine almighty Sire,  
Partner of an equal throne;  
King of kings, let all conspire  
Gratefully thy sway to own.

4 Jesus, thou art my King,  
To me thy succour bring,  
Christ, the mighty One art thou,  
Help for all on thee is laid:  
This thy promise claim I now,  
Send me down the promis'd aid.

5 Triumph and reign in me,  
And spread thy victory:  
Sin, and death, and hell control,  
Pride and self, and ev'ry foe;  
All subdue, through all my soul,  
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

## 239.\* T. 97. (206.)

THOU reign'st above on heaven's  
throne,  
The Father's equal, God the Son;  
The Holy Ghost to us displays  
Thy majesty and boundless grace,  
And in the Scriptures clearly doth  
explain,  
That thou, Lord, madest, and re-  
deemedst man.

2 With awe and reverence 'fore thee,  
And at thy name we bow the knee,  
As all in earth and heaven join,  
T' extol thy majesty divine,  
And thee, to God the Father's glory,  
call [all.  
The great Jehovah, mighty Lord of

## 240. T. 595. (209.)

PREPARE a thankful song  
To the Redeemer's name!  
His praises should employ each  
tongue,  
And ev'ry heart inflame.

2 He laid his glory by,  
And dreadful pains endur'd,  
That rebels, such as you and I,  
From wrath might be secur'd.

3 Upon the cross he died,  
Our debt of sin to pay;  
The blood and water from his side  
Wash guilt and sin away.

4 And now he pleading stands  
For us, before the throne;  
And answers all the law's demands  
With what himself hath done.

5 He sees us willing slaves  
To sin, and Satan's pow'r;  
But with an outstretch'd arm, he  
saves,  
In his appointed hour.

6 The Holy Ghost he sends  
Our stubborn souls to move,  
To make his enemies his friends,  
And conquer them by love.

7 The love of sin departs,  
The life of grace takes place,  
Soon as his voice invites our hearts,  
To rise and seek his face.

8 The world and Satan rage,  
But he their pow'r controls;  
His wisdom, love and truth engage  
Protection for our souls.

9 Tho' press'd, we need not yield,  
But shall prevail at length,  
For Jesus is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Righteousness and Strength.

10 Assur'd that Christ our King  
Will put our foes to flight,  
We on the field of battle sing,  
And triumph while we fight.

## 241. T. 595. (207.)

JESUS, my Lord, my God!  
The God supreme thou art,  
The Lord of hosts whose precious  
blood  
Is sprinkled on my heart.

2 Jehovah is thy name;  
And through thy blood applied,  
Convinc'd and certified I am,  
There is no God beside.

3 Soon as the Spirit shows  
That precious blood of thine,  
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows  
It is the blood divine.

4 Yea, only he who feels:  
'My Saviour for me died,'  
Is certain that the Godhead dwells  
In Jesus crucified.

## 242. T. 14. (211.)

ALL glory to the Saviour's name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints in glory, who with joy  
Have left this earthly ball,  
Your most triumphant songs em-  
Extol the Lord of all. [ploy,

3 Children of God, who walk by  
Ye ransom'd from the fall, [faith,  
Show forth your dear Redeemer's  
Confess him Lord of all. [death,

4 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue  
That hear the Saviour's call,  
Unite in one harmonious song,  
And hail him Lord of all!

## 243. T. 595. (210.)

HOSANNA to the Son  
Of David, and of God, [down,  
Who brought the news of pardon  
And seal'd it with his blood.

2 To Christ, th' anointed King,  
Be endless blessings giv'n;  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.

## 244. T. 96.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,  
Thy like, nor man, nor angel knows,  
Fairest among ten thousand fair!  
Ev'n those, whom death's sad fet-  
ters bound,

Whom thickest darkness compass'd  
round,  
Find light and life, if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine!  
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,  
Ere time its ceaseless course be-  
gan:

Thou, when th' appointed time was  
come,

Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,  
But God with God, wast man  
with man.

3 The world, death, sin, oppose in  
vain:

Thou, by thy dying death hast slain;  
My great deliv'rer and my God!  
Against thee vain is Satan's rage,  
In vain doth hell its pow'rs engage,  
Nought can withstand thy con-  
qu'ring blood.

4 Lord, who thine own and Fa-  
ther's will,

(Which is but one) cam'st to fulfil,  
To thy dread sceptre will I bow!

With duteous rev'rence, at thy feet  
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit:

Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth  
now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,  
Lowly and gentle may I be:

No charms but these to thee are  
dear;

No anger may'st thou ever find,  
No pride in my unruffled mind,

But faith, and heav'n-born peace  
be there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind,  
That life and all things casts behind  
Springs forth obedient to thy call:

A heart that no desire can move,  
But still t' adore, believe and love,

Give me, my Lord, my life, my  
all.

## 245.\* T. 68. (213.)

JESUS, who with thee  
 Can compared be?  
 Source of rest and consolation,  
 Life and light, and full salvation:  
 Son of God, with thee  
 None compar'd can be!

2 Life! thou diedst for me,  
 From all misery  
 And distress me to deliver,  
 And from death to save for ever:  
 I am by thy blood  
 Reconcil'd to God.

3 Highest King and Priest,  
 Prophet, Lord, and Christ!  
 Thy dear sceptre is embraced  
 By me, at thy feet abased;  
 I choose Mary's seat  
 At thy holy feet.

4 Nigh to thee draw me,  
 Give me faith on thee  
 To depend, and daily bolder  
 Cast all mis'ry on thy shoulder,  
 Which I feel in me;  
 Draw me nigh to thee.

5 Grant me steadiness,  
 Lord, to run my race,  
 Foll'wing thee with love most ten-  
 der,  
 So that Satan may not hinder  
 Me by craft or force;  
 Further thou my course.

6 By thy Spirit's light,  
 Me instruct aright,  
 That I watch and pray with fervor,  
 Trusting thee my soul's preserver:  
 Love unfeign'd, O Lord,  
 Unto me afford.

7 Give me courage good,  
 That my wealth and blood  
 I for thee could spend, my Saviour,  
 Hating world and sin for ever;  
 Since for me, my God,  
 Thou didst shed thy blood.

8 When I hence depart,  
 Strengthen thou my heart,  
 And into thy realms convey me,  
 In thy righteousness array me,  
 That at thy right hand  
 Joyful I may stand.

H

## 246. T. 341. (215.)

O DAY-SPRING from on high!  
 In mercy hear my cry:  
 See the travail of thy soul,  
 Saviour, and be satisfied;  
 Rule in me without control,  
 May I ever thine abide.

2 Jesus, who art the Tree  
 Of immortality,  
 Feed this tender branch of thine;  
 By thy influence I shall thrive;  
 Thou the true, the heav'nly Vine!  
 Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou!  
 I know, I feel it now.  
 Faint and dead no more I droop;  
 Thou reviv'st me, thy supplies  
 Ev'ry moment springing up,  
 Unto life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art;  
 From thee I'll never part.  
 Thou my Keeper, and my Guide,  
 Watch me still with tender care;  
 Gently lead me by thy side,  
 Kindly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread!  
 O Christ, thou art my Head!  
 Countless benefits on me,  
 As thy body's member flow;  
 Nourish'd I, and fed by thee,  
 Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal  
 Thy Father's perfect will.  
 Never mortal spake like thee;  
 Lord, may I by thee be taught,  
 May I listen eagerly [fraught.  
 To thy words, with comfort

7 High-priest, on thee I call,  
 Thy blood aton'd for all.  
 Thou dost still in heav'n above  
 As the Lamb once slain appear;  
 There remember me in love,  
 Plead for me a sinner there.

8 Jesus, thou art my King,  
 Praises to thee I sing.  
 Kept by thy almighty hand,  
 Saviour, who shall pluck me  
 thence?

Faith supports, by faith I stand,  
 By the faith thou dost dispense.

## 247. T. 249.

WE bow before thy throne,  
 Jesus, :||: and thee alone  
 Our God and Saviour own; [are,  
 While pilgrims here on earth we  
 We to thy courts will oft repair,  
 To offer pray'r and praise:

O God of grace!  
 Thy saving name we bless.

2 Again we raise the strain,  
 Worthy :||: the Lamb once slain,  
 For evermore to reign. [more,  
 Thee, Christ, God bless'd for ever-  
 Our lips confess, our hearts adore:  
 Honor and majesty  
 Be giv'n to thee,  
 Now and eternally.

## 248. T. 22. (216.)

COME, worship at Immanuel's  
 feet;

Behold in him what wonders meet!  
 Words are too feeble to express  
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 Christ is our Head; each mem-  
 ber lives,

And owns the vital pow'r he gives;  
 The saints below, and saints above,  
 Join'd by his Spirit, and his love.

3 He is the Vine; his heav'nly root  
 Supplies each branch with life and  
 fruit:

O may a lasting union join [Vine!  
 My soul, as branch, to Christ the

4 He is the Rock; how firm he  
 proves!

The Rock of ages never moves:  
 But the sweet streams that from  
 him flow,

Attend us all the desert through.

5 He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
 Diffusing light, and joy, and peace:  
 What healing in his beams appears,  
 To chase our clouds and dry our  
 tears.

6 Yet faintly to us mortals here  
 His glory, grace and worth appear;  
 His beauties we shall clearly trace,  
 When we behold him face to face.

## 249.\* T. 58. (208.)

OUR gracious God be praised ever-  
 more,  
 That Jesus Christ, who all our sor-  
 rows bore,

To our hearts so clearly is mani-  
 fested,

That with conviction 'tis by us at-  
 tested That he is God.

2 O blessed truth which with deep  
 awe is heard,

Truth worthy evermore to be rever'd:  
 To the man Christ Jesus, a name is  
 given

Above all names; all knees in earth  
 and heaven

'Fore him must bow.

3 Of this great truth we boldly wit-  
 ness bear,

And to mankind this doctrine will  
 declare,

That he, who to save us assum'd  
 our nature,

And suffer'd on the cross, is the  
 Creator Of heav'n and earth.

## 250.\* T. 125. (212, 1086.)

THOU Maker of each creature,  
 The Father's arm and might,  
 Thou rulest o'er all nature,  
 In thy own name and right.

May we in every station  
 Enjoy thy great salvation,  
 And simply follow thee.

2 Lord, let us be increasing  
 In love and knowledge too;

That we, on thee believing,  
 In spirit serve thee so,

As in our hearts to savor  
 Thy matchless grace and favor,  
 And always for thee thirst.

3 O shed abroad, Lord Jesus,  
 Thy love in us, we pray;

And let its influence gracious  
 Our thoughts and actions sway:

Thus in the path proceeding,  
 To life eternal leading,

We shall thy word obey.

**251.** T. 22. (1034.)

LORD Jesus, praise to thee be giv'n,  
 Creator both of earth and heav'n,  
 Who wast from everlasting Lord,  
 And art as God and man ador'd.

2 Praise be to thee in Christendom,  
 Who wast, who art, and art to come,  
 Thy lauds shall dwell upon our  
 tongues,  
 All saints and angels join our songs.

3 Thy incarnation claims our praise,  
 We thank thee for thy boundless  
 grace:

We love thee since thou man wast  
 made,  
 And hast as man our ransom paid.

4 Receive our thanks, O Lamb of  
 God,  
 Who hast redeem'd us by thy blood;  
 Might all mankind thy name adore,  
 For thy atonement evermore.

**XII. The Holy Ghost, his Gifts and Operations.****252.\*** T. 203. (217.)

COME, Holy Ghost! come, Lord  
 our God!

And shed thy heav'nly gifts abroad  
 On us, and unto ev'ry heart  
 True faith and fervent love impart.  
 O Lord, who by thy heav'nly light,  
 Hast call'd thy church from sinful  
 night,

Out of all nations, tribes and places;  
 To thee we render thanks and  
 praises, Hallelujah! :::

2 Thou Light divine! most gracious  
 Lord!

Revive us by thy holy word,  
 And teach thy flock in truth to call  
 On God, the Father of us all:

From all strange doctrines us pre-  
 serve,

No other masters may we serve,  
 But Christ, who is our only Sa-  
 viour!

In him we will confide for ever.  
 Hallelujah! :::

3 O Holy Ghost! kind Comforter!  
 Help us with watchfulness and  
 pray'r,

'Midst various trials thee t' obey,  
 And never from the truth to stray:

O Lord, by thy almighty grace  
 Prepare us so to run our race,  
 That we by thy illumination,  
 May gain heav'ns glorious habita-  
 tion. Hallelujah! :::

**253.\*** T. 58. (218.)

GOD Holy Ghost, in mercy us pre-  
 serve,

That we from Jesus' doctrine never  
 swerve,

Guide us, till to finish our race per-  
 mitted,

To Jesus' presence we shall be ad-  
 mitted. Have mercy, Lord!

2 O grant us thy divine, thy saving  
 light,

That we may understand Christ's  
 mind aright,

That we may in Jesus abide for ever,  
 Who gain'd a place in heav'n for  
 each believer.

Have mercy, Lord!

3 Thou Source of love, God Holy  
 Ghost, inspire

Our lifeless souls with love's celest-  
 tial fire:

May we, as Christ's members, be  
 join'd together

In unity, and truly love each other.  
 Have mercy, Lord

4 O thou our highest comfort in all  
 need,

Grant that we neither shame nor  
 death may dread;

Should we even suffer hard persecu-  
 tion,

O give us grace to stand without con-  
 fusion.

Have mercy, Lord!

**254.\*** T. 22. (1035.)

GOD Holy Ghost, how gloriously,  
In Christ's redeemed property  
Is thy almighty pow'r display'd:  
The same that earth and heaven  
made.

2 When thou thy unction dost  
impart,  
And breath'st new life into the  
heart,

When thy all-penetrating light  
Dispels the thickest gloom of night:

3 When thou revealest Christ to us,  
And guid'st our eyes unto his cross,  
Thy pow'r divine both far and near  
In countless wonders doth appear.

**255.\*** T. 4. (223.)

O SPIRIT of grace!  
Thy kindness we praise,  
In showing to us,  
That life and salvation proceed from  
Christ's cross.

2 In darkness we stray'd,  
Until we were led  
By thee to believe,  
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sin-  
ners receive.

3 Our hearts thou didst cheer,  
Dispelling all fear;  
We humbly could claim  
Salvation and pardon in Jesus' dear  
name.

4 Grant us to obey  
Thy teachings, we pray,  
O Spirit of love,  
And thankful to thee for thy mer-  
cies to prove.

5 We wish to afford  
To Jesus, our Lord,  
For his bitter pain,  
Joy, honor and glory, 'midst his  
chosen train.

6 O therefore impart  
Thyself to each heart,  
That thus we may show,  
In our whole behaviour, that Jesus  
we know.

7 Grant us to increase  
In knowledge and grace,  
Rejoicing by faith  
In Jesus' atonement, wrought out  
by his death.

**256.\*** T. 9. (221.)

HOLY Ghost, thou God and Lord  
Of thy Congregation,  
We to thee with one accord  
Pay our adoration.

2 For thy teachings, heav'nly  
Guide,

O accept our praises!  
Have we thee, we're well supplied  
With good gifts and graces.

3 Thou explainest unto us  
Jesus' incarnation,  
And how he upon the cross  
Purchas'd our salvation.

4 Thou fill'st with the gospel light  
Every land and nation,  
Aidst thy witnesses with might,  
Under tribulation.

5 Us to Jesus thou hast brought,  
And wilt keep us ever  
In the faith which thou hast  
wrought,  
Through thy grace and favor.

6 With maternal faithfulness  
Lead his ransom'd people,  
And to please him give them grace,  
Bear them up when feeble.

7 Daily Jesus' flock thanks thee  
For thy kind tuition;  
O may we obedient be,  
Through thy benediction!

8 Grant, that we may never lose,  
Till our dying moment,  
The rich comfort which to us  
Flows from Christ's atonement.

9 For, our heav'nly Father's love,  
Jesus' great compassion,  
And thy patience ever prove  
Our strong consolation.

10 Amen, Lord God Holy Ghost,  
Endless thanks and praises  
Gives to thee the ransom'd host,  
In the name of Jesus.

**257. T. 14. (229.)**

COME, blessed Spirit, gracious  
Lord,

Thy pow'r to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break each heart of stone.

2 Give us ourselves, and Christ, to  
know,  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
Christ's pard'ning love display.

3 Convince us first of unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill ev'ry soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

4 Show us our poverty, relieve  
And then enrich the poor;  
The knowledge of our sickness  
give—  
The knowledge of our cure.

5 A blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Trouble, then lead the troubled  
heart  
To Christ's atoning blood.

**258. T. 14. (230.)**

O HOLY Ghost, eternal God,  
Descending from above,  
Thou fill'st the soul, through Jesus'  
blood,  
With faith, and hope, and love.

2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,  
By sin and grief oppress;  
Thou to the dead dost life impart,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Thy sweet communion charms  
the soul,  
And gives true peace and joy;  
Which Satan's pow'r can ne'er  
control,  
Nor all his wiles destroy.

4 Let no false comfort lift us up  
To confidence that's vain:  
Nor let their faith and courage  
droop,  
Who love the Lamb once slain.

H 2

5 Breathe comfort where distress  
abounds,  
O make our conscience clean;  
And heal, with balm from Jesus'  
wounds,  
The fest'ring sores of sin.

6 Vanquish our lusts, our pride  
remove,  
Take out the heart of stone;  
Show us the Father's boundless  
love,  
The merits of the Son.

7 The Father sent his Son to die;  
The willing Son obey'd;  
The witness Thou, to ratify  
The purchase Christ hath made.

**259. T. 582. (226.)**

COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breast the flame  
Of never-ceasing love.

3 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our stubborn hearts reveal  
The hidden love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,  
And new-create the whole.

5 If thou, O Comforter!  
Thine influence withdraw,  
What easy victims soon we fall  
To conscience and the law!

6 No longer burns our love;  
Our faith and courage fail;  
Our sin revives, and death and hell  
Our feeble souls assail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free:  
Then shall we know, and praise,  
and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

## 260.\* T. 58. (222.)

GOD Holy Spirit, be for ever blest,  
That thou to us Christ's death dost  
manifest,

And of him the Fountain, whence  
flows salvation,

Dost so distinctly give us informa-  
tion, And light impart.

2 What of the Father and the Son  
we know,

To thy divine instructions all we  
owe:

Thro' thy operations we are assured,  
That Jesus Christ, who death for us  
endured, Is Lord and God.

3 Thanks for revealing to us the  
Lamb slain,

And that his blood would have  
been shed in vain, [ed,

Had to sanctify us aught else avail-  
And could our souls have otherwise  
been healed,

Than by his stripes.

4 Christ's meritorious suff'rings  
are the sum,

And sole foundation of true Chris-  
tendom;

We enjoy, thro' mercy, those com-  
forts blessed,

Of which, thro' thee, believers are  
possessed, While here on earth.

5 The blood of Christ alone can joy  
impart,

Can heal, revive, and cheer the  
contrite heart;

Therefore show still clearer to us  
his merit,

And lead us daily more, God Holy  
Spirit, Into all truth.

6 Have patience with us sinners  
ev'ry day, [pray;

Forgive us all our trespasses we  
O instruct and warn us without  
cessation;

And with thy peace, thy love and  
consolation, Fill all our hearts.

7 Of Christ we'll gladly testify  
each hour,

Until his kingdom shall appear  
with pow'r;

Then will all see clearly, how thou  
hast trained

God's children, when they once  
shall have attained

To bliss complete.

8 Blest Comforter, vouchsafe us all  
the grace, [fulness,

To yield thee joy for thy great faith-  
And thy love and patience; from sin  
protect us,

And in the narrow way to life di-  
rect us, Thou heav'nly Guide.

## — 261.\* T. 58. (220.)

THOU Comforter and Guide of  
Jesus' train, [dain,

Who dost thyself her ministers or-  
Look on us in mercy, grant us thy  
favor,

Our souls and bodies we devote for  
ever, O Lord, to thee.

2 Where'er we look around, both  
far and near, [appear,

The pow'r and glory of the Lord  
And such flocks of Jesus are mul-  
tiplying,

Who only wish to live, themselves  
denying, Unto thy praise.

3 O thou life-giving Stream! the  
earth o'erflow,

Whatever would obstruct thy course  
break through: [petition,

O most gracious Spirit! hear our  
Teach all to turn to Jesus with con-  
trition, Thy office 'tis.

4 We pray thee, fill us all with Jesus'  
love, [prove:

That we may in his service faithful  
Teach us all to deem it the greatest  
favor,

With humble, contrite hearts to  
serve our Saviour,

Till we shall rest.

5 Unto Christ's congregations in  
each place,

Grant, 'midst all trials, comfort,  
peace, and grace: [tion,

O may all believers, in ev'ry sta-  
Rejoice in Jesus, and in his salva-  
tion, God Holy Ghost!

**262.** T. 341. (1036.)

THOU promis'd Comforter,  
Fruit of the Saviour's pray'r,  
Thee the world cannot receive,  
Thee they neither know nor see,  
Dead is all the life they live,  
Dark their light, while void of thee.

2 Yet I enjoy thy grace,  
Thro' Christ, my righteousness:  
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,  
Mine the unction from above,  
Pardon written on my heart,  
Light and life and joy and love.

3 Thee I exult to feel,  
Thou in my heart dost dwell;  
There thou bear'st thy witness true,  
Shed'st the love of God abroad:  
I, in Christ, a creature new,  
I, ev'n I, am born of God.

4 Thy gifts, blest Comforter,  
I glory to declare;  
Sweetly sure of grace I am,  
Pardon to my soul applied,  
Int'rest in the spotless Lamb,  
Dead for all, for me he died.

5 Thou art thyself the seal,  
I more than pardon feel:  
Peace, unutterable peace,  
Joy, that ages ne'er can move,  
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,  
All the confidence of love.

6 Pledge of the promise giv'n,  
My antepast of heav'n!  
Earnest thou of joys divine,  
Joys divine on me bestow'd;  
Heav'n and Christ and All is mine,  
I'm through thee an heir of God.

7 Thou art my inward Guide,  
I ask no help beside;  
Holy Ghost, on thee I call,  
Weak as helpless infancy;  
Weak I am, yet cannot fall,  
Stay'd by faith, and led by thee.

**263.** T. 582. (227.)

SPIRIT of truth, come down,  
Reveal the things of God,  
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead  
known,  
Apply his precious blood,

His merits glorify,

That each may clearly see,  
Jesus, who did for sinners die,  
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say  
That Jesus is the Lord,  
Unless thou take the veil away,  
And breathe the living word:

Then, only then we feel  
Our int'rest in his blood,  
And cry with joy unspeakable,  
'Thou art my Lord, my God!'

3 O that the world might know  
The all-atoning Lamb!  
Spirit of faith, descend and show  
The virtue of his name;  
The grace which all may find,  
The saving pow'r, impart;  
O testify to all mankind,  
And speak in ev'ry heart!

**264.** T. 14. (231.)

COME, Holy Spirit, on us breathe,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,  
Warm these cold hearts of our's.

2 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness in my heart,  
That I am born of God.

3 Thou art the Earnest of his love,  
The Pledge of joys to come:  
O lead us, that we may above  
Obtain our lasting home.

**265.** T. 79. (232.)

BREATHE on these bones so dry  
and dead:

God Holy Ghost! thy influence shed  
In all our hearts abroad:  
Point out the place where grace  
abounds;

Direct us to the bleeding wounds  
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

2 Convince us that the Lamb was  
slain

For us, and to our minds explain  
The myst'ry of the cross:  
To know, and to be found in him,  
Let us our highest gain esteem;  
And for it count all things but loss.

**266.** T. 14. (228.)

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
Proceeding from above,  
Both from the Father and the Son,  
Thou God of peace and love.

2 Thou art the only Comforter  
In all our souls' distress;  
Thou showest us our unbelief,  
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3 Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts  
Unto the church impart;  
Writest God's holy, precious law  
On each believer's heart.

4 Thy holy unction pow'r affords  
The gospel to proclaim:  
By thee enabled, we set forth  
Salvation in Christ's name.

5 Assist and strengthen us, O Lord!  
Thou know'st we all are frail;  
Grant, neither Satan, world, nor  
flesh,  
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6 Cause all disharmony and strife  
In Christendom to cease:  
And give to all the flocks of Christ  
Love, union, truth, and peace.

**267.\*** T. 22. (224.)

O COMFORTER, God Holy  
Ghost!

Thou heav'nly gifts on us bestow'st;  
The Pledge of our salvation art,  
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were  
lost,

Thou callest, teaching them to trust  
For help, forgiveness, peace and  
grace,

In him, the Lord our Righteous-  
ness.

3 Thy unction freely dost impart  
To ev'ry poor and contrite heart,  
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows,  
From whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls thou dost sus-  
tain,

Anointest all the witness train,  
Keepst believers in the faith,  
And art their guide in life and  
death.

5 Who can thy operations trace,  
Thy kindness, patience, truth and  
grace,

Which on God's children thou be-  
stow'st,

O Comforter, God Holy Ghost!

**268.\*** T. 583. (225.)

O HOLY Ghost, on this great day  
inspire

Our souls, we pray, with Pentecost-  
tal fire:

Breathe thou upon us with thy  
heav'nly wind,

That it refresh and purify our mind.

2 Kindle within us, and preserve  
that fire,

Which will with holy love our  
breast inspire,

And with an active zeal our soul  
inflamm

To do thy will, and glorify thy name.

3 Endow us richly with thy gifts  
and grace,

To fit us for the duties of our place;  
So open thou our lips, our hearts so  
raise,

That both our hearts and lips may  
give thee praise.

4 As in thy temple, keep thou resi-  
dence

Within our soul, and never part  
from thence,

Until we're fitted and prepar'd by  
thee,

Life to exchange for immortality.

**269.\*** T. 230. (234.)

THOU great Teacher, who in-  
structest [ductest,

Christ's flock, and us to bliss con-  
Who noblest gifts to grant didst  
deign

To th' apostles, thine anointed,

By thee for that great work ap-  
pointed

To teach, reprove and comfort men,  
And freely offer grace

Unto the Gentile race;  
Lord, have mercy!

Grant us to be—Immoveably  
Fix'd on their ground, upheld by thee!

**270.\*** T. 22. (219.)

TO thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,  
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,  
Those precious gifts on us bestow,  
Which from our Saviour's merits  
flow.

2 Thou heav'nly Teacher, thee we  
praise

For thy instruction, pow'r and  
grace,

To love the Father, who doth own  
Us as his children in the Son.

3 Thee of ourselves we could not  
know,

Till thou, O Lord, didst clearly show  
The sin of unbelief to us,  
Of enmity to Jesus' cross.

4 When this we felt to be our case,  
Then Jesus' blood and righteous-  
ness

Unto our hearts thou didst reveal,  
Imparting thus thy pard'ning seal.

5 Most gracious Comforter, we  
pray,

O lead us further every day!  
Thy unction to us all impart,  
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

6 Till we in heav'n shall take our  
seat,  
Instruct us often to repeat,  
'Abba, our Father!' and to be  
With Christ in union constantly.

**271.** T. 90. (233.)

O THAT the Comforter would  
come,

Nor visit as a transient Guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast;  
Yea, make my soul his blest abode,  
The temple of th' in-dwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul in-  
spire,

Attest that I am born again;  
Come and baptize me, Lord, with  
fire,

Nor let thy former gifts be vain;  
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiv'n,  
A pledge that I'm an heir of heav'n.

3 Grant me th' indisputable seal,  
That ascertains the kingdom mine!  
That pow'ful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine:

O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

**XIII.** *God's Call of Grace to the unconverted  
Sinner.*

**272.** T. 583. (235.)

TEACH us, O Lord! the cross's  
mystery,

And grant us docile hearts to learn  
of thee;

Thou art as full of love to fallen man,  
As when for our redemption thou  
wast slain.

2 'I thirst,' thou didst upon the  
cross exclaim,

And on thy throne thy thirst is still  
the same;

That all may taste thy pard'ning  
grace and love,

And ev'n thine enemies thy mercy  
prove.

3 Thou hast no pleasure in the sin-  
ner's death,  
But callest him to come and live by  
faith;

Thou sendest messengers of peace  
abroad,

Beseeching men, 'Be reconcil'd to  
God!

4 'Believe, thou mourning sinner,  
that for thee

The Lord did penance on the cross's  
tree;

Thereby he triumph'd over sin and  
hell,

And gain'd for thee a right in  
heav'n to dwell.

5 'Though then unborn, though not  
in person there,  
Yet in that act of grace thou hast a  
share;  
Pardon of sin was then for thee  
procur'd,  
When Jesus death for ev'ry man  
endur'd.

6 'For all who flee from Sinai's  
fiery wrath,  
And look to Calv'ry's sacrifice by  
faith,  
The Judge supreme, to whom all  
pow'r is giv'n,  
Ordaineth pardon, happiness and  
heav'n.

7 'Just as thou art, to Jesus come,  
and live;  
Repenting sinners Jesus will re-  
ceive;  
Be thou e'er so corrupt and stain'd  
with sin,  
Fear not, his precious blood can  
wash thee clean.'

8 Who finds that sin hath quite  
o'erspread his soul,  
That his own efforts ne'er can make  
him whole,  
Helpless at Jesus' feet resolves to  
lie,  
Jesus hath sworn that sinner shall  
not die.

9 Though he was dead before, be-  
hold, he lives,  
The Saviour quick'ning, whom the  
Father gives;  
Henceforth must sin lie vanquish'd  
at his feet,  
Through faith in Jesus, he shall  
vict'ry meet.

10 How pleasing 'tis a new-born  
soul to view,  
How doth its happiness our own  
renew!  
Might all the pow'r of Christ's  
atonement prove,  
And know the virtue of his dying  
love!

## 273.\* T. 217. (236.)

MY Saviour sinners doth receive,  
Whom, with sin's galling load  
oppressed,  
No man nor angel can relieve,  
Who have no hope to be redressed;  
Who loathe the world and all its  
ways,  
Dread wrath divine and mourn for  
grace;  
On whom the law pronounceth sen-  
tence,  
Condemn'd to hell in their own con-  
science;  
Such wretched sinners find reprieve,  
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

2 The fondest mother cannot have  
Towards her darling such affection  
As Jesus show'd, vile man to save;  
His love exceedeth our conception.  
He left his throne and blest abode,  
To bear the sinner's heavy load.  
Since he now through his death and  
suff'ring  
Hath made an all-sufficient off'ring,  
Our debt is paid, and we may live;  
For Jesus sinners doth receive.

3 Now is his sympathizing heart  
A refuge for the most distressed;  
He freely pardon will impart;  
By him their debt is quite erased.  
His blood, like th' ocean without  
ground, [drown'd,  
Their sins hath swallow'd up and  
The Holy Ghost to them is given,  
Who leads them in the path to  
heaven;  
And prompts them always to believe,  
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

4 They by the Father are esteem'd,  
When thus presented by our Sa-  
viour;  
Heal'd by his wounds, from sin re-  
deem'd, [favor;  
They prove the Father's love and  
He owns them as his sons and heirs,  
And all he hath their own declares;  
Eternal life they now inherit,  
Procur'd for them by Jesus' merit;  
He dwells in them, in him they live,  
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

5 Might all his loving heart but see,  
And know his bowels of compas-  
sion

To sinners, straying carelessly,  
Or such as mourning seek salva-  
tion:

Him, when on earth 'midst sinners  
trace;

Zaccheus tastes his saving grace;  
He comforts Magd'len in affliction,  
Regards her tears and deep convic-  
tion,

Her sins, though many, he forgives;  
My Saviour sinners poor receives.

6 Behold how he' with Peter dealt,  
Though deep his fall, he show'd  
him favor:

Not only when on earth he dwelt  
Was he a sin-forgiving Saviour;  
No, he is still the very same,  
Just, good and merciful his name;  
As he was in humiliation,  
So is he still in exaltation.

Repenting souls, you may believe,  
Our Saviour sinners doth receive.

7 Come, sinners, come, though vile  
and base;

Returning prodigals he meeteth;  
He freely offers them his grace,  
Them with a pard'ning kiss he  
greeteth.

Why wilt thou stand in thy own way?  
Why wilfully be Satan's prey?  
Wilt thou sin's drudge remain for  
ever,

Though he appear'd thee to deliver?  
Do not delay, sin's service leave,  
Since Jesus sinners will receive.

8 Come, ye that heavy laden are,  
Come, weary, void of self-assist-  
ance;

Though doubting, ready to despair,  
Come but to him without resist-  
ance.

Behold his heart with love replete,  
Full of desire the worst to meet;  
Long hath he sought for you though  
wretched, [ed:

You to embrace, his arms outstretch-  
O come to him, believe and live;  
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9 Object not, 'I'm a wretch too  
base,

Too oft his goodness I have  
slighted,

Too often spurned at his grace,  
I, who was gen'rously invited.'

Is your repentance now sincere?  
Your sorrow genuine? Do not fear;  
His pow'r and mercy are unbound-  
ed,

None, trusting him, was e'er con-  
founded:

He saves whom none else can re-  
lieve;

My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10 Think not, 'tis time enough,'  
nor say,

'God, who is gracious beyond  
measure,

Shuts not the door of grace to-day;  
I'll first enjoy some carnal plea-  
sure.'

No, God forbid! if you are wise,  
Grace, offer'd now, do not despise.

Who slights to-day the invitation,  
May ever miss of his salvation.

Come now to Jesus, come and live;  
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11 Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,  
Thou sinner's Friend, thou gra-  
cious Saviour;

Grant I, and all may ardently  
Desire thy pardon, grace and favor.

And when temptations would assail  
Let thine almighty grace prevail.

May none, who feel sin's condemna-  
tion,

Neglect thy gen'rous invitation,  
But all experience and believe

That Jesus sinners doth receive.

274.\* T. 205. (237.)

SINNERS! come, the Saviour see,  
Hands, feet, side, and temples  
view;

See him bleeding on the tree,  
See his heart is pierc'd for you!

View awhile, then haste away,  
Find a thousand more, and say,

Come, ye sinners, come with me,  
View him bleeding on the tree.

2 Who would still such mercy  
grieve?

Sinners! hear instruction mild,  
Doubt no more, but now believe,  
Each become a little child;  
Artful doubts and reas'nings be  
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;  
Mourning souls, who simple are,  
Surely shall the blessing share.

3 Through his poverty the poor  
May eternal riches gain;  
Open'd is heav'n's mercy-door,  
None that comes, need come in  
vain.

Here now freely take who will,  
Each poor sinner take his fill;  
Rich in grace hereby commence,  
Blush no more for indigence.

4 They who search their hearts  
with care,

And the blame their own confess,  
In the Lamb's redemption share,  
To his wounds have free access.

They, who deem themselves the  
chief

Of all sinners, and receive  
Full forgiveness, peace and rest,  
Pard'ning grace can relish best.

5 Cover'd with a holy shame,  
Pardon'd sinners they remain:

Yet their freedom they proclaim,  
Their adoption they maintain.

Soon as we are taught to cease  
Trusting in our righteousness,  
Ceases the tormenting strife,  
All within is peace and life.

**275.** T. 585. (238.)

COME, ye sinners, poor and  
wretched,

Weak and wounded, sick and  
sore!

Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and pow'r:

He is able, :||:

He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and wel-  
come;

God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief, and true repentance,

Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money, :||:

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,

If ye tarry till ye're better,  
Ye will never come at all;

Not the righteous, :||:

Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you  
linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him;

This he gives you, :||:

'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,

Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!

On the bloody tree behold him,

Hear him cry before he dies,

'It is finish'd.' :||:

Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended

Pleads the merit of his blood;

Venture on him, venture freely,

Let no other trust intrude;

None but Jesus :||:

Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in con-  
cert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name:

Hallelujah! :||:

Sinners, here, may sing the same.

**276.** T. 591. (239.)

SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call,  
He now is passing by;

He hath seen thy grievous thrall,  
And heard thy mournful cry:

He hath pardon to impart,

Grace to save thee from thy fears;

See the love that fills his heart,

And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,  
And tell him all thy case?

He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor frown thee from his face;

Wilt thou fear Immanuel?  
 Wilt thou dread the Lamb of  
 God,  
 Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
 Hath shed his precious blood?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,  
 Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!  
 Hark, from each as with a tongue  
 The voice of pardon sounds!  
 See from all his open'd veins,  
 Blood, of wond'rous virtue, flow!  
 Shed to wash away thy stains,  
 And ransom thee from wo.

4 Though his majesty be great,  
 His mercy is no less;  
 Though he thy transgressions hate,  
 He feels for thy distress:  
 By himself the Lord hath sworn,  
 He delights not in thy death;  
 But invites thee to return,  
 That thou may'st live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see  
 What throngs his throne sur-  
 round!  
 These, though sinners once like  
 thee,  
 Have full salvation found:  
 Yield not then to unbelief!  
 While he saith, 'There yet is  
 room;'  
 Though of sinners thou art chief,  
 Since Jesus calls thee, come.

**277.** T. 22. (240.)

COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;  
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;  
 Not one of you need stay behind;  
 His gospel calleth to mankind.

2 Attend! the gospel trumpet sounds,  
 Calls sinners from earth's farthest  
 bounds;  
 The year of Jubilee is come!  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,  
 Ye wand'ers, who are seeking rest;  
 The poor, the maim'd, the halt, the  
 blind,  
 With Christ a hearty welcome find.

I

4 The message as from God re-  
 ceive;  
 Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
 O let his love your hearts constrain,  
 Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;  
 His conqu'ring love consent to feel:  
 Yield to his love's almighty pow'r,  
 And strive against your God no  
 more.

6 See him set forth before your  
 eyes,  
 A precious, bleeding sacrifice!  
 His offer'd benefits embrace,  
 And freely now be sav'd by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;  
 This is the acceptable day:  
 Come in this moment, at his call,  
 And live for him, who died for all.

**278.** T. 22. (241.)

SINNERS, obey the Gospel word!  
 Haste to the supper of the Lord:  
 Be wise to know your gracious day,  
 All things are ready; come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,  
 And kiss his late returning son:  
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
 And spreads for you his pierced  
 hands.

3 Ready the Spirit to impart  
 Grace to subdue the stubborn heart;  
 To shed Christ's love in you abroad,  
 And witness you are born of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
 To triumph in your blest estate:  
 All heav'n is ready to resound,  
 'The dead's alive, the lost is  
 found!'

5 Come, sinners, to your gracious  
 Lord,  
 Incline your ear, and hear his  
 word:  
 His offer'd grace with joy receive,  
 Hear, sinners, and your souls shall  
 live.

**279. T. 22. (242.)**

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw  
nigh,

'Tis God invites man's fallen  
race;

Salvation without money buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-  
grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wand'ers home,  
God's grace in Christ is free for  
all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,  
See from the Rock a fountain  
rise;

For you in healing streams it rolls  
From Jesus, made a sacrifice!

4 Nothing you in exchange need  
give;  
Leave all you are, and have, be-  
hind:

Thankful the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?  
Christ hath the words of endless  
life.

6 To you he calls, 'My goodness  
prove,  
My promises for all are free:

O taste my everlasting love,  
And let your souls delight in  
me.'

**280. T. 205. (243.)**

SINNERS, hear the joyful news,  
God, your Maker, is your Friend:  
Think not, that his wrath pursues,  
That his curses you attend.

'As I live,' Jehovah saith,  
'I do not desire your death;  
Rather, rather would I see  
Each poor sinner turn to me.'

2 O then turn to him, and live,  
Turn to him with all your wo;  
He is ready to forgive,  
Ready blessings to bestow:

Outstretch'd see his arms of love,  
Haste his tender heart to prove;  
Haste, ye sinners, you will find,  
Jesus casteth none behind.

**281. T. 106. (244.)**

YE sinners, in the gospel trace  
The Friend and Saviour of man-  
kind;

Not one of all th' apostate race,  
But may in him salvation find.  
His thoughts, his words, and ac-  
tions prove,

His life and death—that God is  
love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who  
bears

The sins of all the world away;  
A servant's form he meekly wears,  
He dwells within a house of clay:  
His glory through a veil is seen,  
And God with God is man with  
men.

3 Behold our God incarnate stands,  
And calls his wand'ring creatures  
home;

He all day long spreads out his  
hands;

Come, weary souls, to Jesus  
come:

Though ye be e'er so much opprest,  
Believe, and he will give you rest.

4 Ah, do not of his goodness doubt,  
His saving grace for all is free;  
He saith, 'I ne'er will cast him out,  
Who as a sinner comes to me;  
I can to none myself deny.'  
Come, sinners, come; why will you  
die?

**282. T. 151. (245.)**

SINNERS, would ye be healed?

Then come to Jesus Christ;  
In him is grace revealed,  
Come only undisguis'd;  
Come poor and miserable,  
Draw nigh just as you are;  
You'll find, that he is able  
Your losses to repair.

2 His wounds are open fountains  
 To wash you white all o'er,  
 Yea, were your sins like mountains,  
 Or sands on ocean's shore;  
 Believe in the atonement  
 By Christ's all-saving blood;  
 Do not delay one moment,  
 Come to the Lamb of God!

**283.** T. 90. (246.)

WHERE shall my wond'ring soul  
 begin,  
 While I to heav'nly songs aspire?  
 A slave redeem'd from death and  
 sin,  
 A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;  
 How shall I due thanksgivings  
 raise,  
 And sound my great Deliv'rer's  
 praise!

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,  
 Saviour, which thou hast shown  
 to me?

That I, a child of wrath and hell,  
 A happy child of God should be;  
 Should know, should feel my sins  
 forgiv'n,

And that I am an heir of heav'n!

3 Outcasts of men, to you I call,  
 Harlots and publicans, believe;  
 He spreads his arms t' embrace you  
 all,

Repenting sinners he'll receive:  
 No need of him the righteous have,  
 He came the lost to seek and save.

4 Come, O my fellow sinners, come,  
 Groaning beneath sin's pond'rous  
 weight;

He calls you now, invites you home!  
 Come quickly, ere it be too late;  
 Though foes protest, and friends re-  
 pine,  
 He died for crimes like your's and  
 mine.

5 For you the healing current flow'd  
 From the Redeemer's wounded  
 side;

Languish'd for you th' eternal God,  
 For you the Prince of glory died!  
 Believe, your sins shall be forgiv'n;  
 Only believe, and your's is heav'n.

**284.\*** T. 582. (248.)

' COME to me,' saith the Lord,  
 ' All ye who are opprest,  
 Weary and heavy-laden souls,  
 And I will give you rest.

' Whoe'er to me will come,  
 And th' offer'd grace receive,  
 Him I in no wise will cast out,  
 He shall be mine and live.'

**285.\*** T. 97. (249.)

SINNERS, your Maker is your  
 Friend,

He calls you, to his call attend;  
 ' Sure as I live,' to you he saith,  
 ' I ne'er desire the sinner's death,  
 But that repenting he may turn to  
 me,  
 And live for ever.' Lord we come  
 to thee!

**286.** T. 11. (247.)

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,  
 Praise ye Jesus' saving name;  
 Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
 Beaming in the Saviour's face;  
 As to heav'n ye onward move,  
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,  
 Banish all your guilty fears;  
 Jesus will your guilt remove,  
 Prompted by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin,  
 Now from bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,  
 Welcome all to Jesus Christ;  
 Nothing brought him from above,  
 Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
 His tremendous foes and our's  
 From their cursed empire drove,  
 Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Sing, ye ransom'd, to his praise,  
 Tune your songs to grateful lays;  
 Mortals, join the hosts above,  
 Join to praise redeeming love.

XIV. *Repentance unto Life.*

287.\* T. 132. (250.)

LORD Jesus Christ, my sov'reign  
Good,

Thou fountain of salvation!

Behold how sin's most dreadful  
load

Fills me with condemnation.

My sins indeed are numberless;

O Lord, regard my deep distress,

Relieve my guilty conscience.

2 In pity look upon my need,

Remove thou my oppression;

Since thou hast suffer'd in my  
stead,

And paid for my transgression,

Let me not yield to dark despair,

Nor live in constant dread and fear

Of death and condemnation.

3 When I review my mis-spent  
days,

I feel a heavy burden;

Reflecting on my trespasses,

I scarce could hope for pardon;

But should be hopeless and forlorn,

Uncertain where for help to turn,

If I had not thy promise.

4 But thy reviving gospel-word,

Which leads me to salvation,

Doth joy unspeakable afford,

And lasting consolation.

This tells me, thou wilt not disdain

A broken heart replete with pain,

That turns to thee, O Jesus.

5 Me, heavy-laden sinner, hear,

To thee I make confession;

To my complaints now lend an ear,

Regard my supplication.

My longing is, O wash me clean

From ev'ry spot and stain of sin,

Like David and Manasseh.

6 Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,

And pray thee to forgive me;

With contrite heart I thee intreat,

Show pity and receive me;

Cast all my sins and trespasses

Into the ocean of thy grace,

And them no more remember.

7 Oh, for thy name's sake, let me  
prove

Thy mercy, gracious Saviour!

The yoke which galls me soon re-  
move,

Restore me to thy favor:

Thy love shed in my heart abroad,

That I may live to thee my God,

And yield thee true obedience.

8 Thy joyful Spirit give me pow'r,

Thy stripes heal my diseases;

Apply thy blood at my last hour,

To save me, dearest Jesus!

Then to thy promis'd rest me bring,

That with the ransom'd I may sing

Thy praise above for ever.

288.\* T. 75. (252.)

O WHITHER shall I fly,

Depress'd with misery?

Who is it that can ease me,

And from my sins release me?

Man's help I vain have proved,

Sin's load remains unmoved.

2 O Jesus, Source of grace!

I seek thy loving face,

Upon thy invitation,

With deep humiliation;

Oh, let thy blood me cover,

And wash my soul all over.

3 I, thy unworthy child,

Corrupt throughout and spoil'd,

Beseech thee to relieve me,

And graciously forgive me

My sins, which have abounded,

And my poor soul confounded.

4 Through thy atoning blood,

That precious healing flood,

Purge off all sin and sadness,

And fill my heart with gladness;

Lord, hear thou my confession,

And blot out my transgression.

5 Thou shalt my comfort be,

Since thou hast died for me:

I am by thee acquitted

Of all I e'er committed;

My sins by thee were carry'd,

And in thy tomb interred.

6 I know my poverty;  
But ne'ertheless for me  
Are all good gifts procured,  
Since Jesus death endured:  
Thus strengthen'd, I may banish  
All fears; my foes must vanish.

7 Christ! thy atoning blood,  
The sinner's highest good,  
Is pow'rful to deliver,  
And free the soul for ever  
From all claim of the devil,  
And cleanse us from all evil.

8 Lord Jesus Christ! in thee  
I trust eternally:  
I know I shall not perish,  
But in thy kingdom flourish!  
Since thou hast death sustained,  
Life is for me obtained.

9 Lord, strengthen thou my heart:  
To me such grace impart,  
That nought, which may await me,  
From thee may separate me;  
Let me with thee, my Saviour,  
United be for ever.

**289.\* T. 132. (251.)**

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,  
My God! with heart's contrition;  
Bow down thine ear in grace to me,  
And hear thou my petition;  
For if in judgment thou wilt try  
Man's sin, and great iniquity,  
Ah! who can stand before thee?

2 T' obtain remission of our sin,  
No work of ours availeth;  
We're helpless, guilty and unclean,  
Unless God's grace prevaileth;  
We're 'midst our fairest actions  
lost,  
And none 'fore him of aught can  
boast;  
We live alone through mercy.

3 Therefore my hope is in God's  
grace,  
And not in my own merit;  
On him my confidence I place,  
Instructed by his Spirit:  
His precious word hath promis'd  
me,  
He will my joy and comfort be;  
Thereon is my reliance.

4 Though sin with us doth much  
abound,  
Yet grace still more aboundeth;  
Sufficient help in him is found,  
Where sin most deeply woundeth:  
He the good Shepherd is indeed,  
Who his lost sheep doth seek, and  
lead,  
With tender love and pity.

**290.\* T. 14.**

O LORD, afford a sinner light!  
In darkness still I stray;  
Star of the soul! appear in sight,  
And show the narrow way.

2 That way is holy, Christians true  
Alone may walk therein;  
Who through thy pow'rful grace  
subdue  
The world, the flesh, and sin.

3 Cold is my love, hence sin doth  
reign,  
And grief corrode my heart;  
With things, whose only fruit is  
pain,  
I'm not inclin'd to part.

4 Resolve my stubborn heart, and  
cleave  
To Jesus Christ alone:  
Would I all other objects leave,  
The work at once were done.

5 Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse  
to be  
Devoted unto him,  
Who died upon the cross for thee,  
And did thy soul redeem?

6 Redeeming Lord, O be thou mine,  
My Saviour, Sun, and Shield,  
Thy blood and death have made me  
thine,  
To thee myself I yield.

7 Mould me as clay, and fashion me  
A vessel to thy praise;  
Adorn'd with righteousness by thee,  
And sanctified through grace:

8 So shall I walk the narrow way,  
By thee, my Day-star, led:  
And love divine, thy heav'nly ray,  
Shall o'er my path be shed.

**291.** T. 14. (254.)

THE Lord first empties whom he fills,

Casts down whom he would raise;  
He quickens, when the letter kills,  
Exalting thus his praise.

2 All fears and terrors, when he smiles,

At once must disappear;  
The bruised and wounded heart he heals,  
And feeds with heav'nly cheer.

3 When he applies his healing blood  
Unto a sin-sick soul,  
This balsam, pow'rful, precious,  
good,  
Ne'er fails to make it whole.

4 He freely laid his majesty  
And all his glory by,  
That our wants, through his poverty,  
He richly might supply.

5 He's full of grace and truth indeed,  
Of peace, of light and life;  
To all, that helpless sinners need,  
He gives thy soul a right.

6 Though heav'n's his throne, he came from thence  
To seek and save the lost;  
Whate'er might be the vast expense,  
His love would bear the cost.

7 On us he spent his life and blood,  
Our losses to retrieve; [good  
Mankind's redemption now holds  
For sinners who believe.

**292.** T. 96. (255.)

THE Lord descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;  
O God of mercy, grace and love,  
If all the world in thee may live,  
In me a quick'ning spirit be,  
And witness thou hast died for me.

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
By all thy pain and agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and  
shame,

Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy meritorious death, I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 I'll be like Magd'len at thy feet,  
And humbly bathe them with my  
tears;

The hist'ry of thy love repeat  
In ev'ry mourning sinner's ears;  
That all may hear the joyful  
sound,

That I, ev'n I, have mercy found.

**293.\*** T. 14. (256.)

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,  
My comfort's all in thee,  
Since I'm assur'd thy mercy's nigh,  
And that thou stand'st by me.

2 Me, nor the saints on earth can help,  
Nor angels near thy throne;  
To thee I run, thy help to find,  
In thee I trust alone.

3 I feel the load of sin so vast,  
It sinks me to the grave:  
But let thy blood wash out my sins,  
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4 Cloth'd in thy righteousness  
divine,  
O may I see thy face,  
Receive the promise from above,  
That I'm restor'd by grace.

5 On me, thy helpless worm, O  
Lord,  
A living faith bestow;  
That I thy mercy, truth and love,  
May by experience know.

**294.** T. 205. (257.)

LONG I strove my God to love,  
Long I strove his laws to keep,  
Fain would fix my thoughts above,  
Faintly hop'd I was his sheep;  
But my striving all prov'd vain,  
Still I found my heart in pain;  
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,  
Till declar'd accurs'd by law.

2 When with sense of guilt oppress'd,  
All my soul was sunk in fear,  
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast:  
Then did Jesus Christ appear,

Not with vengeance in his eyes,  
No, but as a sacrifice  
Acceptable unto God;  
Glorious off'ring, precious blood!

3 He was offer'd on the tree,  
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb:  
Worthy truth, great mystery!  
By his blood salvation came,  
By his stripes my wounds are  
heal'd,  
By his death, God's love reveal'd;  
We, once strangers far from God,  
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

**295.** T. 581. (258.)

SAVIOUR of thy chosen race,  
View me from thy heav'nly throne;  
Give the sweet relenting grace,  
Soften thou this heart of stone;  
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,  
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit me reprove,  
All my inmost sins reveal;  
Sins against thy light and love  
Let me see, and let me feel;  
Sins, that crucified my God,  
Sins, for which he shed his blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,  
Make me restless to return;  
Bid me look on thee and weep,  
Bitterly as Peter mourn;  
Till I can, by grace restor'd,  
Say: thou know'st I love thee, Lord.

4 Might I in thy sight appear,  
As the publican, distrest;  
Stand, not daring to draw near,  
Smite on my unworthy breast;  
Utter the poor sinner's plea,  
God, be merciful to me!

5 Ah, remember me for good,  
Passing through this mortal vale!  
Show me thy atoning blood,  
When my strength and courage  
fail;  
Let me oft in spirit see  
Jesus, crucified for me!

**296.** T. 582. (259.)

AH! whither should I go,  
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?  
My Saviour bids me come,  
Ah, why should I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stray.

2 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part?  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?  
Some cursed thing unknown  
Must surely lurk within,  
Some idol which I will not own,  
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,  
Which I have fear'd to see:  
Yea, let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from thee.  
Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying pow'r display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe; in thee  
Compassion reigns alone:  
According to my faith, to me  
O let it, Lord, be done!  
In me is all the bar,  
Which thou wouldst fain remove:  
Remove it, then shall I declare,  
That thou, O God, art love!

**297.** T. 582. (260.)

O LORD, how vile am I,  
Unholy and unclean!  
How can I venture to draw nigh  
With such a load of sin?  
And must I then indeed  
Sink in despair and die? [bleed  
Fain would I hope that thou didst  
For such a wretch as I.

2 That blood which thou hast spilt,  
That grace which is thine own,  
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,  
And soften hearts of stone.  
Low at thy feet I bow,  
O pity and forgive:  
Here will I lie, and wait till thou  
Shalt bid me rise and live.

**298.** T. 14. (261.)

THE mist before my eyes remov'd,  
With wonder struck I see,  
Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous  
crimes,  
By which I've grieved thee.

2 These were the unrelenting foes,  
Which made thee groan and cry;  
Caus'd thee to shed thy precious  
blood,

And bow thine head, and die.

3 Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen  
heart,

And caus'd my tears to flow;

I now abhor that monster Sin,  
And find he is my foe.

4 I trust my guilt was done away

By my incarnate God,

Who felt, t' atone for man's of-  
fence,

The sin-avenging rod.

**299.** T. 11. (262.)

HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints;  
Known to thee are all my wants;  
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,  
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to thee, whose eyes are  
I thy love and pity claim: [flame,  
With an eye of love look down,  
Help me, Lord, O help me soon.

3 Break, O break this heart of stone;  
Form it for thy use alone;  
Bid each vanity depart,  
Build thy temple in my heart.

4 This be my support in need,  
That thou didst so freely bleed:  
All my joys and hopes arise  
From thy bleeding sacrifice.

5 This confirms me when I'm weak,  
Comforts me when I am sick,  
Gives me courage when I faint,  
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

6 Saviour, to my heart be near,  
Exercise thy Shepherd-care;  
Guard my weakness by thy grace,  
Fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

**300.\*** T. 205. (263.)

OH, how great, how rich, how free,  
Is the grace which Christ be-  
stows!

Only cast your misery

At the foot of Jesus' cross;

Weeping at the throne of grace

Lie, and never quit the place,

Never till your suit's obtain'd,

Never till the blessing's gain'd.

**301.** T. 16. (264.)

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,  
Can to us afford relief;

Nothing else from guilt release us,  
Nothing else assuage our grief.

2 Nothing else can ease our bur-  
den:

Jesus' precious blood alone

Can produce a sense of pardon,

And dissolve a heart of stone.

**302.\*** T. 66. (265.)

BE not dismay'd—in time of need,  
Thy Saviour knows thy irksome  
situation;

His heart is mild,—with pity fill'd,  
Can't see thy grief without com-  
miseration.

2 To Christ draw nigh,—for help  
apply,

He will pour out on thee the oil of  
gladness;

He feels and knows—thy griefs and  
woes,

Will turn to joy and comfort all thy  
sadness.

**303.** T. 151.

O GOD of all compassion,  
Attend thy suppliant's cry;

And grant me thy salvation,

Or I must faint and die:

A sinner, but relenting,

O'erwhelm'd with deepest grief,

Falls at thy feet, repenting,

O grant him quick relief.

2 Blest Jesus, gracious Saviour,  
Great Lord of all above!  
Extend to me thy favor,  
The gift of pard'ning love;  
While strength and spirits languish,  
And feeble hopes decay;  
Save, save my soul from anguish,  
And wash my guilt away.

**304.** T. 79.

OUT of the deep I cried  
To thee, my God, and sighed:  
Hear thou my voice, O Lord!  
Regard my supplication;  
I wait for thy salvation,  
My hope and trust are in thy word.

2 To thee I make confession:  
If thou shouldst mark transgression,  
Ah! who could guiltless stand?  
But mercy interceding,  
My Saviour's ransom pleading  
For me, I'm sav'd by thy command.

**305.\*** T. 36. (266.)

LORD Jesus Christ, if thou wert  
not my Saviour, [in my favor,  
Were not thy blood still pleading  
Where should I, poorest among all  
the needy, Find succor ready?

2 What should I do, a sinner vile  
and wretched, [outstretched?  
Were not thy arms of love to me  
But thou my Refuge art, my Con-  
solation, And whole Salvation.

**306.** T. 36.

WITH deeply humbled hearts we  
make confessions,  
Lord, of our sins and manifold  
transgressions;

But thou art merciful, and grace  
unmeasur'd  
In thee is treasur'd.

2 Before thy cross we bow with self-  
conviction, [diction;  
Bewail our sins, implore thy bene-  
O grant forgiveness and a confir-  
mation Of our Salvation.

XV. *Faith.*

**307.\*** T. 167. (1038.)

ERE we know our lost condition,  
Ere we feel our inbred wo,  
And exclaim with deep contrition,  
'To be sav'd, what must I do?'  
Nought can yield true consolation,  
Vain is all our righteousness:  
Faith alone in Christ's oblation  
Gives the conscience rest and peace.

2 Living faith, with clearest vision,  
Sees the Lamb upon the throne,  
And in him a full provision,  
Righteousness and peace, our own:  
Then our days are mark'd with  
blessing,  
Then our hearts with rapture  
glow;  
Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,  
From the wounds of Jesus flow.

**308.** T. 167. (1039.)

AS the serpent, rais'd by Moses,  
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,  
Jesus thus himself discloses  
To the wounded sinner's sight;  
Hear his gracious invitation:  
'I have life and peace to give;  
I have wrought out full salvation,  
Sinner, look to me and live.'

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,  
For thy precious life and death,  
Melt each stubborn heart before  
thee,  
Give us all the eye of faith;  
From the law's condemning sen-  
tence  
To thy mercy we appeal:  
Thou alone canst give repentance,  
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

**309.\*** T. 121. (1040.)

THE Lamb of God was slain,  
 Salvation to obtain;  
 No sinner need to die:  
 Those only who disdain  
 His grace, in ruin lie,  
 Since they will not flee  
 To the treasury  
 Of his mercy free.

2 His people now confess  
 With joy unto his praise:  
 'Though we by one man fell,  
 By whose unrighteousness  
 We all are sinners still;  
 Yet through the Lamb slain,  
 Through his toil and pain,  
 We true life obtain.'

**310.\*** T. 22. (269.)

IN holy writ it is avow'd,  
 That Christ was Israel's Cov'nant  
 God,  
 The Church's everlasting Head,  
 God of the living and the dead.

2 All things were made by Christ  
 the Word,  
 By Christ was man to life restor'd;  
 The Prophets, strong in faith and  
 bold,

His coming in the flesh foretold.

3 No wonder therefore that we read,  
 Abra'm to see his day was glad;  
 Isaiah too his glory saw,  
 And spoke of him with joy and awe.

4 'Tis sure that by his bitter pain,  
 He for mankind did life obtain,  
 Did for his church on earth atone,  
 And for the ransom'd round the  
 throne.

5 We love the Lamb of God who  
 died:  
 Whoever seeketh aught beside,  
 Belongs not to our company;  
 Christ is our All eternally.

6 Our theme within the church  
 shall be [agony!  
 Christ's wounds, his griefs and  
 Our theme when to the world we  
 call,  
 His blood, the ransom paid for all.

**311.** T. 22. (270.)

FAITH comes by hearing God's  
 record

Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;  
 The happy means, which heav'n  
 hath blest

To bring us to the gospel-rest.

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,  
 Redemption of a fallen race,  
 Thro' Jesus' righteousness divine,  
 Which bright from faith to faith  
 doth shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss  
 We have in Christ our Righteous-  
 ness;

By death our righteousness he  
 bought, [not.

Faith pleads that right, but buys it

4 True faith receives the offer'd good,  
 And promise seal'd with Jesus'  
 blood;

Faith gives no title to the bliss,  
 But takes the Saviour's righteous-  
 ness.

5 In the Redeemer, as my Head,  
 The cov'nant is established:  
 In him the promises are yea,  
 In him Amen, and not in me.

**312.** T. 106. (272.)

FROM life and grace, (this we are  
 bold

Before an erring world t' assert,)  
 Nothing one moment doth withhold  
 A man, but his unwilling heart:

In our dear Lord there's no delay,  
 Fix'd is his will, and plain his way.

2 Should any one of serious frame,  
 That long hath seem'd to seek  
 his face,

His tedious tasks and trials name  
 Preparatory steps of grace;  
 We say, 'No, Christ requires them  
 not, [wrought.'

And this fine web a false heart

3 Should any think he's so hemm'd  
 With sin, as to be past relief, [in  
 Alas! he knows not, that the sin,  
 Which binds his soul, is unbelief:

If to the cross we lift our eye,  
 Then sin and Satan soon must fly.

4 Ready our Saviour is indeed,  
His glorious work in all to do;  
To ev'ry one it must be said,  
'Thou hadst been happy long ago,  
Hadst thou in faith cast all thy care  
On Jesus Christ, who heareth pray'r.'

**313.** T. 14. (277.)

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of  
heav'n,

And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the  
heart,  
'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and  
By a celestial pow'r; [hell,  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

5 True faith obeys its Author's will,  
As well as trusts his grace;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us  
free,  
He makes our nature clean;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies the heart,  
And seals our peace with God;  
True holiness nought can impart  
But Jesus' cleansing blood.

**314.\*** T. 37. (278.)

THOUGH ev'ry child of God  
Is a new creature,  
Yet do we feel the load  
Of sinful nature;  
Which, if by faith we cleave  
To Christ our Saviour,  
Can, though it cause us grief,  
Condemn us never.

2 He's merciful and kind  
Past all expression;  
If we are but inclin'd  
To make confession  
Of all our sinfulness,  
His great compassion  
Prompts him to grant us peace  
And consolation.

3 He grants us, for our tears,  
His oil of gladness;  
Delivers, heals and cheers,  
Dispels our sadness:  
Yea, though our bodies die,  
His resurrection  
Proves, they shall certainly  
Rise to perfection.

4 My portion is the Lord,  
I seek his favor;  
And in his name and word  
Confide for ever.

Nought in the world to me  
Can yield such pleasure,  
As to be found in thee,  
O Christ, my Treasure!

5 Therefore I'll humbly cleave  
To my Creator,  
Who, that my soul might live,  
Assum'd my nature;  
Redeem'd me by his blood,  
And bitter passion;  
Thanks to the Lamb of God  
For my salvation!

**315.\*** T. 106. (268.)

NOW I have found the ground  
wherein [main;  
Sure my soul's anchor may re-  
Ev'n Christ, who to atone for sin,  
Was as a spotless victim slain;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay  
When heav'n and earth are fled  
away.

2 O Lord, thy everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasseth far:  
Thou show'st paternal tenderness,  
Thy arms of love still open are,  
Thy heart o'er sinners yearns with  
love,  
Whether thy grace they slight or  
prove.

3 God in man's death takes no delight;

Each soul may grace and life obtain

In him, who left his glory bright,  
Took flesh, and died, and rose again:

And now he knocks times numberless

At our hearts' door, and offers grace.

4 O Love! thou bottomless abyss!

My sins are swallow'd up in thee;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,

From condemnation now I'm free;  
Since Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,

'Mercy, free, boundless mercy!' cries.

5 By faith I plunge into this sea,

Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
Hither, when sin assails, I flee,

And lean by faith on Jesus' breast:  
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear—

'Mercy' is all that's written there.

6 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,

Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,

Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,  
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;

Stedfast on this my soul relies,  
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.

7 Fix'd on this ground may I remain,

Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;

This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away:

Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,

Lov'd with an everlasting love!

**316.** T. 14. (271.)

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!

Thou Author of our faith,  
The Finisher of all our hopes,  
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2 Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM!

In whom we live and move;  
Increase our little spark of faith,  
And fill our hearts with love.

3 O let that faith which thou hast taught,

Be treasur'd in our breast;  
The evidence of unseen joys,  
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,

From grace to greater grace;  
From each degree of faith to more,  
Till we behold thy face.

**317.** T. 22. (273.)

BY various maxims, forms and rules,

That pass for wisdom in the schools,  
I strove my passion to restrain;  
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since my Saviour I have known,

My rules are all reduc'd to one;  
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view,  
This strength supplies, and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,  
Patient, amidst reproach and strife;  
And from his pattern courage take,  
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,  
And by the sight from guilt am freed;

This sight destroys the life of sin,  
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,  
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;  
Satan I shame and overcome,  
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,  
I see him make my cause his own;  
Then all my anxious cares subside,  
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

7 I see him look with pity down,  
And hold in view the conqu'ror's  
crown;  
If press'd with griefs and cares be-  
fore,

My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8 By faith I see the hour at hand,  
When in his presence I shall stand;  
Then it will be my endless bliss,  
To see him where, and as he is.

**318.\*** T. 22. (1041.)

WHEN shall I gain the glorious  
dress,

Prepar'd to clothe my nakedness?  
I need it, Lord; without that vest  
I cannot be a wedding guest.

2 When thus I cried in deep dis-  
tress,

Christ cloth'd me with his right-  
eousness;

And now, thank God, the work is  
done,

I put my Lord and Saviour on.

3 When Christ our life shall once  
appear,

It will be manifest and clear,  
That his atoning blood from sin  
Hath wash'd and kept our gar-  
ments clean.

**319.\*** T. 11. (274.)

LAMB of God, who thee receive,  
Who in thee desire to live,  
Cry by day and night to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O fix our wav'ring mind,  
To thy cross us firmly bind:  
Gladly now we would be clean;  
Cleanser our hearts from ev'ry sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of guilt and misery;  
Thine we are, thou Son of God,  
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in thee believe,  
Everlasting life receive;  
They with joy behold thy face,  
Triumph in thy pard'ning grace.

K

5 Life deriving from thy death,  
They proceed from faith to faith,  
Walk the new, the living way,  
Leading to eternal day.

6 Blest are they who follow thee,  
While this light of life they see;  
Filled with thy sacred love  
They thy quick'ning power prove.

7 Praise on earth to thee be giv'n,  
Never-ceasing praise in heav'n;  
Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine!

**320.** T. 14. (275.)

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,  
Waiting to feel thy touch;

Deep-wounded souls to thee re-  
pair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust thy word;  
But wilt thou pity us the less?  
Be that far from thee, Lord!

3 Remember him who once ap-  
plied  
With trembling, for relief;  
'Lord, I believe,' with tears he  
cried,  
'O help my unbelief.'

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the  
press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered, 'Daughter, go in  
peace,  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

5 Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring  
throng,  
She would have shunn'd thine  
eyes;  
And if her faith was firm and  
strong,  
Strong were her doubts likewise.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears  
we come,  
To touch thee if we may;  
Oh! send us not despairing home,  
Send none unheal'd away.

**321.\* T. 184. (276.)**

O JESUS, 'fore whose radiation  
The seraphim must cover'd stand,  
When, in their awful ministration,  
They wait for thy supreme command:

How can this body's eyes, dim-sighted,  
Which by sin's gloomy misery  
And earthly shadows are benighted,  
Endure thy glorious light to see!

2 Yet let by faith my penetration  
Reach ev'n within the sanctuary;  
Thy mercy be my consolation,  
May this uphold and strengthen me.

Reach unto me thy sceptre gracious,  
Who low, like Esther, 'fore thee bow,

Say, 'I will be to thee propitious,  
And loving kindness to thee show.'

3 O Jesus, show thy great compassion

Unto the soul that pants for thee;  
Hear thou my humble supplication,  
My God, be merciful to me!

I know thou art with pity filled  
To sinners who thy mercy crave;  
My pardon by thy blood is sealed,  
I know 'twas shed my soul to save.

4 I recommend myself for ever  
To thee, with filial confidence;

I pray, O Lord, regard in favor  
My tears and humble penitence;

I through thy death am justified,  
No condemnation is in me;

I shall remain to thee allied,  
Since I am reconcil'd to thee.

5 O let thy spirit still attend me,  
Nor from my soul withdraw his light,

Protect, and graciously defend me,  
And order all my steps aright;

That I may, without variation,  
By humbly walking in thy ways,  
Suit to thy will my conversation,  
While here I run my mortal race.

6 Jesus, above all else I'll love thee,

My heart, though worthless, be thine own:

Could infinite compassion move thee

To leave for me thy heav'nly throne?

Then let my heart be dedicated  
To thee; fix there thy residence

Till I shall be to heav'n translated,  
In joy to see thy countenance.

7 Lord, while my faith to thee ascendeth,

O may thy grace descend to me;  
Thou art my joy which never endeth,

O fill my heart with love to thee.  
I will adore and love thee longer,

Than while my heart its throbs repeats;

The flame of love shall break forth stronger,

When here my pulse no longer beats.

**322.\* T. 123. (253.)**

THE language of true faith  
Is this: 'Lord, my Redeemer,

O by thy blood and death,  
Be thou my help and shield;

To thee myself I yield;  
I'm thine, and thine will be

To all eternity.'

2 'Do what thou wilt with me;  
If I am but prepared

A vessel fit for thee,  
To live unto thy praise,

Cloth'd in thy righteousness;  
By grace thus sanctified

I shall in thee abide.'

**323. T. 14. (1043.)**

THOU Friend of sinners, hear my cry,

And grant me my request,  
May I in thy atonement find

My everlasting rest.

2 May I no more resist thy love,  
No more thy Spirit grieve,

But as a little child become,  
And simply thee believe.

3 Faith is thy gift, thou Lamb once slain,

Gain'd by thy death for me,  
Therefore the privilege I claim,  
A child of God to be.

4 Impress this truth upon my breast,

That thou for me hast died,  
That I on thee with confidence  
For ever may abide.

**324.** T. 96. (1044.)

I TO my God am reconcil'd,  
With joy his pard'ning voice I hear,

He owns me his adopted child,  
His love forbids all anxious fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Abba! Abba Father! cry.

**325.\*** T. 184. (279.)

WHEN rising winds, and rain descending,

A near approaching storm declare,

With trembling speed their wings extending,

The birds to hollow trees repair;  
Thus I, in faith, with sin oppress'd,

My refuge take, O Christ, to thee;  
Thy wounds, my hiding-place most blessed,

From ev'ry evil shelter me.

## XVI. *The Forgiveness of Sins.*

**326.\*** T. 97. (280.)

JESUS, our glorious Head and Chief,

Dear Object of our hearts' belief,  
O let us in thy nail-prints see  
Our pardon and election free;  
And, while we view by faith thy  
pierced side,

Call thee our Lord and God, who  
for us died.

2 The doctrine of Christ's blood  
and death,

Imparting life to us through faith,  
A myst'ry is, which is reveal'd  
To babes, but from the wise conceal'd;

Thereby the Saviour's flock on earth  
is known;

Of this the ransom'd sing before  
God's throne.

3 While human nature doth exist,  
While Jesus reigns as Lord and  
Christ,

So long of the whole gospel this  
From first to last the substance is;  
All, to whom God his counsel doth  
reveal,

To this as truth divine can set their  
seal.

4 Should any virtuous seem to be,  
And blameless from his infancy,  
And scarcely ever have been tried  
By avarice, by lust, or pride,  
And therefore think, 'I am a child  
of God,'

He's deaf and blind, and quite mis-  
takes the road.

5 All those who, through a beam of  
light,

Can see and own they are not right,  
But enter on a legal strife,

To mend their former course of life,  
And toil and labour hard from day  
to day;

Such also miss to happiness the way.

6 But sinners, who, with pungent  
smart,

Bewail the vileness of their heart,  
Mourning because of unbelief,

Of sinners deem themselves the  
chief,

Despairing of their self-made right-  
eousness,

They may depend on Jesus' saving  
grace.

7 To such he saith, 'Arise and live,  
I freely all thy sins forgive,  
I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine,  
Thyself in faith to me resign;

Obey my voice, and walk in all my  
ways,

I'll grant to thee in heav'nly realms  
a place.'

8 His Holy Spirit we receive,  
And on our Saviour's word believe;  
We trust in his atoning death,  
As the foundation of our faith,  
And in his robe of righteousness ar-  
ray'd,  
Are 'midst his chosen richly com-  
forted.

9 The humble sinner's shame we  
feel,  
And pow'r divine to do God's will,  
These are combin'd in ev'ry heart  
That in Christ's merits hath a part;  
No more, for want of strength, good  
motions die,  
Since Jesus gives us constant vic-  
tory.

10 We rest in Christ, and yet desire,  
Because his love our hearts doth  
fire,  
To serve his cause with all our  
might,  
And deem our Saviour's burden  
light;  
Don't we succeed, we think our-  
selves to blame,  
And if we do, we praise his holy  
name.

11 Should self-complacency take  
place,  
When we review our faithfulness,  
We're soon with inward shame  
bow'd down,  
Forget ourselves, and freely own,  
That Jesus works in us whate'er is  
good,  
And thank him for the pow'r he  
hath bestow'd.

12 Grace is the only wish and pray'r  
Of all those who God's children are;  
They meditate by night and day,  
How they may true obedience pay  
To Jesus, who redeem'd us by his  
death;  
And grace unmerited supports their  
faith.

327.\* T. 22. (281.)

THE Saviour's blood and right-  
eousness

My beauty is, my glorious dress;  
Thus well array'd, I need not fear,  
When in his presence I appear.

2 The holy, spotless Lamb of God,  
Who freely gave his life and blood,  
For all my num'rous sins t' atone,  
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3 In him I trust for evermore,  
He hath expung'd the dreadful  
score  
Of all my guilt; this done away,  
I need not fear the judgment day.

4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and  
death  
Are here the substance of my faith;  
And shall remain, when called  
hence,  
My only hope and confidence.

5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,  
Serve my kind Lord with zeal and  
love,  
And spend my life for him I serve,  
Nor e'er from his commandments  
swerve;

6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,  
Then shall I have this only plea:  
'Here is a sinner, who would fain  
Through the Lamb's ransom en-  
trance gain.'

7 Thus Abraham was sav'd by  
grace,  
Believing in Christ's righteous-  
ness;  
And all the ransom'd saints in light  
In this blest song of praise unite:

8 'All glory, pow'r, and might  
pertain  
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain;  
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,  
And made us Kings and Priests to  
God.'

9 While here on earth I still re-  
main,  
This doctrine firmly I'll maintain;  
And both in word and deed proclaim  
The pow'r of Jesus' saving name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee!  
That thou didst deign a man to be,  
And for each soul which thou hast made  
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord!  
God's only Son, eternal Word!  
Let all the world thy mercy see,  
And bless those who believe in thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds and death,  
I will confess while I have breath,  
Till I shall see thee face to face,  
Arrayed with thy righteousness.

**328.\*** T. 590. (282.)

GRACE! grace! O that's a welcome sound!

A joyful sound to all,  
Who clearly see, and deeply feel  
The mis'ry of the fall:  
Who rightly know the wretched state

Of sinners void of grace,  
Ere Christ selects them to enjoy  
In heav'nly realms a place.

2 Grace! how exceeding great to those

Who, ready to despair,  
Asham'd confess, and truly know  
How vile and weak they are!  
Yet grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,

'Directly come, who will,  
Just as you are, for Christ receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.'

3 All we, who now are his, were first

Deeply convinc'd of sin;  
Each felt the plague of his own heart,  
The leprosy within:

Then life and righteousness divine,  
Through faith, to us were giv'n;  
Thus we a happy people are,  
Joint-heirs with Christ of heav'n.

K 2

4 Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray,  
That in thy service we  
May active, true, and faithful prove,  
Deriving strength from thee:  
O may we still in thee abide,  
For babes we are most weak,  
Poor sinners still, who without thee  
Can nought think, act, or speak.

5 We thirst, O Lord! give us this day  
To taste more of thy grace,  
More of that stream which from the rock

Flow'd through the wilderness.  
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us inly poor;  
And Oh! that nothing but thy grace  
May rule us evermore!

**329.\*** T. 583. (283.)

O WHAT a depth of love and boundless grace

The gospel-light to sinful men displays,

When Christ himself to us doth manifest,

And we in him find comfort, peace and rest!

2 When on the soul this blessed truth's impress'd,

That through Christ's death we may find grace and rest;

Oh, how doth this refresh the fainting heart,

And bid all anxious doubts and fears depart.

3 For such poor sinners, who of nought can boast,

Who think themselves irreparably lost,

Who groan beneath sin's heavy galling load,

The Lamb of God hath shed his precious blood.

4 Virtue goes forth from him, he gives us grace

With confidence his Father to address,

And then we boldly may to all declare,

That we, through faith in Christ,  
God's children are,

**330.\* T. 16. (284.)**

WHEN a sinner in affliction  
Mourneth on account of sin,  
Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,  
But no pow'r of faith within;  
2 While a flood of tears is gush-  
ing,  
'Where shall I find Jesus,  
where?'

While the troubled soul is wish-  
ing,  
'O that he my Saviour were!'

3 In a moment stands before us  
Jesus with his pierced side;  
Now we find, that he's desirous  
Us from wrath to screen and  
hide.

4 Thus, the soul at once obtaineth  
Pardon from the sinner's Friend;  
To true happiness attaineth,  
And to life which hath no end.

**331.\* T. 14. (285.)**

WHAT joy or honor could we have,  
Polluted as we are,  
If not the holy Lamb of God  
Our joy and honor were!

2 Of nothing we have ever done  
To boast could we desire,  
When he to judge us shall appear,  
Whose eyes are flames of fire.

3 None is so holy, pure and just,  
So perfected in love,  
That his best plea, or self-defence,  
Of any weight could prove.

4 Nor is there any other way  
Into the holy place,  
But Christ, who took away our sins,  
His blood and righteousness.

5 We know the righteousness com-  
plete,  
Which he procur'd for all;  
We know the kind reception giv'n  
To the poor prodigal.

6 We know the Shepherd's love,  
who left  
The ninety-nine behind,  
And through the desert anxious  
went,  
The hundredth sheep to find.

7 To him poor sinners may appeal  
With all their misery;  
The angels joy to see them come,  
Christ calleth, 'Come to me.'

**332.\* T. 14. (286.)**

HAPPY the souls who contrite are,  
Them Jesus doth invite,  
And gives to everlasting bliss  
A never-failing right.

2 Though comforted, they still dis-  
trust  
Their own untoward heart;  
And wonder, that the Lord to them  
Such mercy could impart.

3 To world and sin they bid adieu,  
His pardon daily prove,  
Desiring larger draughts to drink  
Of Jesus' dying love.

4 When thus the blessings of his  
blood  
And merits we enjoy,  
Yea, from the fullness of his grace  
Take daily fresh supply;

5 Then we with pity look on those  
Who still in darkness are,  
Inviting them to turn to Christ,  
And in his mercy share.

6 For we, through grace, are taught  
to think,  
Each sinner that we see  
May pardon, through Christ's pre-  
cious blood,  
Obtain, as well as we:

7 Since Jesus' pardon, love and  
grace,  
Produce an humble shame,  
And us excite with thankfulness  
His goodness to proclaim.

**333. T. 14. (287.)**

WITH glorious clouds encom-  
pass'd round,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
Will the Unsearchable be found,  
Will God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,  
Himself to worms impart?  
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,  
And speak it to my heart!

3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design;  
What meant the suff'ring Son of  
man?  
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh ap-  
pear,  
And live and die below,  
That I might now perceive thee  
near,  
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul re-  
veal  
The heights and depths of grace,  
The wounds, which all my sorrows  
heal,  
That dear disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith, confest  
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;  
Array me in salvation's vest,  
Declare to me thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,  
A Saviour crucified:  
And then the pard'ning God I  
know,  
And feel his blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,  
Whom angels dimly see:  
And gaze, transported at the sight,  
To all eternity.

### 334. T. 90. (288.)

O CAN it be that I should gain  
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caus'd his  
pain?  
For me, to make my peace with  
God?

Amazing love! how can it be,  
That Jesus deign'd to die for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all; my Maker dies!  
Who can explore his vast design?  
In vain the highest seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love  
divine;  
When this became my only plea,  
He freely pardon'd sinful me.

3 He left his Father's throne above,  
So free, so infinite his grace!  
Impell'd by everlasting love,  
He bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
I know that Jesus saved me.

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's  
night;  
His eyes diffus'd a quick'ning ray,  
I 'woke, the dungeon flam'd with  
light,  
My chains fell off immediately,  
I rose, went forth, my heart was  
free.

5 No condemnation now I dread,  
Jesus, and all in him, is mine:  
Alive in him my living Head,  
And cloth'd in righteousness di-  
vine,  
Now humbly I approach the throne,  
And claim the crown thro' Christ  
my own.

### 335. T. 14. (289.)

IN evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge me with his  
death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd  
the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be  
hid?  
For I the Lord have slain!

- 6 A second look he gave, which  
said,  
'I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die, that thou mayst live.'
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
(Such is the mystery of grace)  
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful  
joy,  
My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

**336.** T. 582. (290.)

- NOT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience  
peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 Christ, the true Paschal Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay the hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 Lord, I look back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the shameful tree;  
And know my guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice!  
Our curse he did remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful  
voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

**337.** T. 151. (291.)

- HOW lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole!  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul!  
Near unto death he found me,  
And snatch'd me from the grave;  
To tell to all around me  
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

- 2 A dying, risen, Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death:  
Come then to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give,  
He makes no hard condition,  
'Tis only—look and live.

**338.** T. 96. (292.)

- O THOU, who pardon canst impart,  
Thy pard'ning grace I wish to  
feel;  
Give life unto my lifeless heart,  
And my diseases kindly heal:  
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble moan,  
And me as thine in mercy own.
- 2 Vain are all other helps beside,  
Relief from thee alone can flow;  
Other physicians have I tried,  
Yet only worse and worse I grow;  
Give me by faith on thee to lean  
And say unto me: 'Be thou clean.'

**339.** T. 151. (293.)

- MY Lord, how great the favor,  
That I, a sinner poor,  
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savor,  
Approach thy mercy-door!  
And find an open passage  
Unto the throne of grace,  
Then wait the welcome message,  
That bids me go in peace.
- 2 In my forlorn condition,  
Who else could give me aid?  
Where could I meet compassion,  
But in the church's Head!  
In mercy, O receive me,  
Thou God, who hearest pray'r!  
From ev'ry evil save me,  
Dispel each needless fear.
- 3 I'll never cease repeating  
My numberless complaints,  
But ever be entreating  
Thee, glorious King of saints,  
To form me in thine image,  
And fill my soul with love,  
Till I to thee my homage  
Pay with the saints above.

**340.** T. 22. (294.)

THE one thing needful, that good  
part,  
Which Mary chose with all her  
heart,  
I would pursue with heart and  
mind,  
And seek unwearied till I find.

2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,  
That goodly pearl of so great price;  
No other way but Christ there is  
To endless happiness and bliss.

3 But Oh, I'm blind and ignorant,  
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,  
To guide me in the narrow road  
That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,  
That I may understand aright  
The glorious gospel-mystery,  
Which shows the way to heav'n  
and thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,  
Who hast redeem'd me with thy  
blood,  
By faith unite my heart to thee,  
That we may never parted be.

**341.\*** T. 58. (295.)

THE more forgiveness thou dost  
deign t' afford,  
The more thou art below'd, most  
gracious Lord:

We are all great sinners, before  
thee, Saviour,  
O therefore grant to us the grace  
and favor To love thee much.

2 How merciful art thou, O God  
of love!

How doth each needy soul thy  
comforts prove!

Who to thee can render due com-  
pensation?

In heav'n and earth thy mercy and  
compassion Unequall'd are!

**342.** T. 14. (296.)

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake  
forgive,

It cannot be for mine;

My pow'r, the pardon to receive,  
My faith, is all divine:

2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,  
Thy mercy I embrace,

And gladly own from first to last,  
That I am sav'd by grace.

**XVII.** *The Surrender of the Heart to Jesus.***343.** T. 582. (297.)

UNTO the Lamb of God,  
Who, to retrieve my loss,  
Became a man and died for me  
Upon th' accursed cross;  
Unto the Prince of Life,  
Who felt such racking pain,  
While he the vengeance due to me  
Did willingly sustain:

2 To him I wholly give  
Myself this day anew,  
As his reward so dearly gain'd,  
His spoil and purchase due;

That with me he may do  
What's pleasing in his sight,  
And from me take whate'er him  
grieves,  
Whate'er he sees not right.

3 How very weak I am,  
My Saviour well can see,  
And how exceeding short I fall  
Of what I ought to be:  
Compassionate High-Priest,  
To thee I must appeal;  
My numberless infirmities  
O kindly haste to heal!

4 In thy most precious blood,  
Which from thy open'd veins,  
To heal my soul in plenty flow'd,  
I pray wash out my stains:  
It is thy daily care,  
Thy helpless sheep to feed;  
To purify their spotted souls,  
And gently them to lead.

5 Redeemer of my soul!  
Whene'er thereon I think,  
How thy compassion, love and  
grace,

From sin and hell's dark brink  
Have sav'd and rescu'd me,  
And how thy cleansing blood,  
Applied unto my heart by faith,  
Hath brought me nigh to God:

6 I in the dust adore,  
Amaz'd at grace so free,  
Bestow'd on such a wretched worm,  
And ask, 'How can it be,  
That sinners, base and vile,  
Should be so greatly lov'd,  
Who cost thee so much pain and  
grief,  
And so ungrateful prov'd?'

7 Me thy all-seeing eye  
Hath kept with watchful care;  
Thy great compassion never fail'd,  
Thou heard'st my needy pray'r;  
This makes me firmly trust  
That thou wilt guide me still,  
And guard me safe throughout the  
way  
That leads to ZION's hill.

8 Dear Saviour, I resign  
My worthless heart to thee;  
And, whether cheerful or distress'd,  
Thine, thine alone I'll be:  
My only aim is this,  
(O may I it fulfill!)  
Thee to exalt with all my strength,  
And do thy holy will.

344.\* T. 22. (298.)

O GOD of mercy, grace and love!  
Thy yearning bowels did thee move,  
To call me from death's gloomy  
night  
Into thy own amazing light.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,  
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,  
The carnal mind still bore the sway,  
And hurried me a slave away.

3 It caus'd thee pain, O Son of  
God,  
To see the purchase of thy blood  
So deeply sunk in misery,  
And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4 Thou drewest me with cords of  
love, [prove;  
Till thou at last didst conqu'ror  
Till sin's strong pow'r thou hadst  
supprest,  
And till my weary soul had rest.

5 Now thro' thy wounds my soul  
hath found [ground;  
Peace, righteousness and solid  
I've now obtained, thro' thy grace,  
Among thy ransom'd flock a place.

6 I thee adore, my gracious King,  
And joyful Hallelujahs sing,  
My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow,  
For all the mercies thou dost show.

7 Faithful to thee I now engage  
To be throughout my pilgrimage;  
Accept my life and soul, my King,  
Pledg'd to thy service these I bring.

8 Nature's reluctance over-rule,  
The worldly, carnal mind control,  
O may I always have in view  
Not mine, but thy blest will to do.

9 Thus by thy pow'r I here shall be  
Prepared for eternity, [love,  
Walk with my God, him serve and  
Till I shall live with him above.

345.\* T. 168. (299.)

O! AT last I've found my Saviour,  
Who laid down his life for me:  
He (O undeserved favor!)  
Own'd me as his property:  
Conscious of my imperfection,  
I'll rely on his direction:  
I will nothing know beside  
Jesus and him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction  
In this poor world's vanity;  
Meanwhile shall my heart's affection

On my Saviour fixed be,  
On his meritorious suff'ring,  
And sin-expiating off'ring:  
To the world I bid adieu,  
Christ alone I have in view.

3 Jesus cur'd my soul's infection  
By his soul's dire agony:  
From his death and resurrection  
Life and pow'r redound to me;

By the virtue of his merit  
I shall heav'nly joys inherit,  
And ev'n here a foretaste have  
Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation;  
When I'm weak he strengthens  
me,

Sweetens all my tribulation,  
And supports me constantly:  
His atoning death and passion  
Are the cause of my salvation;  
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart  
From my sight and from my heart.

5 O! I'm lost in deepest wonder,  
To think he shall soon appear  
To receive me gladly yonder,  
And wipe off my ev'ry tear:

Then my grateful songs and praises  
Shall resound in heav'nly places;  
Here by faith to him I'll cleave,  
Jesus will I never leave.

**346.\*** T. 22. (300.)

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of  
God!

Cleanse us in thy atoning blood!  
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,  
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let  
them be

For ever clos'd to all but thee!  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and  
death, [breathe,  
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit  
Until we strength from thee derive,  
And in communion with thee live.

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty  
thought, [wrought;  
To know the wonders thou hast  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to  
tell

Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren thou!  
To thee both earth and heav'n  
must bow;

Help us to thee our all to give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we  
live!

**347.** T. 580. (301.)

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, me in-  
cline,

When I was lost and dead in sin,  
To hear thy quick'ning voice?

Have I obtained in thy blood  
Redemption, and found peace with  
God?

And do I in thy name rejoice?

2 O yes, I feel I am forgiv'n,  
A foretaste I enjoy of heav'n,  
Thy Spirit witness bears;  
By faith thy righteousness is mine,  
I'm well-assur'd that I am thine,  
My soul no condemnation fears.

3 Yet 'fore thee, Jesus, I must own,  
I have not this salvation known  
By tracing legal ways;  
Lo! 'twas thy pow'r rais'd me from  
sin,

Thou didst the saving work begin;  
Thine be the glory, thine the  
praise.

4 May I be faithful to thy call,  
Surrender unto thee my all,  
Myself to thee resign;  
When dangers threaten me around,  
Invincible may I be found,  
And never from thy will decline.

5 Me with thy gladd'ning oil  
anoint;  
The destin'd path thou dost appoint  
Gladly I then shall tread;  
Bedew me with a genial show'r,  
Into my heart thy influence pour,  
And me with heav'nly manna  
feed.

**348.\*** T. 106. (302.)

O GOD! whose love (immense in height,  
In depth unfathom'd) no man knows;

Grant unto me thy saving light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose:

My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy gracious call invites me still,  
How light thy burden is to prove;  
Yet I'm unsteady; though my will  
Be fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;

Great hindrances obstruct the way,  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Mere mercy 'tis, that thou hast brought

My soul to seek its peace in thee;  
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
At rest my wand'ring mind can't be;

Oh, when shall all my wand'rings end,

And all my wishes to thee tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with thee my heart to share?

Ah! tear it thence, and be alone

The spring of ev'ry motion there:  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,

When it hath found repose in thee.

**349.\*** T. 106. (303.)

TAKE, Lord, all self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live!

My vile affections crucify,

Let not one darling lust survive:  
O may my heart to thee aspire,  
And nought on earth but thee desire.

2 Dear Lord, thy sov'reign aid impart,

To save me from low-thoughted care;

O banish self-will from my heart,  
From all its latent mazes there;  
And grant, that I may never move  
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

3 Each moment draw from earth  
away

My heart, that humbly waits thy call,

Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
'I am thy life, thy God, thy all!'  
Thy love to taste, thy voice to hear,  
Thy pow'r to prove, is all my pray'r.

**350.** T. 90. (304.)

JESUS, thy light again I view,  
Again thy loving-kindness prove,  
And all within me pants anew

T' enjoy thy all-reviving love:  
Again my thoughts to thee aspire,  
Unto thy name is my desire.

2 But O! what off'ring shall I give  
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies!

My soul and body now receive,  
A holy, living sacrifice;

'Tis all I have to offer thee;  
O take me as thy property.

3 O may I never from thee stray,  
Or be again subdu'd by sin;

Guide me, my life, my truth, my way,

Thy blood preserve my garments clean,

O let thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

4 Send down thy likeness from above,

Thine image, Lord, on me impress;

Fill me with wisdom, patience,  
love,

With purity and lowliness:  
These precious gifts on me bestow,  
That I may in thy knowledge grow.

5 O Lord, be thou my shield and light,

Since I am call'd by thy great name;

In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,

Of all my works be thou the aim:

Thy grace attend me all my days,  
My sole employment be thy praise!

**351.\*** T. 376. (305.)

'GIVE me thy heart, my son,' thus  
saith the Lord,  
'Give me thy heart, and listen to  
my word;

Observe my ways,  
Walk in the path of grace;  
In foll'wing my direction  
I'll grant thee my protection.'

2 'Tis only this which Christ of us  
desires;  
He to promote our welfare this re-  
quires;

How blest are they  
Who Jesus' voice obey,  
And give their hearts for ever  
To him our God and Saviour!

**352.\*** T. 376. (306.)

O TAKE my heart, and whatsoe'er  
is mine,

Beloved Jesus, I'll be only thine;  
To thee I'll live,  
And soul and body give;  
My words and whole behaviour  
Be rul'd by thee for ever.

2 But give thyself, my Jesus, unto  
me,  
And dwell within my heart con-  
tinually:

O Lord, remain  
My joy 'midst grief and pain;  
From thee, my soul's beloved,  
May I ne'er be removed!

**353.** T. 14. (307.)

LORD, take my heart just as it is,  
Set up therein thy throne;  
So shall I love thee above all,  
And live to thee alone.

2 I thank thee, that in mercy thou  
Hast waken'd me from death,  
Arous'd me out of sin's deep sleep,  
And call'd to walk in faith.

3 Complete thy work, and crown  
thy grace,  
That I may faithful prove,  
And listen to that small still voice,  
Which whispers only love.

L

4 Which teaches me what is thy  
will,  
And tells me what to do;  
Which fills my heart with shame  
when I  
Do not thy will pursue.

5 This unction may I ever feel,  
This teaching of my Lord,  
And learn obedience to thy voice,  
Thy soft reviving word.

**354.** T. 74. (308.)

O LORD in me fulfil  
Whatever is thy will;  
To thee I now resign  
Myself, and all that's mine;  
Thine, only thine I'll be,  
And live alone to thee.

2 Each day unto my heart  
New life and grace impart;  
For without fresh supply  
I languish, droop and die;  
Continually I've need  
By faith on thee to feed.

**355.\*** T. 155. (309.)

LORD, thou mad'st the universe,  
I, though dust, am yet thy crea-  
ture,

Spoil'd by nature,  
Yet desire to cleave to thee;  
Make thou me,  
Like the clay thine hand can  
fashion,

To a vessel of salvation,  
Fitted for eternity.

2 Jesus, grant to me the grace  
To rely on thy direction,  
And protection:  
And in thee, my only guide,  
To confide,  
Yea, th' unshaken trust to cherish,  
That, though heav'n and earth  
must perish,  
Firm thy word and truth abide.

3 I resign myself to thee,  
With me do whate'er thee pleases,  
Gracious Jesus;

May I have to thee always

Free access:

And in faith and love proceeding,  
On celestial dainties feeding,  
Grow in knowledge and in grace.

4 Banish from me what's not right,  
In thy blood O cleanse me wholly,  
Make me lowly;  
From whate'er displeaseth thee  
Set me free;  
And preserve my soul and senses  
From all hurtful influences;  
Only thine I wish to be.

**356.\*** T. 11. (310.)

GRANT, most gracious Lamb of  
God,  
Who hast bought me with thy  
blood,  
That my soul and body be  
Quite devoted unto thee.

2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry!  
My whole nature sanctify;  
Root out all that is unclean,  
Though it cause me pungent pain.

3 Gracious Lord! I wish alone  
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,  
And to all eternity,  
To remain thy property.

**357.\*** T. 79. (1085.)

LORD, take my sinful, worthless  
heart  
As thine, thy grace to me impart,  
And deep thy seal impress;  
Take me into thy special care,  
Secure my soul from ev'ry snare,  
Thyself find always free access.

2 Make me a bosom friend of  
thine,  
Upon thy breast may I recline,  
Preserv'd from needless fears;  
And when this earthly house I  
leave,  
Into those mansions me receive,  
Where thou wilt wipe away all  
tears.

**358.\*** T. 166.

DESTROY, O Lord, the carnal  
mind,  
Consume what is not right in me,  
Whether the world in chains me  
bind,  
Or silken cords, I cannot be  
Partaker of the joys of heav'n:  
For thou requirest, that my heart  
Without reserve to thee be giv'n,  
Resolv'd for thee with all to part.

**359.\*** T. 15. (312.)

SEARCHER of hearts, thou  
know'st, thy love  
My heart hath captivated;  
My soul is closely to thee join'd,  
Ne'er to be separated.

2 All thou demandest I give up,  
Lord, without hesitation;  
But never, never will I leave  
Thee and thy congregation.

**360.** T. 184. (313.)

O MIGHT we all, Lord God our  
Saviour,  
Thy condescending mercy prize,  
T' accept of us (O boundless fa-  
vor!)  
As of a holy sacrifice:  
Of us, though sinful, poor and  
needy:  
Grant that we freely unto thee  
May offer up both soul and body,  
To love and serve thee faith-  
fully.

**361.** T. 590. (314.)

PRESENT your bodies to the  
Lord,  
A living sacrifice,  
A holy off'ring unto him,  
And pleasing in his eyes:  
This is a service which ye owe,  
And reasonably due;  
For ye are not your own, ye know,  
But Christ hath purchas'd you.

XVIII. *Communion with Christ.*

362.\* T. 132. (315.)

JESUS, thou art my heart's de-  
light,

My joy and my salvation;  
Thy presence yields me day and  
night

Abundant consolation;  
Thee I desire to love and praise,  
Since thy great love and boundless  
grace

Are every thing unto me.

2 Thou art the Way, thy Spirit is  
As my Conductor given;

In foll'wing thee I cannot miss  
The path to life and heaven;  
Thy word be my unerring guide,  
Preserve me lest I turn aside,  
Or stray from thee, my Saviour.

3 Thou art the Truth, in thee I've  
found

All that which is essential;  
Without thee all is empty sound,  
In thee is strength substantial:  
O Truth! set me at liberty,  
That I depend on none but thee,  
By whom I can be healed.

4 Thou art my Life, thy pow'r divine  
Shall influence ev'ry motion;

O may thy Spirit me incline  
To true, unfeign'd devotion:  
Thus I eternal life shall gain,  
And, till my latest breath, remain  
A member of thy body.

5 Lord Jesus, thou my Shepherd art,  
Who diedst for my transgression;  
When lost, I caus'd thee pungent  
smart,

When found, joy past expression:  
Ah! best of Shepherds, ever keep  
Within thy fold thy helpless sheep,  
Protect me from all danger.

6 Thou art my faithful Friend in  
need,

My flesh and bone, my Brother;  
Thy faithfulness and love exceed  
That of the fondest mother:

Thou art my Healer when I'm sick,  
My Cordial strength'ning me when  
weak,

My Refuge in all trouble.

7 O Lord, how very short I fall,  
When on thy praise I enter!

Thou art, indeed, my All in all,  
In thee my wishes centre:  
Whate'er I want, thou art to me;  
O let my heart incessantly  
Be by thy love inspired.

363.\* T. 58. (316.)

WHAT peace divine, what perfect  
happiness

Our Saviour's presence to our hearts  
conveys!

Unto us poor sinners thereby is  
given

A blessed antepast of bliss in  
heaven,

And lasting joy.

2 Although, dear Jesus, we can't  
see thy face,

We richly may enjoy thy love and  
grace,

Since thou hast pronounced those  
souls thrice blessed,

Who, though they do not see thee,  
are possessed

Of faith in thee.

3 Were we but all desirous, day  
and night

Thee to enjoy, O what supreme de-  
light

Would both soul and body taste in  
thy favor!

We then with all our hearts could  
say, ' Dear Saviour,

Who is like thee!'

4 Long-suff'ring, merciful, and kind  
to be,

Forgiving daily and abundantly,  
To heal, cheer, and comfort, and  
show'r thy blessing

On us, with looks thy tender love  
expressing,

Is thy delight.

5 Gracious Redeemer, grant to us  
while here,  
In thy salvation constantly to share,  
May our souls and senses, without  
cessation,  
Prompted by love and need, for con-  
solation Unto thee look.

6 Thus in communion may we live  
with thee,  
Happy like children, till thy face  
we see;  
Though, while here we tarry, we're  
often grieved,  
May we apply to thee and be re-  
lieved In all distress.

**364.\* T. 228. (317.)**

HOW bright appears the Morning-  
Star,  
With grace and truth beyond com-  
pare,

The royal Root of Jesse!

O David's Son, of Jacob's line,  
My soul's belov'd, and King benign,  
Thou cam'st from heav'n to bless  
me.

Precious,—gracious,  
Ever glorious,—and victorious,  
Is my Saviour,  
Nought but he can please me ever.

2 From him descends a beam of joy,  
When he, with a complacent eye,  
Beholds his needy creature:  
Immanuel! my sov'reign good,  
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh and blood  
Renew my very nature.

Grant me,—richly,  
Through thy merit—to inherit  
Thy salvation;  
Hear my ardent supplication.

3 The Father from eternity  
In mercy was inclin'd to me,  
Through thee, his Well-beloved:  
I, as a member of thy bride,  
In thee, my Jesus, can confide:  
Thy love remains unmoved.

Oh! I—have joy,  
That in heaven,—with thanksgiv-  
ing,  
Thee my Saviour  
I shall love and praise for ever.

4 Tune all your notes to songs of  
praise,

If you can earthly music raise,  
To join celestial concerts;  
Be Jesus your delightful theme;  
In him, and in his saving name,  
Are center'd all our comforts;

Joyful,—awful,  
Be the phrases—of our praises,  
'Tis our duty,  
'Fore the Lord of bliss and beauty.

5 Before the world I make my boast,  
That he in whom I place my trust,  
Is Lord of light and glory:

At last he'll bring me to that place,  
Where all the wonders of his grace  
Shall lie disclos'd before me;  
Amen!—Be then praise and bless-  
Never ceasing, to him given, [ing,  
Here, and by the hosts of heaven!

**365.\* T. 185. (318.)**

THE unbounded love of my Creator  
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;  
Why did Christ appear in human  
nature?

'Twas for me he man became;  
While the whole world's Saviour I  
confess him,  
As my own Redeemer oft I trace him,  
And his merits I apply  
To myself especially.

2 When with him, my Lord, in  
closest union,  
I can all things else forget,  
In his fellowship and blest com-  
munion,

I heav'n's bliss anticipate;  
By his presence he dispels all sad-  
ness, [gladness;  
Filling my poor soul with joy and  
Though I often am to blame,  
Yet his love is still the same.

3 When my mind pursues this me-  
ditation,

That the all-creating Word  
Hath by his humanity and passion,  
To God's image man restor'd;  
I regard my body as Christ's temple,  
'Tis my aim to follow his example,  
And my vessel, through his grace,  
In due honor to possess.

## 366.\* T. 68. (319.)

BLISS beyond compare,  
Which in Christ I share!  
He's my only joy and treasure;  
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,  
When in Christ I share  
Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my joy,  
Therefore blest am I.  
O! his mercy is unbounded,  
All my hope on him is grounded;  
Jesus is my joy,  
Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,  
This my spirit cheers;  
When, his love to me revealing,  
He, the Sun of grace, with healing  
In his beams appears,  
This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drown'd;  
Pure delight is found,  
Joy and peace in his salvation,  
Heav'nly bliss and consolation.  
Ev'ry grief is drown'd  
Where such bliss is found.

## 367.\* T. 4. (320.)

LORD Jesus, my pray'r  
Is, while I am here,  
In union to be [bly.  
With thee and thy people insepara-

2 Concern'd for more grace  
And true happiness;  
Intent evermore,  
'Fore thee to be contrite, and lowly  
and poor.

3 O were my whole mind  
And spirit inclin'd  
To show forth thy praise,—To serve  
thee with gladness, and walk  
in thy ways!

4 If question'd by thee:  
'Say, lovest thou me?'  
I own I shall prove—deficient, O  
Lord, yet thou know'st that I  
love.

5 John's portion so blest,  
To lean on thy breast,  
Be mine, till with thee, [shall be.  
When time is no more, I for ever

## 368.\* T. 159. (321.)

'TIS the most blest and needful part  
To have in Christ a share,  
And to commit our way and heart  
Unto his faithful care;  
This done, our steps are safe and  
sure,  
Our hearts' desires are render'd  
pure,  
And nought can pluck us from his  
hand,  
Which leads us to the end.

2 Nought in this world affords true  
rest,  
But Christ's atoning blood;  
This purifies the guilty breast,  
And reconciles to God:  
Hence flows unfeigned love to him  
Who came lost sinners to redeem,  
And Christ our Saviour doth ap-  
pear  
Daily to us more dear.

3 My only joy and comfort here  
Is Jesus' death and blood;  
I with this passport can appear  
Before the throne of God:  
Admitted to the realms of bliss,  
I then shall see him as he is,  
Where countless pardon'd sinners  
meet,  
Adoring at his feet.

## 369.\* T. 14. (322.)

THY child so minded ever keep,  
Let me know nought beside  
Thee, who wast slain me to redeem,  
Thee, Jesus crucified.

2 O may we, Saviour, step for step,  
Bear thee sweet company,  
Thus will, whate'er we undertake,  
An act of worship be.

3 May we to thee in all our wants  
Child-like still closer fly,  
Directing still throughout our  
course,  
By faith to thee our eye.

4 Although but little we can do,  
Yet 'tis our hearts' desire,  
To do that, which affords thee joy,  
More we do not require.

**370.\*** T. 206. (323.)

THOU Lamb once slain, ::  
 Whose love the same  
 Doth still abide,  
 Though oft severely tried;  
 I am no longer mine ::—but thine,  
 Bought with a price;—As sacrifice  
 Accept the whole  
 Of spirit, body, soul. ::  
 2 My King benign! ::  
 I'd fain be thine;  
 Not any thing,  
 No smallest hankering,  
 Cause me while here I stay,  
 My dearest Lord, from thee ::  
 To stray;  
 No, may each breath—Exalt thy  
 death,  
 And sing thy praise  
 For thy unbounded grace. ::

**371.\*** T. 36. (324.)

O LET thy countenance, most lov-  
 ing Saviour,  
 Shine on me day and night, and  
 let me ever  
 Have of thy presence, and thy gra-  
 cious dealing  
 A tender feeling.  
 2 That soul and body, on thy merit  
 feeding,  
 May daily be from grace to grace  
 proceeding,  
 With thee at peace, in tend'rest  
 love's communion,  
 And perfect union.

**372.** T. 14. (325.)

JESUS, my Saviour, full of grace,  
 Be thou my heart's delight,  
 Remain my fav'rite theme always,  
 My joy by day and night.  
 2 Hungry and thirsty after thee,  
 May I be found each hour;  
 Humble in heart, and constantly  
 Supported by thy pow'r.  
 3 May thy blest Spirit to my heart,  
 Throughout my future race,  
 True faith and constancy impart,  
 To live unto thy praise.

4 The myst'ry of redeeming love  
 Be ever dear to me:  
 Till I shall once in heav'n above  
 For ever dwell with thee.

**373.** T. 14. (326.)

O DEAREST Lord, take thou my  
 heart!  
 Where can such sweetness be,  
 As I have tasted in thy love,  
 As I have found in thee!  
 2 If there's a fervor in my soul,  
 And fervor sure there is,  
 It shall be quite at thy control,  
 To serve thee only rise.  
 3 'Tis vain in earthly things for  
 bliss  
 To seek, none can be found,  
 Till Jesus Christ our object is;  
 In him true joys abound.  
 4 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his  
 love,  
 To feel his quick'ning grace;  
 And all the bliss I seek above,  
 Is to behold his face.

**374.** T. 14. (327.)

'TIS heav'n on earth by faith to see  
 Thy face, my gracious Lord;  
 The noblest, most substantial joys  
 Thy cheering smiles afford.  
 2 Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy  
 saints,  
 Who love thy face to see,  
 Shall have, while in this vale of  
 tears,  
 Kind visits oft from thee.  
 3 O let my soul with thee converse,  
 Who art my chief delight;  
 For the whole world can't ease my  
 heart,  
 If banish'd from thy sight.

**375.** T. 79. (328.)

O JESUS, everlasting God,  
 Who hast for sinners shed thy blood  
 Upon mount Calvary,  
 And finish'd there redemption's toil;  
 Thus I became thy happy spoil:  
 All praise and glory be to thee!

2 Fain would I think upon thy pain,  
 Would find therein my life and gain,  
 And firmly fix my heart  
 Upon thy wounds and dying love;  
 Nor ever more from thee remove,  
 Till from this world I shall depart.

3 The more through grace myself I  
 know,  
 The more inclin'd I am to bow  
 In faith beneath thy cross,  
 To trust in thy atoning blood,  
 And look to thee for ev'ry good,  
 Yea, count all earthly gain but  
 loss.

**376.** T. 90. (329.)

THOU hidden Source of calm re-  
 pose!

Thou all-sufficient love divine!  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am, for thou art mine:  
 Thou art my fortress, strength, and  
 tow'r,  
 My trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, my All in all thou art,  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
 The balm to heal my broken heart,  
 In storms my peace, in loss my  
 gain;

My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,  
 In shame my glory and my crown.

3 In want my plentiful supply,  
 In weakness my almighty pow'r;  
 In bonds my perfect liberty,  
 My refuge in temptation's hour;  
 My comfort 'midst all grief and  
 thrall,  
 My life in death, my All in all.

**377.** T. 22. (331.)

'TIS through the grace thou dost  
 bestow,

O Lord, that I thy goodness know;  
 Grant that I in humility  
 For evermore may cleave to thee.

2 The privilege to be with Christ  
 In union, can't enough be priz'd;  
 Since I'm the purchase of his blood,  
 Grant me this privilege, O God!

**378.** T. 79. (330.)

O THAT we could for ever sit  
 With Mary, at our Saviour's feet,  
 Be this our happy choice!  
 Our only care, delight and bliss,  
 Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,  
 To hear the Bridegroom's cheer-  
 ing voice.

2 O may his love our hearts inspire,  
 Nought else on earth may we de-  
 sire,

Nought else in heav'n above;  
 Let earth and all its trifles go,  
 Give us, O Lord! thy grace to know,  
 Give us to feel thy precious love.

**379.** T. 146. (332.)

O WHAT is Christ to me!  
 Who hath for my diseases  
 Found out a remedy,  
 And ev'ry grief appeases;  
 My ever faithful Friend,  
 My Confidant most true,  
 On whom I can depend,  
 In joy and sorrow too.

**380.\*** T. 230. (334.)

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,  
 When any trial us assaileth,  
 Or when we're needlessly distrest;  
 Jesus, show on each occasion,  
 That thou our strength art, and sal-  
 vation,

Our shield, our hiding-place and  
 rest:

O may we constantly  
 Look up by faith to thee,  
 Who redeem'd us:  
 And daily prove  
 That thou art love,  
 Till we shall be with thee above.

**381.\*** T. 79. (333.)

CAN any contemplation  
 Compare with that sensation,  
 O Christ, that we are thine!  
 That our names on the pages  
 Are written, where the wages  
 Are enter'd of thy love divine.

**382.** T. 167.

MOMENTS of ecstatic pleasure,  
 When I feel thee, Saviour, mine!  
 What is this world's joy or treasure  
 To the thought, that I am thine?  
 Earthly dreams of vain enjoyment  
 Cannot sooth the watchful soul:  
 Joy and grief, rest and employment,  
 Sacred be to thee the whole!

**383.\*** T. 185. (336.)

BETHANY, O peaceful habitation,  
 Blessed mansion, lov'd abode!  
 There my Lord had oft his resting  
 station,  
 Converse held in friendly mood;  
 With that bliss which Mary highly  
 savor'd,  
 I could wish this day still to be  
 favor'd;  
 But thy presence makes to me  
 Ev'ry place a Bethany.

**384.\*** T. 244. (335.)

THOUGH we can't see our Saviour  
 With these our mortal eyes,  
 Our faith, which tastes his favor,  
 The want of sight supplies:  
 Our hearts can feel him near,  
 So that to us 'tis clear,  
 His presence is as certain  
 As if we saw him here.

**385.** T. 586. (337.)

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives  
 and dwelleth  
 In us, O what consummate bliss!  
 This from our hearts all gloom dis-  
 pelleth,  
 Our life of heav'n a foretaste is.  
 Lord Jesus, hear our supplication!  
 Let all of us in ev'ry station,  
 Be truly join'd to thee,  
 Until eternally  
 Thy face we see.

*XIX. The Happiness of Children of God.***386.\*** T. 114. (338.)

JESUS, my King, thy kind and  
 gracious sceptre [me:  
 Assuageth ev'ry grief that burdens  
 When I with all my heart apply to  
 thee, [Preceptor;  
 Then thy peace-giving Spirit's my  
 Thy comforts so refresh and cheer  
 my heart,  
 That fear and restlessness must  
 soon depart.  
 2 The gifts of Christ are so inesti-  
 mable,  
 That all the world nought equal can  
 afford;  
 What are the treasures which the  
 worldlings hoard?  
 To comfort weary souls they are  
 not able;  
 But Jesus can and doth abundantly;  
 All earthly joys will fail, but never  
 he.

3 How highly blest, how happy is  
 the spirit,  
 Which, weary of self-working, inly  
 mourns,  
 And unto him for aid and succour  
 turns!  
 The humble ev'ry good from him  
 inherit;  
 He to the troubled soul imparteth  
 ease,  
 Restoring to the wounded con-  
 science peace.  
 4 That which the law could have  
 imparted never, [grace;  
 Is then produc'd alone by Jesus'  
 This is the source of genuine holi-  
 ness:  
 This changes and reforms our whole  
 behavior;  
 From strength to strength, from  
 grace to grace led on, [run.  
 We safe proceed, until our race is

5 O may I look to Christ without  
cessation!

Come visit me, thou Day-spring  
from on high,

That in thy light the light I may  
espy,

On grace depending as my sole  
foundation;

Confirm my faith, grant that no  
fault in me

May intercept the light that beams  
from thee.

6 Thou Source of love, I rest in  
thy embraces,

Thou art alone my everlasting  
Peace!

My only treasure is thy boundless  
grace;

'Tis heav'n on earth to live upon  
thy mercies;

And since in thee all happiness I  
find,

I seek nought else to satisfy my  
mind.

**387.\*** T. 115. (339.)

HOW great the bliss to be a sheep  
of Jesus,

And to be guided by his Shepherd-  
staff!

Earth's greatest honors are, how-  
e'er they please us,

To this compar'd, but vain and  
empty chaff:

Yea, what this world can never  
give,

May, through the Shepherd's grace,  
each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture rich and never-  
failing,

Here living waters in abundance  
flow;

None can conceive the grace with  
them prevailing,

Who Jesus' Shepherd-voice obey  
and know;

He banisheth all fear and strife,  
And leads them gently on to ever-  
lasting life.

3 Who'er would spend his days in  
lasting pleasure,

Must come to Christ, and join his  
flock with speed;

Here is a feast prepar'd, rich be-  
yond measure,

The world meanwhile on empty  
husks must feed:

Those sheep may share in ev'ry  
good,

Whose Shepherd doth possess the  
treasuries of God.

**388.\*** T. 164. (340.)

O DAYS of solid happiness,

O antepast of heaven!

When, in th' accepted time of  
grace,

We know our sins forgiven:

Cleans'd in the precious flood

Of Christ's atoning blood,

Enjoying in our hearts by faith

The blessings purchas'd by his  
death.

2 The peace of God then fills the  
soul,

And heals the wounded spirit;

The broken heart is then made

By virtue of his merit; [whole,

Yea, his sweet looks of grace

Convey such happiness,

That we, in his redeeming love,

Anticipate the bliss above.

3 But why do tears, grief and dis-  
tress

Sometimes allay our gladness,

And, though we've tasted pard'ning  
grace,

Still often cause us sadness?

Because we can't forget

Our former wretched state,

And that the grace on us bestow'd

Cost Jesus ev'ry drop of blood.

4 When thus we contemplate the

It fills us with amazement, [cost,

We take it prostrate in the dust,

With joy, yet deep abasement;

For all that we possess

Is undeserved grace,

By torments on the cross procur'd,

When he for rebels death endur'd.

5 How pleasant is our lot, yea good  
 And great beyond expression!  
 For, having cleans'd us by his blood,  
 He bears us with compassion,  
 Applies his healing pow'r  
 To us each day and hour:  
 Yea, we in Him redemption have  
 In death itself and in the grave.

6 And this at last our theme shall  
 be,  
 When, call'd to see our Saviour,  
 We join the glorious company  
 Around his throne for ever;  
 Then we in highest strain  
 Shall praise the Lamb once slain,  
 Who hath redeem'd us by his blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to  
 God.

**389.\* T. 218. (341.)**

HOW blest am I, most gracious  
 Saviour,

When filled with thy sacred love!  
 With grief oppress'd, I seek thy  
 favor,

And thy reviving bounty prove:  
 The dismal clouds of night must  
 vanish,

When joys divine my heart replen-  
 ish,

While I recline upon thy breast:  
 Ah, then I find on earth my heaven;  
 Such comforts to all those are given,  
 Who seek in thee their peace and  
 rest.

2 If my sin's burden would op-  
 press me,  
 Or legal thunders me affright,  
 Or fear of death and hell distress  
 me,

By faith to thee I take my flight:  
 In thee I always find protection,  
 'Gainst Satan's darts and sin's in-  
 fection,

Thou art my Shield and Hiding-  
 place;

Though foes should join in combi-  
 nation,

Who shall condemn? Lord my  
 salvation,

My confidence is in thy grace.

3 If thou through thorny paths wilt  
 lead me,  
 I'll simply trust in thee, O  
 Lord;

The clouds at thy command must  
 feed me,  
 And rocks must drink to me af-  
 ford:

In thy kind leadings acquiescing,  
 I'm sure to meet with nought but  
 blessing;

If I have thee, it doth suffice:  
 I know that souls to bliss created,  
 Who shall to glory be translated,  
 Must humbled be before they  
 rise.

4 Friend of my soul! O how con-  
 tented

Am I, when leaning upon thee!  
 By sin I am no more tormented,  
 Since thou dost aid and comfort  
 me.

O may the heart-reviving feeling  
 I have of thy most gracious deal-  
 ing,

A foretaste yield of joys above.  
 I scorn, vain world, thy adulation,  
 For Jesus is my delectation,  
 And I'm an object of his love.

**390.\* T. 582. (342.)**

JESUS, thou hast reveal'd  
 Thyself to me by faith,  
 And to my heart made manifest  
 Thy wounds, thy blood and  
 death.

Thy name and cross alone  
 To me can comfort yield,  
 Since I thereby, as thy reward,  
 To God am reconcil'd.

2 My soul, though deeply bow'd,  
 Is cheered by thy grace,  
 Now I no more need toil and strive  
 In search of happiness;  
 But am assur'd that thou  
 Hast all my sins forgiv'n,  
 And by thy painful death for me  
 Procured life and heav'n.

3 Thou who didst love me first,  
Teach me to trust in thee  
Unshaken, till I thee above  
Shall praise eternally:  
Ev'n here thou art my song,  
Thy grace doth richly claim,  
That thy church militant on earth  
Give glory to thy name.

4 Unfeigned thanks receive,  
For thy unbounded grace,  
From us, who in thy name believe,  
And wish to walk thy ways;  
And who are bound to thee,  
Because thou hast us gain'd,  
And for us, by thy precious blood,  
Eternal bliss obtain'd.

5 The merits of thy death  
Each day to us apply,  
And grant, that to the throne of  
grace  
We boldly may draw nigh;  
That we may mercy find,  
And help in time of need;  
Thus shall we, by thy Spirit led,  
From grace to grace proceed.

6 Thy cross and saving name  
We freely will confess,  
Thy gospel we will spread on earth,  
And sound thy matchless praise;  
To all mankind point out  
Thee, our incarnate God,  
Who hast redeem'd us from the  
fall  
By thy atoning blood.

**391.\* T. 11. (343.)**

BLEST are they, supremely blest,  
Who, of Jesus' grace possess,  
Cleave to him by living faith,  
Till they shall resign their breath.

2 One with Christ their Head they  
share  
Happiness beyond compare;  
Since on him their hopes they build,  
He is their Reward and Shield.

3 Though all earthly joys be fled,  
If in him they trust indeed,  
He will be their constant Friend,  
And protect them to the end.

4 If to Jesus they appeal,  
When their faith and courage fail,  
He assures them of his love,  
Doth their strength in weakness  
prove.

5 They who simply to him cleave,  
From his fulness grace receive;  
And throughout their mortal days,  
Their employment is his praise.

6 Jesus wipes away their tears,  
And alleviates all their cares;  
They in truth, with heart and  
voice,  
Evermore in Christ rejoice.

**392.\* T. 166. (344.)**

WITH grateful hearts we all de-  
clare,  
That in Christ's congregation  
We may substantial blessings  
share,  
Since he is our Salvation;  
And he requires of us, that we,  
Deeply abas'd before him,  
Stir up each other heartily  
To love, and to adore him.

2 The grace is great, unspeakable,  
The privilege unbounded,  
That we, although deserving hell,  
By sin most deeply wounded,  
Are by the virtue of Christ's death  
From sin's pollution cleared,  
And, cleaving unto him by faith,  
Are one with him declared!

**393. T. 590. (345.)**

JESUS, whose hands once pierc'd  
with nails  
Were stretch'd upon the wood;  
Out of whose wounds in plenteous  
streams  
Flow'd the atoning blood:  
How safely rests a weary child,  
Who keeps thee, Lord, in view;  
Let unbelief say what it will,  
This is for ever true.

- 2 The more the Lamb of God we view,  
The more we walk in light;  
His gracious presence doth dispel  
Sin's dark and dismal night:  
The cheering beams which Christ  
the Sun  
Of righteousness displays,  
Enkindle many a lifeless heart,  
And love unfeigned raise.
- 3 Is there a thing that moves and  
breaks  
A heart as hard as stone,  
That warms a heart as cold as ice?  
'Tis Jesus' blood alone:  
This precious balm can truly cheer  
And heal the wounded soul;  
What multitudes of broken hearts  
This stream of life makes whole!
- 4 Hark, O my soul, what sing the  
choirs  
Around the glorious throne?  
Hark! 'The Lamb slain' for ever-  
more  
Sounds in the sweetest tone;  
The elders there cast down their  
crowns,  
And all, in endless day,  
Sing praise to him who shed his  
blood,  
And wash'd their guilt away.
- 5 This, while on earth, we will de-  
clare  
Cheerful, in our degree,  
That through Christ's all-atoning  
blood  
Each soul may happy be.  
But thou, O Lord! make ev'ry day  
Thy grace to us more sweet,  
Till we behold thy pierced side,  
And worship at thy feet.

**394.** T. 132. (346.)

O IF the Lamb had not been slain,  
To save us from perdition,  
And everlasting life to gain,  
What had been our condition?  
But since poor sinners favor'd are  
To have a Friend so very dear,  
We cannot but be happy.

- 2 With all our errors and mistakes  
He bears, and loves us dearly;  
A contrite soul He ne'er forsakes,  
That acteth but sincerely.  
When the whole heart to him is  
giv'n,  
We have a foretaste here of heav'n,  
In fellowship with Jesus.
- 3 When we have fail'd, and deeply  
mourn  
That we the Spirit grieved;  
And to our Lord for comfort turn,  
We quickly are relieved:  
Whene'er we say, with humble  
shame,  
'Lord Jesus, I have been to  
blame,'  
He saith, 'Thou art forgiven.'
- 4 As pardon'd sinners we rejoice,  
With Jesus' congregation;  
Above all other things we prize  
His bitter death and passion;  
His wounds, his tears, and bloody  
sweat,  
We bear in mind, nor can forget  
His unexampled mercy.

**395.** T. 115.

O HAPPY days, days mark'd with  
solid blessing,  
In converse spent with our best  
friend below!  
Then streams of heav'nly comfort,  
rich, unceasing  
From Jesus' wounds and merits to  
us flow;  
Thus we for his appearance wait:  
When we shall rest with him, our  
joy will be complete.

2 Meanwhile our lot is fall'n in  
pleasant places,  
A goodly heritage we have indeed:  
The Lamb to follow and show forth  
his praises,  
And in his footsteps with his flock  
to tread.  
May we, by nothing drawn aside,  
Maintain our part with him, and  
with his chosen bride.

3 Accept us as we are, though poor  
and needy,  
O Lord, and sanctify us by thy  
grace;

That we, as vessels for thy use  
made ready,  
In word and deed thy sacred name  
may praise,  
And care in true simplicity,  
As thine espoused souls, for what  
belongs to thee.

4 How precious are thy thoughts,  
beloved Saviour,  
Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the  
sum how great!

Already here we in thy sight find  
favor, [ticipate:  
In thy sweet nearness heav'n an-  
And oh! what bliss awaits us there,  
Where we with the redeem'd shall  
in thy glory share.

5 But since none these great pro-  
mises inherit,  
But they who here are purified in  
heart,

From all defilement of the flesh and  
spirit  
Cleanse us, to us true holiness im-  
part,

That we ourselves to thee may yield,  
Till thy whole counsel be in each of  
us fulfill'd.

### 396. T. 594.

WHAT peace divine, unutterable,  
When we with Christ our God con-  
verse!

No angel's tongue t' express is able,  
What feels a sinner free from curse;  
Such bliss t' enjoy in all its meaning  
Implies, our sinful hearts to know,  
And by the holy Spirit's training  
Before the cross of Christ to bow.

2 From thence true heav'nly life  
deriving,

With cleansing pow'r from sin's  
each stain,  
Partakers of his grace reviving,  
Within us all is born again;  
We hunger then for food substan-  
tial,

M

And thirst for life's exhaustless  
stream, [tial;  
In Christ we find all things essen-  
And he abides our bliss supreme.

3 Thrice happy they, who by ex-  
perience

Have known this change from death  
to life, [patience,  
Who look to him with faith and  
While pilgrims in this world of  
strife: [salvation,

His blood-bought grace and full  
Their solace prove, while here be-  
low, [probation,  
And when complete their faith's  
To see his face with joy they go.

### 397. T. 70.

OUR lot how blessed!  
How great the happiness  
By us possessed!  
With Jesus' flock of grace  
To feed upon his death and merit,  
And thus be render'd with him one  
spirit.

2 He sought and found us,  
Who far from him had stray'd,  
With love-cords bound us,  
And to his flock us led:  
This causes us with exultation  
To joy in him and in his salvation.

3 The aim and purpose  
We all know well, why he  
In mercy chose us:  
'Tis our high destiny,  
That we, from world and sin es-  
tranged, [changed.  
Into his image be form'd and

4 Though we are feeble,  
We humbly trust, his grace  
Will us enable  
To live unto his praise,  
May we be still in spirit poorer,  
And make our calling and election  
surer.

### 398. T. 14. (347.)

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the  
sound!)  
That sav'd a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart  
to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils and  
snares,  
I am already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe  
thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord hath promis'd good to  
me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my Shield and Portion be  
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart  
shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.

**399.\* T. 97. (352.)**

MY All in all, my faithful Friend!  
Upon whose mercy I depend;  
Than aught in earth or heav'n more  
dear;

My Paschal Lamb from year to year;  
My Shield, my Rock, my Polar-star,  
my Guide, [abide!

Thou art my God, and ever shalt

2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy  
band,

Beset my soul on ev'ry hand:  
When fails my strength, and ev'n  
the light

Of reason seems immers'd in night,  
Thee, the great Counsellor I still  
can trace,

Unsearchable in wisdom, pow'r and  
grace.

3 Since thou to me didst being give,  
And bad'st me for thy service live,  
Metest thou my few remaining hours,  
Thy staff support my failing pow'rs;  
Inspire each thought and word, and  
let my race

Be run in righteousness before thy  
face.

4 And should I longer journey here,  
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,

To view from Calv'ry's sacred brow,  
Fair Salem's tow'rs, whose builder  
Thou!

That city, where thou dwell'st as  
Lamb and Light:

Thus shall no danger my weak soul  
affright.

5 When, all my labors o'er, in faith  
Upon the merits of thy death,  
I humbly claim the free reward,  
Purchas'd by thee, my gracious  
Lord;

Ev'n then thou know'st, my glory  
and my crown  
Thou Jesus shalt abide, and thou  
alone.

**400. T. 22. (348.)**

MY Saviour left his throne, and  
came

From guilt lost sinners to redeem,  
That they might have their sins for-  
giv'n,

And find in him their peace and  
heav'n.

2 Daily may I from thee receive  
That peace the world can never give,  
Since thou, upon the cross's tree,  
By death hast gain'd that peace for  
me.

3 Lord, I am thine, O take me now,  
I in the dust before thee bow,  
Asham'd, that I no sooner ran  
To thee, the Saviour of lost man.

**401. T. 205.**

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,  
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth and fame,  
All confess 'It is not here:—

Jesus crucified to know,  
This alone is bliss below;  
Him to see, adore and love,  
Shall be perfect bliss above.

**402.\* T. 4. (349.)**

DEAR Lord, when I trace  
The offers of grace  
Received from thee,—Thy draw-  
ings of love from my first in-  
fancy:

2 I fall at thy feet;  
Thy mercy's so great,

I'm lost in amaze:—Thy love and  
forbearance all thought far sur-  
pass.

3 I now wish to be  
Devoted to thee,  
Who for me hast died;—Grant that  
I may serve thee, and in thee  
abide.

403.\* T. 83. (351.)

O REJOICE, Christ's happy  
sheep!

For your Shepherd will for ever  
You, his flock, in safety keep;  
You are objects of his favor:  
Only fast unto him cleave,  
You he'll ne'er forsake nor leave.

XX. *Gratitude of the Heart for the Incarnation,  
Passion and Death of Christ.*

404.\* T. 119. (353.)

THANKS and praise, ::  
Jesus, unto thee are due;  
O accept our adoration,  
For the blessings which accrue  
From thy human life and passion;  
May our hearts and lips with one  
accord  
Praise thee, Lord! ::

2 For thy death ::  
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,  
That our lives and whole demeanor  
Praise thee, yea each drop of blood  
Be devoted to thy honor,  
And our souls uninterruptedly  
Cleave to thee. ::

3 O how great ::  
Are the blessings we derive  
From the fulness of our Saviour!  
They who him by faith receive,  
And desire to taste his favor,  
From this source may freely take  
always  
Grace for grace, ::

4 Ah remain, ::  
Ah remain our highest Good!  
In our hearts, dear suff'ring Saviour,  
Shed thy dying love abroad;  
This will rule our whole behavior;  
Us with love inspire, till we shall be,  
Lord, with thee. ::

405.\* T. 14. (355.)

O JESUS, for thy matchless love,  
Accept our warmest praise;  
Since thou didst leave thy throne  
above,  
To save a sinful race.

2 Thanks for thy suff'rings, tears,  
and cries,  
And groans in thy distress;  
The source of never-fading joys,  
And endless happiness.

3 Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince  
of Peace,  
When hanging on the tree;  
What a divine refreshment this  
To souls athirst for thee!

4 Thanks for thy last heart-piercing  
cry,  
And meritorious death:  
Grant we may all on thee rely,  
And live a life of faith.

406. T. 14. (354.)

TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song!  
O may his love (immortal flame!)  
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love what angel's thought  
can reach?  
What mortal's tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on  
high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came on earth to bleed and  
die!  
Was ever love like this!

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May ev'ry heart with rapture say:  
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O may the sweet, the blissful  
theme  
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming  
name,  
And join the sacred song.

**407.** T. 167. (356. 1052.)

SING with humble hearts your  
praises,  
For our Saviour's boundless  
grace:

Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,  
Come with thanks before his  
face:

Praise him for his death and bleed-  
ing,

All our happiness lies there;  
Praise him for his gracious leading,  
Praise your faithful Shepherd's  
care.

2 Praise for ev'ry scene distressing,  
Praise for all thou didst endure,  
Praise for ev'ry gift and blessing  
Which thy griefs for us procure;  
In thy ransom'd congregation  
Shall thy death our theme. re-  
main,

Till thou com'st with full salvation,  
Lord of glory, Lamb once slain!

2 Thou, to purchase our salvation,  
Didst assume humanity;  
Jesus, for thy bitter passion  
May we ever thankful be:

Fill'd with awe, and humbly bow-  
ing,

At thy feet we prostrate fall,  
Gratefully this truth avowing,  
That thou art our All in all.

**408.\*** T. 58. (1051.)

O SING, ye people rais'd from  
Adam's fall,  
Let Hallelujahs now ascend from  
all:

Praise ye God rejoicing, for our sal-  
vation

This child is born: this blest divine  
donation Is God with us.

2 Praise be to Christ! for us he  
vict'ry gain'd,

In judgment he our cause by right  
obtain'd,

We are his through mercy: to him  
our Saviour

We'll humbly cleave, till we shall  
have the favor

To see his face.

3 While saints in glory praise their  
heav'nly King,

Let his church militant thanksgiv-  
ings bring,

Since 'tis solely owing to Jesus'  
passion,

That no believer needs a separation  
From God to fear.

4 Thy saving name be hallow'd  
evermore,

Lord Jesus, let thy kingdom come  
with pow'r;

Might all nations render to thee the  
glory,

Since not one sinner is despis'd be-  
fore thee, Saviour of all!

**409.** T. 185.

DEAREST Jesus, in this world a  
stranger,

How delightful 'tis to me,  
To behold thee lying in a manger,  
In the deepest poverty!

How do I rejoice to see my Maker,  
Of my human nature a partaker,  
Urg'd by love, forsake his throne,  
For my sins by death t' atone!

2 He's my God, my flesh and bone,  
my Brother,

Born to suffer death for me:  
He's my Saviour, I know of none  
other,

He my All in all shall be:

I confess with joy and exultation,  
From his birth, his life, and bitter  
passion,

All my hopes and joys arise;  
Him above all else I prize.

3 Oh! what comfort flows, as from  
a fountain,

When I, by his spirit led  
To Gethsemane and Calv'ry's  
mountain,

See my Saviour, in my stead  
Suff'ring, bleeding, on the cross ex-  
piring,

Life and peace and rest for me ac-  
quiring,

Then his merits are applied  
To my heart: for me he died!

**410. T. 71.**

DIDST thou forsake thy throne,  
My nature to put on,

My God and Saviour:  
For thy unbounded love,  
O may I grateful prove,  
Both now and ever!

2 Lord Jesus, who for me  
By thy humanity

Hast gain'd salvation,  
Take in return the whole  
Of spirit, body, soul,  
As an oblation.

**411.\* T. 244. (357.)**

REDEEMED congregation,  
Extol with one accord

The God of our salvation,  
Sing praises to the Lord:

For us he man became,  
And still abides the same;

To make us all one spirit  
With him, is his blest aim.

**412.\* T. 590. (359.)**

WHAT strikes, O wounded Lamb  
of God,

My soul so sensibly?  
'Tis when I view the fervent love,  
That urged thee to die;

And feel that from thy precious  
blood,

So freely shed for me,  
Flows all my happiness in time,  
And in eternity.

M 2

2 This grace, as long as life shall  
last,

I humbly will proclaim;  
I, who a sinner void of good,  
Who dust and ashes am:

'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,  
Eras'd it ne'er shall be,

That by thy meritorious death  
Thou hast redeemed me.

3 Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,  
While here below I stay:

I'm lost in wonder and amaze,  
When I thy goodness weigh,  
That I, poor sinner, am become  
A child of thine, through grace,  
And being thine, a joyful heir  
Of ceaseless happiness.

4 With contrite tears I thee adore,  
And thank for mercy free;

I'll in my walk show forth thy  
praise,

Ev'n in my small degree,  
If thou support me with thy aid,  
As my most gracious Lord;

Th' imperfect service which I yield,  
Will joy to thee afford.

5 Whenever my frail nature  
swerves

Beyond the proper bounds,  
Thou know'st, O Lord, what pain  
it gives,

How grievously it wounds;  
With eager haste I therefore flee,

And safely wish to hide  
Within thy wounds, O God my  
Rock,

And in those clefts abide.

6 O thou, who to redeem my soul  
Didst on the cross expire,

Grant I may love thee in return,  
Be this my fix'd desire:

Henceforth no more to cherish self,  
But to thy praise to live,

Who lovedst me, and out of love  
Thyself for me didst give.

7 Thy suff'rings then, and bitter  
death,

My heart shall e'er retain:  
And earnestly I'll shun through  
grace,

All that which gives thee pain;

For nothing now which this vain  
world

Can offer or devise,  
Can yield me any further joy,  
Nought but my ransom price.

8 For ever then remain engrav'd  
Deep in my heart's recess;  
Thee whom I wish to love in truth,  
O may my mouth confess: [fold  
Grant that each sheep within thy  
Thy mark impress'd may bear,  
Until thou, at the judgment day,  
In glory shalt appear.

413.\* T. 151. (360.)

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour  
Pours out his life and blood,  
Thee to restore to favor,  
And reconcile to God;  
His death thy guilt erases,  
His stripes give thee relief,  
Rise then, and sing his praises  
Who turns to joy thy grief.

2 How is my soul delighted,  
Tho' shame o'erspreads my face,  
When I, by faith excited,  
The Lamb of God can trace  
In all his bitter passion,  
Till dying on the tree!  
He bare my condemnation,  
And gained life for me.

3 I see him in the garden  
Shed floods of bitter tears,  
Sinking beneath the burden;  
I hear his anxious pray'rs;  
I see him pine and languish,  
As on the ground he lay,  
Till, through his pores in anguish,  
The blood-sweat forc'd its way.

4 I fully am assured  
My Saviour loveth me,  
By all he hath endured  
In his great agony; [rows,  
His back plough'd o'er with fur-  
His side pierc'd with a spear,  
And unexampled sorrows,  
His boundless love declare.

5 My fav'rite theme is Jesus,  
All else I count but loss;  
His love all thought surpasses,  
Ah, view him on the cross!

Thence hope and consolation  
I freely can derive;  
Were he not my salvation,  
I could not bear to live.

6 Near Jesus' cross I tarry,  
On him I fix mine eyes,  
Behold him spent and weary,  
A bleeding sacrifice;  
In heaven of his glory  
I shall obtain a sight,  
But here, his suff'ring beauty  
Remains my chief delight.

7 What undeserved favor  
Hath Jesus to me shown!  
Might I recline for ever  
Upon his breast, like John.  
'Tis my heart's inclination,  
Like Mary, oft to sit,  
Until my consummation,  
Lord, at thy pierced feet.

8 In my forlorn condition  
Thou, Lord, didst me receive,  
Thou savedst from perdition  
My soul, and bad'st me live:  
With inward spirit's ardor,  
I thank thee for thy grace;  
Thyself this heav'nly fervor  
Of love to thee increase!

414.\* T. 146. (361.)

LORD Jesus, who for me  
Hast endless bliss obtained,  
And as thy property  
My soul by blood regained:  
Accept a weeping eye,  
A warm and grateful heart,  
Though a thank-off'ring poor,  
Yet take it in good part.

2 Jesus, thy dying love,  
And thy blood-bought salvation,  
By day and night shall prove  
My fav'rite meditation.  
While I commune with thee,  
As though before mine eyes  
I saw thee bodily,  
My faith this vivifies.

3 I look to Golgotha,  
For me I view thee languish,  
And melt like wax away  
Before thy pain and anguish;

By faith I see God's wrath  
In what on thee did fall,  
The fountain too and bath  
For my offences all.

4 Most gracious God and Lord!  
Mankind's almighty Saviour!  
Worthy to be ador'd  
By all both now and ever!  
Those souls are blest indeed  
Who thee embrace by faith,  
As thou for us wast laid  
Low in the dust of death.

5 In thee I trust by faith,  
Jesus, my God and Saviour;  
On thy atoning death  
My soul shall feed for ever;  
Thy suff'rings shall remain  
Deep on my heart imprest,  
Thou Son of God and man!  
Till I with thee shall rest.

415.\* T. 149. (362.)

WHEN I Christ in spirit trace  
As the world's Creator,  
And regard the sinfulness  
Of my fallen nature;  
I revere—him with fear:  
But his expiration  
Yields me consolation.

2 Heart-reviving is the view  
Of our lovely Saviour;  
Him our highest good to know,  
Be our whole endeavour;  
We're unclean,—full of sin,  
But the stripes of Jesus  
Heal all our diseases.

3 Lamb of God, all praise to thee!  
Thou hast vict'ry gained,  
And upon the cross for me  
Endless bliss obtained;  
Thou art mine,—I am thine;  
May my whole demeanor  
To thy name give honor.

416.\* T. 146. (364, 1053, 636.)

WE sinners void of good,  
Defil'd by sin and stained,  
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,  
Who our salvation gained,

As helpless, vile and poor,  
Appear before his face,  
And humbly him adore  
For our blest lot of grace.

2 When we thy mercy weigh,  
How nails and scourges tore thee,  
Our debt immense to pay,  
We melt in tears before thee:  
Thy pain, thy stripes and wounds,  
Thy death, thou Lamb once  
slain,  
Whence all our bliss redounds,  
Our grateful praises claim.

3 Eternal thanks be thine,  
Author of our salvation!  
Thou didst our hearts incline,  
T' accept thy invitation;  
We are thy property,  
O may we thine abide;  
This is our only plea,  
That thou for us hast died.

4 Might with an iron pen  
This truth divine be graven;  
For sinners Christ was slain,  
To purchase life and heaven:  
Unwearied we prolong,  
And joyfully repeat  
The blessed gospel song;  
'Tis ever new and sweet.

5 Lord, teach us how to prize  
Our great predestination,  
And thankful to rejoice,  
With thy dear congregation;  
Redeemed with thy blood,  
Grant us a child-like faith  
Among thy flock, O God,  
Until our latest breath.

417.\* T. 97. (363.)

THANKS to the Man of sorrows  
be,  
To Jesus Christ, who set us free  
From sin and death, when on the  
cross  
He suffer'd to retrieve our loss;  
Had he not shed his blood our debt  
to pay,  
We still had been the devil's  
wretched prey.

2 O had not Jesus' blood been shed,  
Life would a burden be indeed,  
No comfort could we ever find,  
No ray of hope to cheer our mind;  
But now on earth we may enjoy his  
grace, [his face.  
And humbly hope in heav'n to see

3 Rise, brethren, we to all the earth  
Our Lord's atonement will set forth,  
Will love our Master unto death,  
And humbly cleave to him by faith.  
Lord Jesus, be thou prais'd eternally,  
[we be!  
If there no Jesus were, what should

**418.\* T. 15. (365.)**

THY blood, thy blood the deed hath  
wrought,  
That won me for thee, Saviour;  
Else had I never on thee thought,  
Nor come to thee for ever.

2 Tho' I'm a sinful creature still,  
I have a full exemption  
From serving sin, since thou didst  
quell  
Its pow'r by thy redemption.

3 I feel how much in debt I am,  
This makes me oft ashamed;  
Yet as thy purchase, slaughter'd  
Lamb,  
I am through grace esteemed.

4 O let me thee behold in faith,  
As thou for me wast wounded;  
And trust in thy atoning death,  
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

5 Thy mercy ne'er from me remove;  
But under thy direction,  
Let me experience, while I live  
On earth, thy kind protection.

6 May this each day be my employ,  
The fruits of thy blest passion  
Still more completely to enjoy,  
And taste thy great salvation.

7 Till I shall once behold thy face,  
In endless bliss and glory,  
And for the wonders of thy grace,  
With humble thanks adore thee.

**419.\* T. 228. (366, 367.)**

O LAMB once slain, my Lord and  
God!

Thy bitter suff'rings, death and  
blood

Remain my heart's confession;  
Thee, the great Author of my frame,  
Thankful I call the slaughter'd  
Lamb,

Thy love is past expression.

For joy—weep I

O'er thy bloody—wounded body,

For thy passion

Hath procur'd for me salvation.

2 Thy blood was shed for me, I  
know,

For my redemption did it flow;

O sweetest consolation!

Now nothing in the world beside

Can make me truly satisfied,

But thy blood-bought salvation:

There is—true bliss,

Virtue healing—all that's ailing,

Strength supplying

Life, although my flesh be dying.

3 O happy hour! by faith I see

My suff'ring, dying Lord for me

Upon the cross outstretched;

If from my view this should depart,

Nought could relieve my troubled  
heart,

Yea, I should be most wretched:

But he—knows me

To be feeble,—and not able

For a moment

To live without his atonement.

4 A sinner I, and full of blame;

But 'Saviour' is his precious  
name;

He nothing will deny me;

His blood was shed for me, I  
know,

Thence blessings in abundance  
flow,

Nought else can satisfy me.

My God!—thy blood

Still can wash me—and refresh  
me;

It is cleansing,

Pardon, life, and grace dispensing.

5 Therefore I'll view the Lamb of  
 God,  
 His body cover'd o'er with blood,  
 His soul with grief oppress'd;  
 This sight removes all doubt and  
 fear,  
 It gives me boldness to draw near,  
 By whatsoe'er distressed:  
 Here I—find joy,  
 Heav'nly pleasure  
 Beyond measure;  
 Near my Saviour  
 I would fain abide for ever.

420. T. 141. (368.)

LAMB of God beloved,  
 Once for sinners slain,  
 Thankful we remember,  
 What thou didst sustain;  
 Nothing thee incited  
 But unbounded grace,  
 To bear condemnation  
 In the sinner's place.

2 I with sacred sorrow  
 View mount Calvary;  
 But my soul rejoiceth  
 O'er thy death for me:  
 Since thou by thy passion  
 Didst for me atone,  
 Take me as an off'ring,  
 Thine I'll be alone.

3 In thy wounds, O Jesus!  
 I have found true peace;  
 Thou in all distresses  
 Art my hiding place;  
 Unto thee I'll ever  
 Look with humble faith,  
 And rejoice, and glory  
 In thy wounds and death.

4 I unworthy sinner  
 Lie before thy throne;  
 Though I scarce am able  
 To express, I own,  
 All my wants, dear Saviour,  
 Yet thou know'st them well;  
 Now in me the counsel  
 Of thy love fulfill.

421. T. 341. (369.)

'TIS done, my God hath died,  
 My love is crucified!  
 Break, this stony heart of mine,  
 Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood,  
 Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,  
 Catch, my heart, the issuing  
 blood!

2 To love thee, Lord,—ah! this  
 Ev'n here is heav'nly bliss;  
 With thy love my heart inspire,  
 There by faith for ever dwell;  
 This I always will desire,  
 Nothing but thy love to feel.

3 He bore the curse of all,  
 A spotless criminal:  
 Burden'd with our crimes and guilt,  
 Blacken'd with imputed sin,  
 Man to save, his blood he spilt,  
 Died, to make the sinner clean.

4 Join earth and heav'n to bless  
 The Lord our Righteousness;  
 Sinn'd we ALL, and died in One;  
 Just in One we ALL are made:  
 Christ the law fulfill'd alone,  
 Died for all, for all obey'd.

5 In him complete I shine,  
 His death, his life is mine;  
 Fully am I justified;  
 Free from sin, and more than free,  
 Guiltless, since for me he died,  
 Righteous, since he liv'd for me.

6 Jesus! to thee I bow,  
 Approach thee humbly now.  
 O the depths of love divine!  
 Who thy wisdom's stores can  
 tell?  
 Knowledge infinite is thine,  
 All thy ways unsearchable.

422. T. 206. (370.)

FULL to my view,  
 In bloody hue,  
 The Lamb of God  
 Stretch'd out upon the wood,  
 With wounds, and stripes and scars  
 —appears!

The nails and spear  
His body tear,  
And open wide  
The fountain in his side.

2 By his blood shed,  
The Lamb hath paid  
My ransom price,  
Offer'd a Sacrifice  
Well-pleasing unto God;  
His blood  
For me avails,  
And never fails  
To give me peace  
And solid happiness.

3 His cries and pray'rs,  
His bitter tears,  
His bloody sweat,  
And all his torments great,  
His stripes and ev'ry wound,  
Abound  
With life and grace,  
Yea, lasting bliss:  
From Golgotha  
My soul would never stray.

**423.** T. 205. (371.)

LAMB of God,—thy precious  
blood,  
Healing wounds, and bitter  
death,

Be our trust,—our only boast,  
Blessed object of our faith!

Thy once marred countenance  
Comfort to our hearts dispense:  
By thy anguish, stripes and pain,  
May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore—thee evermore,  
Jesus, for thy boundless grace;  
For thy cross,—whereby for us  
Thou hast gain'd true happiness;  
For thy death which sets us free  
From sin's cruel slavery;  
For thy all-atoning blood,  
Which hath brought us nigh to  
God.

3 What can we—now give to thee,  
For thy unexampled love!  
We're unclean—and full of sin,  
Till thou dost our guilt remove:

All that's good in us we own,  
Is not ours, but thine alone;  
Unto us belongeth shame,  
But all glory to thy name.

4 Through thy grace,—may we al-  
ways

Put our trust in thee by faith,  
And rely—eternally

On thy meritorious death:  
Fill our hearts with constant peace,  
Till in thee we end our race,  
And shall thee for evermore,  
'Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

**424.** T. 159. (372.)

I'M overcome with humble shame,  
And blushes fill my face,  
When I behold the suff'ring Lamb,  
And when my faith can trace  
How Jesus paid my ransom price,  
And gave himself a sacrifice:  
My gracious Saviour, near to thee  
I ever wish to be.

2 'Tis then, with happy John, I  
view

His body mark'd with scars;  
Like Mary, I his feet bedew  
With floods of sinner-tears;  
I'm struck with this most charming  
sight,  
The Lamb of God is my delight,  
The glory of the Trinity  
In him by faith I see.

3 Free from the noisy, busy crowd,  
Here would I ever stay,  
And live in union with my God,  
With Jesus night and day:  
Extolling his unbounded love,  
Till to his presence I remove,  
And there, in higher notes of praise,  
My Hallelujahs raise.

**425.** T. 166. (373.)

WHAT praise unto the Lamb is  
due!

How should this theme our souls  
inspire,  
When we his boundless love re-  
view,  
And see him in his blood expire!

Who can describe how much he lov'd,  
Or paint that strong and fervent zeal,  
With which his tender heart was mov'd,  
When he sustain'd the pangs of hell!

2 Beside him we will nothing know,  
All things account for him but loss,  
Our hearts with love to him shall glow,

We'll glory only in his cross:  
He is the hungry sinner's food,  
His goodness we desire to taste,  
When we enjoy his flesh and blood,  
It proves to us a heav'nly feast.

3 Thy wounds present to our faith's eye;  
Their influence shed within our breast!  
Lord, let no stranger with thee vie,  
Let sin be wholly dispossess'd;  
Free from the law's condemning pow'r,

By grace alone we wish to live,  
Grace must support us ev'ry hour,  
Faith can alone the vict'ry give.

**426.** T. 16. (374.)

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life and health and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;  
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming from his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the cross I gaze;  
Love I much? I've more forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more fully know.

**427.\*** T. 147. (1045.)

IMPRESS'D with filial fear,  
A breeze divine perceiving,  
Its influence receiving,  
With awe we thee revere:  
Our eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Our souls devoutly glowing,  
One thought absorbs us now:  
'Thou, Jesus, only thou!'

2 Who can thy kindness prove,  
Or know thy great salvation,  
And not with exultation  
Confess that God is love?  
Thou Messenger anointed,  
The Lamb, by God appointed,  
By all in earth and heav'n,  
To thee be praises giv'n.

**428.\*** T. 126. (1046.)

TO earth no longer cleaving,  
I look to Jesus' cross,  
All this world's trifles leaving,  
For Him count all things loss,  
Who underwent such racking pain,  
Distress of soul, and anguish,  
Vile sinners to regain.

2 I'm lost in deepest wonder,  
When I am led to trace  
His dying love, and ponder  
On his amazing grace,  
How he, by giving up his breath  
Procur'd life and salvation  
For rebels doom'd to death.

3 Grace thro' the blood of Jesus,  
The contrite soul's delight!  
Nought else on earth could please us,  
Should we of this lose sight,  
And could we not, thro' mercy free,  
Our worthless names engraven  
In Jesus' nail-prints see.

4 O were his death impressed  
On us indelibly!  
Our lot would be most blessed;  
How can we happier be,  
Than when his rod and staff impart  
True joy and consolation  
Unto the needy heart?

**429.\* T. 126. (1047.)**

O WHAT complete salvation  
In Jesus I possess!  
In his atoning passion  
I find true happiness;  
I'm now content on earth to live,  
Since to my unseen Saviour,  
Through grace, by faith, I cleave.  
2 Nought but my Saviour's passion,  
Can purify the heart,  
And bid th' infatuation  
Of world and sin depart:  
The very thought is then abhorr'd,  
That I those things should cherish,  
Which crucified our Lord.

3 O Lamb of God tormented!  
Thy pain and anguish sore  
Have me to thee cemented,  
And bound for evermore;  
Whoe'er relies thereon alone,  
Will safely be conducted,  
Until his race is run.

4 I trust in Jesus' merit,  
My life flows from his death,  
And doth his Holy Spirit  
Before the eye of faith  
My crucified Redeemer paint,  
I am through grace establish'd  
Firm in his covenant.

**430.\* T. 185. (1048.)**

IF to me experience had not proved,  
What surpasseth human thought,  
That my Saviour, by compassion  
moved,  
With his blood my pardon bought,  
I had spent my days in anxious  
grieving,  
But, to him be praise, I now believ-  
ing  
In my Lord, by faith receive  
Comforts, which the world can't  
give.

2 O what blessings are from Jesus'  
passion,  
And atoning death deriv'd!  
I refuse all other consolation,  
If of these I am depriv'd,  
But no sooner doth his blood be-  
dew me,  
And impart its healing virtue to me,  
Than my soul, though sunk in grief,  
Is restor'd, and finds relief.

3 When my Jesus from the cross  
complacent  
Casts on me a look of love,  
Grateful tears flow down my cheeks  
incessant,  
All my soft affections move;  
Could I with a mind of earth di-  
vested,  
By all worldly cares quite unmo-  
lested,  
Be engag'd with him alone,  
Then were heav'n on earth begun.

**431.\* T. 10. (1049.)**

BY faith to Jesus cleaving,  
In him, my Lord, believing,  
Like Thomas I can trace him,  
And from the heart confess him.

2 With grateful heart's sensation  
I own, that when his passion,  
His cross and death are named,  
My soul is then inflamed.

3 From death to life he raised  
My soul—his name be praised!  
Now I'm regenerated,  
And all is new-created.

4 The eye of faith he giveth,  
Which sight of him receiveth:  
An ear, to hear with pleasure  
His word, that sacred treasure.

5 He graciously conducts me,  
The Holy Ghost instructs me,  
To understand more fully  
His mind, and know him truly.

6 From Jesus' blood and merit  
I gain new life and spirit,  
Forgiveness, grace, salvation,  
Strength, joy, and consolation.

7 My spirit him embraces,  
He all my wants redresses,  
I in his love's fruition,  
Am happy without vision.

8 Am I, of him possessed,  
Already here so blessed,  
What joys shall I be tasting,  
When in his presence resting!

**432.\*** T. 205. (1050.)

ALL the bliss which we possess,  
Is deriv'd from Jesus' cross,  
He to God hath by his blood  
Reconcil'd and saved us;  
Now his righteousness is found  
Our salvation's only ground,  
Hence all our felicity  
Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen yea, Hallelujah!

Lord, our comfort, joy and peace,  
By thy cross thou gain'dst for us  
Everlasting happiness!  
Since th' effects we richly prove  
Of this wond'rous act of love,  
With what gratitude should we  
Raise our hearts and eyes to thee!

**433.** T. 14. (375.)

HOW can I view the Lamb once  
slain,  
And all his suff'rings trace,  
And not sink down with humble  
shame,  
And give him thanks and praise!

2 This, Lord, I do with many tears,  
And own with wonder fill'd,  
Thy stripes and shame, thy griefs  
and pray'rs,  
Made me thy pardon'd child.

3 Still be thy wounds to me more  
dear,  
More precious ev'ry day;  
Till I at thy pierc'd feet appear,  
Dress'd in thy bright array.

**434.\*** T. 14. (376.)

TH' impression of what Christ my  
Friend  
Hath done for worthless me,  
When he his life and blood did  
spend,  
Attend me constantly.

N

2 O may I humbly onward move,  
While dying here I stay,  
And Jesus, whom my soul doth love,  
Prepare me for his day.

**435.\*** T. 68. (377.)

BE thy wounds and cross  
Ever new to us!  
From thy suff'ring scenes and merit  
Nothing e'er divert our spirit;  
With thy blood bedew  
All we think or do.

**436.\*** T. 79. (378.)

TIME'S undefin'd dimensions,  
Eternity's expansions,  
In spirit I have trac'd:  
But nothing hath so struck me,  
As when God's Spirit took me  
To GOLGOTHA: O God be prais'd!

**437.\*** T. 228. (379.)

SING Hallelujah, honour, praise;  
Your grateful lauds to Jesus raise,  
O favor'd congregation!  
For he became a sacrifice,  
And paid in blood our ransom price,  
Procuring our salvation.  
Holy,—happy  
Is our union—and communion  
With our Saviour,  
Blessed be his name for ever!

**438.\*** T. 234. (380.)

THANKS be to thee thou Lamb  
once slain!  
For thy eternal love and favor;  
We sinful worms with humble  
shame  
Acknowledge thee our only Sa-  
viour;  
For us thy soul was sore dismay'd,  
For us thy body was tormented,  
For us thou bow'dst thy sacred head,  
Thus, by thy death, death's power  
ended:

Now fix our hearts and eyes  
On this thy sacrifice;  
O that we may forget it never!  
But be it always clear,  
God did in Christ appear,  
From judgment us to free for ever.

XXI. *The Love of Jesus.*

439.\* T. 97. (381.)

THOU Source of love, thou sinners' Friend,  
 Thy mercy who can comprehend?  
 Who ever can presume to say,  
 He lov'd, ere thou hadst shown the way?  
 Thou, who hast lov'd us from eternity,  
 Dost raise within us genuine love to thee.

2 Such unexampled, boundless grace  
 Doth fill our souls with deep amaze,  
 That God, who earth and heaven made,  
 Should be in human flesh array'd,  
 Thereby to save lost man from death and hell,  
 Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord rebel!

3 Thy love, which always is the same,  
 Can ev'n the coldest hearts inflame,  
 Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,  
 Dissolve in tears and melt away;  
 Thy mercy, Lord, is such an endless store,  
 Man's reason here must silently adore.

4 However weak and helpless we,  
 However pow'rful sin may be,  
 Thou art our strength in ev'ry case;  
 Through thy support and aiding grace  
 We firmly trust that we shall conquerors prove,  
 Since thou dost give us vict'ry from above.

5 Lo, we fall down with filial fear,  
 Conscious that thou art present here;  
 We humbly laud thy saving name,  
 We sink, abas'd with humble shame,  
 Almighty God, before thy glorious throne;  
 And thee our only Lord and Saviour own.

6 Reach out thy sceptre, King of love,  
 Let us thy royal favor prove,  
 Who, conscious of our indigence,  
 Approach thy throne with confidence;  
 O teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow,  
 Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow.

440.\* T. 97. (382.)

WHOM, dear Redeemer, dost thou love?  
 What doth thy highest pleasure prove?  
 Whom dost thou favor, cheer and bless,  
 And call to endless happiness?  
 Thou who art holy, great, unchangeable,

The mighty God, yet our Immanuel!  
 2 The answer humble thanks doth claim, [shame:  
 And fills our souls with conscious  
 'I love thee, sinner, come to me,  
 I will receive thee graciously;  
 Though thou be sinful, ready to despair, [glory share.'  
 Thou shalt my pardon, help and

3 What wonder in the soul takes place, [grace!  
 When we survey thy boundless  
 To know our own depraved heart,  
 And thy great name, and what thou art,  
 And yet to find thee still so gracious prove;  
 This makes us sink abas'd with shame and love.

4 We all know who, and what we are,  
 And all with one consent declare,  
 That we no good in us could find  
 To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:  
 Yet many here with inward rapture feel  
 Thy Spirit's unction, and assuring seal.

5 O ground us deeper still in thee,  
And let us thy true foll'wers be;  
And when of thee we testify,  
Fill thou our souls with heav'nly joy:  
May thy blest Spirit all our souls in-  
spire,  
And set each cold and lifeless heart  
on fire.

6 Our souls and bodies, Lord, pre-  
pare,  
That we rich fruit for thee may  
bear;  
Grant we may live unto thy praise,  
And serve thy cause with faithful-  
ness;  
Since grace and truth is our hearts'  
wish and aim,  
O glorify in us thy saving name.

441.\* T. 90. (383.)

MY Saviour, thou thy love to me  
In want, in pain, in shame, hast  
shown;

For me thou on th' accursed tree  
Didst, by thy precious blood,  
atone:

Thy death upon my heart impress,  
That nothing may it thence erase.

2 O that my heart, which now ex-  
pands,  
May catch each drop, that tort'-  
ring pain,  
Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy  
hands,

Thy feet, thy head, thy ev'ry vein:  
That still my breast may heave  
with sighs,  
Still tears of love o'erflow mine  
eyes.

3 O that I, like a little child,  
May follow thee; nor ever rest,  
Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy  
mild  
And lowly mind into my breast:  
O may I now and ever be  
One spirit, dearest Lord, with thee.

4 What in thy love possess I not?  
My Star by night, my Sun by day,  
My Spring of life, when parch'd  
with drought,  
My Wine to cheer, my Bread to  
stay,

My Strength, my Shield, my safe  
Abode,

My Robe before the throne of God!

5 From all eternity with love  
Unchangeable thou me hast  
view'd;

Ere knew this beating heart to  
move,

Thy tender mercies me pursu'd:  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on ev'ry side.

6 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my  
pow'r;

And when the storms of life shall  
cease,

Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

442.\* T. 79. (384.)

GRACIOUS Redeemer, who for us  
Didst die upon th' accursed cross,

To save our souls from death:  
We humbly at thy feet fall down,  
And thee thy body's Saviour own,  
On whom we firmly trust by faith.

2 Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true  
we are,

Poor sinners, but from guilt made  
clear;

The virtue of that blood,  
Which did for all our sins atone,  
We have experienc'd, and have  
known

From thence the quick'ning  
pow'r of God.

3 We, deeply bow'd, can nought  
reply,

But at thy pierced feet we lie,  
Astonish'd at thy grace,  
That vile and wretched as we are,  
Such undeserved love we share;  
To thee is due eternal praise.

4 When we thy boundless love sur-  
vey,

Our hearts like wax then melt away,  
Our eyes with tears o'erflow,  
We are determin'd nought beside  
To know, but Jesus crucified,  
And him to follow here below.

**443.\* T. 79. (385.)**

CHRIST, my Redeemer, Lord and  
God,

How came I, sinner void of good,  
To that blest company

Of ransom'd souls, who are in faith  
United, grounded on thy death;

Why didst thou fix thy choice on  
me?

2 To thee, with guilt oppress'd, I  
cried:

My pray'rs were heard, my wants  
supplied,

My heart, devoid of faith,  
Unfeeling, dead in sins before,

Now quick'ned by thy mighty pow'r,  
Glows with love's ardor for thy  
death.

3 Though I to mercy had no right,  
Yet I found favor in thy sight,

Like Magd'len at thy feet;  
So that I now, supremely blest,

In thee have found true peace and  
rest,

Yea happiness and joy complete.

**444.\* T. 132. (386.)**

THE Lord my Shepherd is and  
Guide,

Who kindly doth direct me;  
For all my wants he will provide,

From dangers will protect me.  
He leads me to a pasture-ground,

Where for my soul rich food is  
found,

The word of his salvation.

2 He guides my soul to living  
springs,

Where sweetly I'm refreshed;  
His Spirit joy and comfort brings

To me when'er abashed;  
He leads me in the blessed way

Of his commandments, day by day,  
To his name's praise and glory.

3 A table for me he prepares,  
My soul enjoys his favor;

And thus secur'd no en'my dares  
My God and me to sever:

My heart his holy Spirit cheers,  
And changeth all my grief and fears,

To joys unutterable.

4 His goodness and his mercies all  
Will follow me for ever,

And I'll maintain my proper call,  
To cleave to my dear Saviour,

And to his congregation here;  
And when call'd home, I shall live

there  
With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

**445.\* T. 36. (387.)**

THY thoughts of peace o'er me,  
my gracious Saviour,

Thy mercy, love, and patience,  
which ne'er waver,

These are my comfort, prompt me  
to prostration,

And adoration.

2 I am the chief of sinners, yea, the  
poorest

Of those, whom of thy favor thou  
assurest;

Thy goodness shown to me can't be  
expressed,

Or duly praised.

3 Hadst thou not sought me first,  
and follow'd ever,

I had not come to thee, nor known  
thy favor;

When thou hadst found me, then  
with arms of mercy

Thou didst embrace me.

4 I thank thee with sincerest heart's  
affection,

That thou, according to thy grace-  
election,

Hast brought me to thy blood-  
bought congregation,

Seal'd my salvation.

**446.\* T. 208. (388.)**

NONE but Christ, my Saviour,  
Loves with matchless fervor;

This is surely true!  
Souls in him believing,

And his blessings craving,  
Taste them daily new;

Yea, his mercy far exceeds  
All to think or say we're able;

'Tis incomparable!

2 Weeping or rejoicing,  
When from love arising,

He takes in good part;

Whoe'er cannot truly,  
Holy, holy, holy,

Sing with cheerful heart,  
O might he but contrite be!  
Christ regards our mournful crying,  
Inward groans and sighing.

3 Yea, his own he guideth,  
Faithful he abideth,

Till his thoughts of peace  
Fully are accomplish'd,  
And, our race here finish'd,  
We shall see his face.

O rejoice with heart and voice,  
Church of God, and praise for ever  
His unbounded favor.

**447. T. 89. (389.)**

ONE there is above all others,  
Who deserves the name of Friend,  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end:  
They who once his kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love!

2 Which of all our friends, to save  
us,  
Could or would have shed his  
blood!

But our Jesus died, to have us  
Reconcil'd in him to God:  
This was boundless love indeed!  
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name,  
Now to heav'nly glory raised  
He rejoiceth in the same:  
Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another,  
What he daily bears from us?  
Yet this glorious Friend and Bro-  
ther

Loves us, tho' we treat him thus;  
Though for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often,  
What a Friend we have above;  
But when home our souls are brought  
We will love thee as we ought.

N 2

**448. T. 14. (390.)**

JESUS, thy love exceeds by far  
The love of earthly friends;  
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,  
Is firm, and never ends.

2 My blessed Saviour, is thy love  
So bounteous, great and free?  
Behold, I give my sinful heart,  
My life, my all to thee.

3 No man of greater love can boast,  
Than for his friend to die:  
Thou for thy enemies wast slain,  
What love with thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,  
With heav'nly glory crown'd,  
Thou wouldst partake of human  
flesh,  
Beset with troubles round.

5 And now, ev'n on thy throne above,  
Thy love is still as great;  
Well thou remember'st Calvary,  
Nor canst thy death forget.

6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul  
The mem'ry of thy love:  
And thy dear name shall still to me  
A grateful odour prove.

**449. T. 90. (391.)**

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,  
Sov'reign Creator, Lord of all,  
Since I in thee salvation find,  
Before thy cross I humbly fall:  
My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,  
With sacred flames my heart in-  
spire.

2 How couldst thou love such  
worms as we?

Why didst thou look upon our race?  
Why didst thou die upon the tree?

What caus'd all this but bound-  
less grace? [love

'Twas, dearest Lord, thy matchless  
Which thee to save our souls did  
move.

3 O let thy pity thee constrain,  
Pardon our sin, its pow'r subdue,  
May all of us be born again,  
Thy image in us all renew:  
Let on us shine thy cheering face,  
Give us to know thy saving grace.

4 Be thou our strength, be thou our  
song,

Be our exceeding great reward:  
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord:  
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,  
In time, and in eternity.

**450.** T. 14. (392.)

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire my  
song

With thy immortal flame;  
And teach my heart, and teach my  
tongue

The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless  
charms

Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels lost by sin,  
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 God's only Son, (stupendous  
grace!)

Forsook his throne above;  
And swift, to save our wretched  
race,  
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty Former of the skies  
Stoop'd to our vile abode;

While angels view'd 'with wond'-  
ring eyes  
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store:

Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,  
Beneath thy cross I fall;

My lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my All.

**451.\*** T. 74. (393.)

SAVIOUR! through grace divine  
I know, that I was thine

From early infancy;

This by thy calls I see,

And drawings all along  
Frequent, distinct and strong.

2 I know, through mercy free  
Thine I shall ever be,

No separation here  
From thee I need to fear;  
In thee I can confide,  
Thou faithful wilt abide.

3 I know I worthless am,  
This fills my soul with shame,

Down in the dust I bow,  
Lord, keep me ever low;

In thee alone I trust,  
Thy love is all my boast!

**452.** T. 90. (394.)

BEFORE the Father's awful throne  
Our High-Priest lifts his pierced  
hands,

And interceding for his own,  
His purchas'd property demands;  
His people's everlasting Friend,  
Who loving, loves them to the end.

2 By faith we claim him as our  
own,

Our Kinsman, near allied in  
blood,

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,  
The Son of man, the Son of God;

We to his mercy-seat draw nigh;  
He never can himself deny.

**453.\*** T. 14. (395.)

THY mercies and thy faithfulness,  
Dear Lord, are daily new,  
But who can tell them to thy praise,  
Upon a close review?

2 Could I exalt thee worthily,  
For thy unbounded grace,  
Display'd in various ways to me,  
My lauds would never cease.

**454.\*** T. 590. (396.)

O LORD, accept my worthless  
heart,

And keep it ever thine;  
Since thou for me, a sinful worm,

Hast shed thy blood divine,  
Therewith to save my guilty soul

From endless pain and wo:  
What dearest friend in all the world  
Could equal kindness show!

**455.\*** T. 56. (397.)

THOU, O Jesus, :: art a gracious  
 Lord,  
 Ever faithful, :: keeping to thy  
 word;  
 None can be so full of grief,  
 But he soon may find relief,  
 By the comfort :: thy kind looks  
 afford.

**456.\*** T. 37. (398.)

LORD, had I of thy love  
 Such an impression,  
 As to forget all else  
 In that fruition,  
 Still would my love fall short  
 Of thy great mercies;  
 Nor can eternity  
 Sing all thy praises.

**457.** T. 151.

O LOVE, all love excelling,  
 From heav'n to earth come down!  
 Come, fix in us thy dwelling,  
 Of all thy gifts the crown:  
 Lord, thou art all compassion,  
 Unbounded love thou art,  
 O grant us thy salvation,  
 Speak peace to ev'ry heart.

**458.** T. 184. (399.)

HOW much we're lov'd by God  
 our Saviour,  
 With warmest gratitude we trace;  
 His patience, mercy, pardon, favor,  
 Supported us throughout our race:  
 To him we trust for future blessing,  
 He'll lead us till our latest breath:  
 O may we all, with love unceasing,  
 Rejoice in him, our Lord, by faith!

XXII. *Love to Jesus.***459.\*** T. 106. (400.)

THEE will I love, my strength and  
 tow'r,  
 My soul with love to thee in-  
 spire;  
 Thee will I love with all my pow'r,  
 Thou art alone my soul's desire;  
 Thee will I love, my King and God,  
 Shed in my heart thy love abroad.  
 2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,  
 Thou fairest of the sons of men!  
 Ah, why did I no sooner go  
 To thee who canst relieve my  
 pain!  
 Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn  
 That I so late to thee did turn.  
 3 Give to my eyes repenting tears,  
 Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd  
 fires;  
 Give to my soul with filial fears,  
 The love that all heav'n's host  
 inspires:  
 That all my pow'rs, with all their  
 might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

**460.\*** T. 232. (401.)

THEE, Lord, I love with sacred  
 awe,  
 Thy gracious presence ne'er with-  
 draw  
 From me, thy feeble creature.  
 The world is tasteless unto me,  
 I find no comfort but in thee,  
 And in thy loving nature:  
 Yea, when the strings of life are  
 broke,  
 Thou shalt remain my lasting Rock;  
 Thou art my comfort and my All,  
 Whose blood redeem'd me from the  
 fall;  
 Lord Jesus Christ, :: thy saving  
 name  
 Preserve me from eternal shame.  
 2 All my desires are fix'd on thee;  
 Lord Jesus, thou art more to me  
 Than ev'ry earthly treasure;  
 Were heav'n itself without thee,  
 Lord,  
 What could all heav'nly bliss afford,  
 To yield me solid pleasure?

Did I not feel that thou art near,  
 Whene'er I mourn, my heart to  
 cheer,  
 Nought in this world could comfort  
 me;  
 My wishes centre all in thee;  
 Lord Jesus Christ! :: if thou be  
 gone,  
 My ev'ry comfort is withdrawn!

3 With my whole heart I cleave  
 to thee,  
 And thou wilt come and dwell with  
 me;  
 This is my consolation!  
 In joy and pain my soul depends  
 On thee with humble confidence,  
 Thou Rock of my salvation!  
 Thou shalt remain my Portion  
 blest,  
 My All, by word and deed confest,  
 Till these mine eyes behold thy  
 face;  
 Meanwhile support me by thy  
 grace:  
 O Jesus Christ :: my God and  
 Lord,  
 In ev'ry trial help afford.

461.\* T. 200. (402.)

O CHRIST, my only Life and  
 Light,  
 Whose loving condescension  
 Refresheth me by day and night,  
 Beyond my comprehension:  
 Grant, that I may return thy love  
 With grateful heart's devotion,  
 Thus my notion  
 Of mercy will improve  
 With ev'ry thought and motion.

2 Let nothing dwell within my  
 heart,  
 But thy great love and favor:  
 May this engage my soul to part  
 With ev'ry sinful savor:  
 With all things, whether great or  
 small,  
 Which breed the least division,  
 Or collision,  
 'Twixt me and God my All,  
 Who sav'd me from perdition.

3 How blest, how excellent and  
 kind,  
 Are thy great love and merit!  
 Were these but fix'd within my  
 mind,  
 What could disturb my spirit?  
 O might no thought arise in me,  
 No object move my senses,  
 No pretences,  
 T' obstruct my love to thee:  
 Thus heav'n on earth commences.

4 O that I were still more possess'd  
 Of this great, sov'reign blessing!  
 O that my cold and lifeless breast  
 Might glow with love unceasing!  
 Grant I may watch both day and  
 night,  
 To keep this heav'nly treasure  
 From the seizure  
 Of Satan's secret spite, [sure.  
 Who seeks our wo with plea-

5 Thou cam'st in love to my relief,  
 Bar'st sin's due pain and torment,  
 Hung'st on the cross just like a thief,  
 Or murd'rer, without garment,  
 Scorn'd, spit upon, and sore dis-  
 trest:  
 O! let thy suff'rings enter  
 To the centre  
 Of this my stubborn breast,  
 To melt and make it tender.

6 The blood, which thou hast shed  
 for me,  
 Is precious, pure and holy;  
 But this my heart, that swerves  
 from thee,  
 Is hard, repletè with folly:  
 Lord! may the virtue of thy blood  
 Sink deep into the nature  
 Of thy creature,  
 And its kind influence spread  
 Through ev'ry vein and feature.

7 Thy love divine is perfect rest,  
 The source of all true pleasure:  
 O Jesus, be my soul thus blest,  
 T' enjoy thee in full measure!  
 Shed in my heart thy love abroad;  
 O let thy blood be healing  
 All that's ailing,  
 And that depravity  
 I am with grief bewailing.

- 8 Thy love, my Saviour, all supplies  
That to my soul is wanting,  
'Tis the true light unto mine eyes,  
My cordial, when I'm fainting:  
My bread and wine, my costly dress,  
My joy and delectation,  
My salvation,  
My comfort in distress,  
My refuge 'midst oppression.
- 9 My dearest Lord, shouldst thou remove,  
Nought else could yield me pleasure;  
Shouldst thou withdraw thy precious love,  
I lose my only treasure.  
Thee may I seek and entertain,  
With inward joy receive thee,  
Never leave thee,  
And ne'er henceforth again  
Unfaithful prove and grieve thee.
- 10 Thy love hath always been the same,  
And ever did pursue me;  
Before I knew thy saving name,  
In mercy thou didst view me.  
O let thy love, almighty Lord,  
Continue to direct me,  
And protect me,  
Yea, help to me afford,  
'Gainst all that would obstruct me.
- 11 Thy love uphold me when distressed,  
Give strength, when I am feeble;  
And when this mortal period's past,  
Thou, who to save art able,  
Support and strengthen my weak faith;  
Apply thy pow'ful merit  
To my spirit,  
That I may after death,  
Eternal joy inherit.
- 462.\* T. 151. (403.)**  
JESUS, my highest treasure!  
In thy communion blest,  
I find unsullied pleasure,  
True happiness and rest.
- Myself as an oblation  
I have to thee assign'd,  
Because thou by thy passion,  
Hast heal'd my sin-sick mind.
- 2 O joy, all joys exceeding!  
Thou Bread most heavenly,  
When I on thee am feeding,  
Thou dost me satisfy  
With marrow and with fatness,  
With comfort, joy and peace,  
And fill'st my heart with gladness,  
Assuaging my distress.
- 3 Let me perceive thy friendly,  
Thy cheering countenance;  
Spread through my heart its kindly  
Enliv'ning influence.  
Without thee, gracious Saviour,  
To live, is nought but pain;  
T' enjoy thy love and favor,  
Is happiness and gain.
- 4 Earth's glory to inherit,  
Is not what I desire:  
My heav'nly-minded spirit  
Glow's with a nobler fire;  
Where Christ himself appeareth  
In brightest majesty,  
For me a place prepareth,  
There, there I long to be.
- 463.\* T. 156. (404.)**  
JESUS is my Light most fair,  
Jesus yields me solid pleasure;  
In his love I have a share,  
This I count my highest treasure:  
He alone is my delight,  
He my soul hath captivated,  
With his love I'm penetrated;  
He hath overcome me quite.
- 2 Round his pierced feet I'll cling,  
Him I seek with love most tender;  
And accurs'd be ev'ry thing,  
Which my seeking him would hinder.  
Tell me nought of worldly fame,  
Tell me nought of earthly treasure,  
Would you please in any measure,  
Tell me of his lovely name.

3 But himself I must behold,  
 To him I will make confession:  
 My defects are manifold,  
 But I trust to his compassion.  
 For I cannot, will not rest,  
 Till I've found my dearest Sa-  
 viour,  
 Till he looks on me in favor,  
 Till he grants me my request.

4 Jesus, thou my only rest,  
 O my Jesus, let me find thee;  
 Jesus, take me to thy breast,  
 With thy cords of love now bind  
 me.

Thou'rt the object of my mind,  
 I am by thy love inflamed;  
 Ev'ry good that can be named,  
 Ev'ry bliss in thee I find.

5 May I of thy chosen bride  
 Be a member chaste and holy;  
 Let me quite in thee confide,  
 Cleave to thee and love thee  
 solely:

Jesus, kindly me receive,  
 Thine alone may I be called;  
 Grant that what hath me en-  
 thrall'd,  
 May no longer me enslave.

6 Thou in grace hast look'd on me,  
 And with precious gifts hast  
 blessed;  
 Yet content I cannot be,  
 Till I am of thee possessed:  
 Jesus, now upon me shine,  
 Jesus, be my Sun resplendent,  
 Jesus, be my joy transcendent,  
 Jesus, be thou ever mine!

**464.\*** T. 39. (405.)

I'LL glory in nothing but only in  
 Jesus,  
 As wounded and bruised from sin  
 to release us:  
 For he is my Refuge, to him I'll  
 cleave solely,  
 Thus can I, like Enoch, in this  
 world live holy.

2 What though the world foameth  
 and rageth with fury,

I in my dear crucified Jesus will  
 glory;  
 Beside him, my Saviour, I'll know  
 nothing ever,  
 From whom neither trials, nor  
 death me shall sever.

3 My Jesus is always desirous to  
 meet me,  
 Abounding in love, and in mercy  
 to greet me;  
 Above all I love him, for he is my  
 treasure,  
 I humbly adore him and serve him  
 with pleasure.

4 My heart's fix'd on Jesus, whose  
 love is so tender,  
 My life and my all unto him I  
 surrender;  
 He is and remaineth my heart's  
 meditation,  
 My faith's only object, till my con-  
 summation.

**465.\*** T. 83. (406.)

JESUS will I never leave,  
 He's the God of my salvation;  
 Through his merits I receive  
 Pardon, life and consolation;  
 All the powers of my mind  
 To my Saviour be resign'd.

2 Nought on earth can satisfy  
 One desire which God inspireth,  
 Only Jesus can supply  
 All my needy heart requireth;  
 He all losses can retrieve,  
 Him I'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am his,  
 Join'd with him in close com-  
 munion;  
 And his bitter passion is  
 The foundation of this union;  
 Full of hopes which never yield,  
 Firm on him, my Rock, I build.

4 O the happy hours I spend  
 With him in blest conversation!  
 He's my near and faithful friend,  
 Full of grace, peace, and salva-  
 tion;  
 From the look at Jesus' wounds  
 Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,  
 Hemy soul preserves and feedeth;  
 He, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
 Me to living waters leadeth:  
 Blessed, who can say with me,  
 Christ, I'll never part with thee!

**466.\*** T. 22. (407.)

DEAR Jesus, when I think on  
 thee,  
 My heart for joy doth leap in me;  
 Thy blest remembrance yields de-  
 light,  
 Till faith is changed into sight.

2 When thou art near, I must con-  
 fess,  
 I feel a bliss I can't express:  
 Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can  
 cloy,  
 Fountain of bliss, and Source of joy.

3 Let me by faith behold thy face,  
 Still taste thy love, and share thy  
 grace; [name,  
 Still let my tongue confess thy  
 And Jesus be my constant theme.

4 Thy love and mercies all exceed;  
 The more I on these dainties feed,  
 The more my eager soul is bent  
 To live but in this element.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,  
 How sweet thy entertainments are!  
 Never did angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

**467.\*** T. 11. (408.)

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,  
 And abide eternally;  
 Friend of needy sinners, come,  
 Fill and make my heart thy home.

2 Oftentimes for thee I sigh,  
 Nothing else can give me joy;  
 This is still my cry to thee:  
 Dearest Jesus, come to me!

3 Should I in earth's pleasures roll,  
 None could satisfy my soul;  
 Thee, O Jesus! I adore,  
 Thou'rt my pleasure evermore.

4 Jesus, thee alone I call  
 My beloved Friend, my All;  
 Nothing, whatsoe'er it be,  
 Shall divide my heart with thee.

**468.\*** T. 15. (409.)

GRACIOUS Redeemer, thou hast  
 me

To come to thee invited;  
 Thy love, to love thee ardently  
 Hath my cold heart excited.

2 Thy cross, thy shame, thy agony,  
 Thy wounds and bitter passion,  
 Have wholly won my heart for thee,  
 And prompt my adoration.

3 The fire of love that burns  
 within,  
 Is that divine impression,  
 That thou didst suffer for my sin,  
 And die for my transgression.

**469.\*** T. 97. (410.)

'TIS evident that Jesus loves,  
 His death for us this fully proves;  
 He lov'd the world, a sinful race,  
 He loves the church, his flock of  
 grace,  
 He loveth children, yea he loveth  
 me,  
 Who nought deserv'd but endless  
 misery.

2 O may I in his love be blest,  
 Like John, reclining on his breast;  
 And oft, like humble Magdalen,  
 Adore the Friend of sinful men,  
 With longing heart attending at his  
 feet,  
 Till with a gracious look from him  
 I meet.

3 I'll weep whene'er he's not to  
 me  
 What a most cordial friend can be;  
 Do I not always feel him nigh,  
 And his reviving grace enjoy,  
 Do I not in his sweet communion  
 live,  
 Nought else to my poor soul can  
 comfort give.

## 470.\* T. 4. (411.)

WHEN duly I weigh,  
How much day by day  
Thee, Lord, I have tried,  
My Friend ever faithful, who for  
me hast died ;

2 I own the fault mine :  
Thy patience divine,  
Which clearly I trace,  
With tears fills my eyes, with  
shame covers my face.

3 As Mary ador'd  
Her Master and Lord,  
When her thou didst greet,  
And deeply abas'd she embraced  
thy feet ;

4 As Thomas with awe,  
When thy wounds he saw,  
His Saviour avow'd,  
And cried with conviction, ' My  
Lord and my God !'

5 As Peter replied,  
His love being tried,  
' My heart thou dost prove,  
Lord, thou knowest all things,  
thou know'st that I love ;'

6 So may I, each day,  
A clearer display  
Obtain of thy grace ;  
Thus my love O Jesus! to thee will  
increase.

## 471.\* T. 45. (412.)

WHAT splendid rays—of truth  
and grace,  
All other lights excelling,  
I perceive, when Jesus Christ  
Makes my heart his dwelling !

2 He blesseth me—so sensibly,  
That spirit, soul and body,  
Can in him my Saviour joy,  
Though quite poor and needy.

3 His looks of grace—insure al-  
ways  
To me my heav'nly calling :  
Am I weak, his hand preserves  
Me, his child, from falling.

4 My earnest pray'r—while absent  
here  
From him my soul's Beloved,  
Is, that my heart's confidence  
In him be unmoved.

5 Could I with him—spend all my  
time,  
In constant love's fruition,  
Infinitely happy then  
Would be my condition.

6 Whene'er I mourn—and humbly  
turn  
For comfort to my Jesus,  
'Tis a never failing proof  
That he's near and gracious.

7 They who always—our Saviour's  
face  
Seek upon each occasion,  
Never fail to be refresh'd  
With his consolation.

## 472.\* T. 167. (413.)

O COULD we but love that Sa-  
viour,  
Who loves us so ardently,  
As we ought, our souls would ever  
Full of joy and comfort be !  
If we, by his love excited,  
Could ourselves and all forget,  
Then, with Jesus Christ united,  
We should heav'n anticipate.

2 Did but Jesus' love and merit  
Fill our hearts both night and day,  
And the unction of his Spirit  
All our thoughts and actions sway!  
O might all of us be ready  
Cheerfully to testify,  
How our spirit, soul and body,  
Do in God our Saviour joy!

## 473. T. 14. (414.)

TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,  
And nothing had to pay ;  
But Jesus freed me from the load,  
And wash'd my debt away.

2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,  
And blotted out my score ;  
Much more indebted I have been,  
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I  
And satisfaction made; [know,  
But the vast debt of love I owe  
Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,  
For power to believe, [heav'n,  
For present peace, and promis'd  
No angel can conceive.

5 That love of thine, thou sinners'  
Friend,

Witness thy bleeding heart!  
My little all can ne'er extend  
To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I  
I first from thee obtain; [make,  
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take  
Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,  
(Let who will boast their store,)  
In time and in eternity,  
To owe thee more and more.

**474.** T. 11. (415.)

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

2 'I deliver'd thee, when bound,  
And when wounded heal'd thy  
wound;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee  
right,

Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yea, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done,  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore,  
O for grace to love thee more!

O

**475.** T. 14. (416.)

TEACH me yet more of thy blest  
ways,

Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God!  
And fix and root me in the grace  
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,  
Of ev'ry grief and pain;  
And let my heart with joy confess,  
From hence comes all my gain.

3 For thee, O may I freely count  
Whate'er I have but loss;  
And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing,  
Compar'd with thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply in my heart,  
That thou for me wast slain;  
Then shall I, in my small degree,  
Return thy love again.

5 But who can pay that mighty debt,  
Or equal love like thine?  
My heart, by nature cold and dead,  
To thankfulness incline.

**476.\*** T. 232. (417.)

JESUS, I love thee fervently,  
As thou upon th' accursed tree  
Wast slain for my transgression;  
I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew  
My cheeks, when I in spirit view  
Thy death and bitter passion;  
This gives the impulse, Lord, that I  
In truth can love thee heartily:  
My love to thee thou knowest best,  
But yet defective 'tis confest;  
Thou highest Good!

Thy precious blood,  
That cleansing flood, [glow'd.  
Claims that my love more ardent

**477.\*** T. 228. (419.)

WHAT causeth me to mourn, is  
this:

My warmest love not equal is  
To my heart's inclination:  
The more I love, the more I feel,  
I should far better love thee still,  
Thou God of my salvation!  
Grant me—daily  
More to savor—of thy favor,  
Grace and blessing;  
Thus my love will be increasing.

XXIII. *Brotherly Love, and Union of Spirit.*

478.\* T. 583. (1054.)

HOW good and pleasant is it to  
behold

The favor'd sheep of our good  
Shepherd's fold,

By grace upheld, in love and know-  
ledge grow,

Each sharing in the other's weal  
and wo!

2 Fulness of grace in him, our  
Head, abounds,

Hence ev'ry blessing to his church  
redounds;

He dwells among us, and his Spi-  
rit's light

To love each other teacheth us  
aright.

3 The word of God like plenteous  
rain descends,

And fructifying pow'r its course  
attends, [plies,

Unto our souls it richest food sup-  
And to salvation makes us truly

wise.

4 If love unfeign'd we in our ac-  
tions show,

The God of peace his blessing will  
bestow;

O Lord, preserve thy church for  
Jesus' sake,

And bless what in thy name we  
undertake!

479. T. 11. (420.)

THEY who Jesus' foll'wers are,  
And enjoy his faithful care,

By a mutual, hearty love  
Their belief in Jesus prove.

2 From their being join'd in one,  
By the faith of God's dear Son,

Boundless blessings they receive,  
And to Christ desire to live.

3 None in his own wisdom trusts,  
None of his attainments boasts,

Each his brother doth esteem,  
And himself the meanest deem.

4 They're delighted, when they all  
With one voice on Jesus call;  
And when fitly, without strife,  
Each his duty doth in life.

5 Meek they are to all mankind,  
To good offices inclin'd,  
Ready, when revil'd, to bless,  
Studious of the public peace.

6 Tender pity, love sincere  
To their enemies they bear;  
And, as Christ affords them light,  
Order all their steps aright.

7 Jesus, all our souls inspire,  
Fill us with love's sacred fire,  
Thus will all in us perceive  
That we in thy name believe.

8 May it to the world appear,  
That we thy disciples are,  
By our loving mutually,  
By our being one in thee.

480. T. 22. (421.)

BEHOLD us, Lord, rough stones  
we are,

Yet for thy building us prepare;  
Reject not one of us, we pray,  
Thy Spirit's voice may we obey.

2 O may thy flock still more in-  
crease

In mutual love, and perfect peace;  
In harmony, with fervent zeal,  
Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3 Lord, grant us a forgiving mind,  
To patience and to peace inclin'd,  
That we may with each other bear;  
To cherish love be all our care.

4 Tender compassion may we  
show,

Share in each other's weal and wo,  
With those who joyful are, rejoice,  
And with the weeping sympathize.

5 At all times may we ready be,  
As far as our ability  
Permits us, to relieve the want  
Of all the poor and indigent.

6 Yea, this be our concern, to seek  
In nothing to offend the weak,  
But bear with their infirmities,  
And thus preserve the bond of peace.

7 Grant us in meekness to reclaim  
Those, who have been in aught to  
blame,  
Mindful that we, as well as they,  
Are liable from thee to stray.

8 May we, though gifts be manifold,  
As members of one body, hold  
One doctrine, and be ever led  
By thee, our Master, Lord, and  
Head.

9 O make us quite conform'd to thee,  
And grant us true humility,  
That we, supported by thy grace,  
May in our walk show forth thy  
praise.

**481. T. 14. (422.)**

O LET thy love our hearts con-  
strain,  
Jesus, thou God of love;  
The bond of peace let us maintain,  
All discord far remove.

2 Us into closest union draw,  
And in our inward parts  
Write thou indelibly thy law:  
Let love pervade our hearts.

3 Who would not now pursue the  
way  
Where Jesus' footsteps shine?  
Who would not own the pleasing  
sway  
Of charity divine?

4 United firmly by thy grace,  
We shall thy foll'wers prove;  
The frowning world must then con-  
fess:  
'See how these Christians love!'

**482. T. 11. (423.)**

CHERISH us with kindest care,  
Jesus, we thy brethren are,  
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;  
To the end O love thine own.

2 As our Head us move and guide,  
Divers gifts to each divide;  
Plac'd according to thy will,  
Let us all thy mind fulfil.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Useful to each other be,  
Each the other's burden bear,  
In his weal and wo take share.

4 If one member honor'd be,  
All rejoice most heartily;  
If one suffer, all a part  
Bear with sympathizing heart.

5 Closely join'd to thee, our Head,  
Nourished by thee and fed,  
Let us daily growth receive,  
And with thee in union live.

**483. T. 11. (424.)**

JESUS, we look up to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree;  
Thou, who art the Prince of peace,  
Bid contention ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love  
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove:  
Lord, us all in thee unite,  
To enjoy thy saving light.

3 Make us all one heart and mind,  
Courteous, merciful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek in thought and word,  
As thou wast on earth, O Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
In our conduct patterns be  
Of unfeign'd humility.

**484.\* T. 155. (425.)**

NEVER yet hath in this world  
Love that highest pitch attained,  
Though unfeigned,  
That it could compared be,  
Reas'nably,  
To that love our blest Creator  
Show'd unto his rebel creature,  
While as yet his enemy.

2 Ah! behold the Son of God!  
Who for those that crucified him,  
And denied him,

(Mongst whom, to my grief and  
shame,

Stands my name)

Pardon from his Father craveth,  
Yea, ev'n his tormentors saveth;  
This his love is still the same.

3 For our brethren we should too,  
To lay down our lives be willing,  
Thus fulfilling

What he of his flock desires,  
Yea requires;

But, with all his flow'ry speeches,  
Man in vain this lesson teaches,  
Till God's love the soul inspires.

4 Brethren, would you please the  
Lord,

Copy then, in your behaviour,  
Him your Saviour;

That you're his, the world will own  
Then alone,

When, preferring each his brother,  
Ye show love to one another;  
Thus are his disciples known.

5 Yet the warmest mutual love,  
That to brethren you're possessing  
By his blessing,

When compared with his love,  
Weak doth prove;

For, to save us from damnation,  
By becoming our oblation,  
Love immense our God did move.

**485.\* T. 167. (426.)**

FLOCK of Jesus, be united,  
Covenant with him anew;

By his love divine excited,  
Praise and serve him as 'tis due:

O that nothing whatsoever  
May relax this blessed tie;  
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,  
Grant us all stability.

2 With love's ardor to be fired,  
Be our aim continually,

So that, should it be required,  
For the brethren we could die:

O what boundless love did Jesus  
To his enemies display!

May his holy pattern teach us,  
How love ought to bear the sway.

3 O that we, his steps to follow,  
'Midst affliction, scorn and spite,  
And his sacred name to hallow,  
Did each other more excite!  
Ev'ry one stir up his brother  
To keep Jesus still in view,  
Thus encouraging each other  
His example to pursue.

4 Then the souls he join'd together  
Will, according to his pray'r,  
Be accepted of his Father,  
And his kind protection share:  
As thou art with him united,  
Lord, may we be one in thee,  
And by genuine love excited,  
Serve each other willingly.

**486.\* T. 167. (1055.)**

GRANT, Lord, that with thy direc-  
tion:

'Love each other:' we comply,  
Aiming with unfeign'd affection  
Thy love to exemplify:

Let our mutual love be glowing,  
Thus it will to all appear,  
That we, as on one stem growing,  
In thee living branches are.

2 O that such might be our union,  
As thine with the Father is,  
And not one of our communion  
Might forsake the path of bliss!  
May our light 'fore men with bright-  
ness

From thy light reflected shine,  
Thus the world will bear us wit-  
ness,

That we, Lord, are truly thine.

**487.\* T. 22. (427.)**

TH' enjoyment of Christ's flesh and  
blood,

Which is on earth our highest good,  
His members closely should unite,  
And them to mutual love excite.

2 Love he most strongly did en-  
force,

Just ere he finished his course;  
For love most fervently he pray'd,  
Before in death he bow'd his head.

3 O that the Lord could quite fulfil  
In us his testament and will!  
To love each other we desire;  
Come, sacred love, our hearts in-  
spire!

4 We join together heart and hand,  
To walk towards the promis'd land;  
For his appearance may with care  
Each member day and night pre-  
pare.

5 Till we the Lord our Righteous-  
ness  
Shall see in glory face to face,  
The bond of peace may we main-  
tain,  
And one in him, our Lord remain.

488.\* T. 14. (428.)

HOW pleasant is love's harmony,  
When brethren truly dwell  
Together in heart's unity,  
And cordial friendship feel!

2 Lord Jesus, in that very night  
Ere thou didst bleed and die,  
Thou didst with thy disciples urge  
Love's ever sacred tie.

3 Remind thy little flock, too apt  
Among themselves to jar,  
That all thy members' unity  
Was ev'n thy dying care.

4 May we this testament fulfil,  
One mind and spirit be,  
And love with unremitting zeal  
Each other fervently.

489.\* T. 147. (429.)

JEHOVAH! holy Lamb,  
Christ, who our hearts hast fired  
With love, by thee inspired,  
We praise thy saving name.  
Thou giv'st us crowns of glory,  
Which are not transitory,  
Thou, who our flesh and blood  
Assumedst, Lamb of God.

2 Thou art the loveliest,  
Our only joy and treasure,  
Our heart's delight and pleasure,  
As long as love shall last:  
And love shall ever flourish,

Though all things else must perish:  
As God himself express'd,  
Thou art the loveliest!

3 How fast can love-cords bind!  
Thou by thy love hast bound us,  
E'er since thy mercy found us,  
Thou Shepherd, ever kind!  
O let us taste thy favor,  
And thy rich bounty savor:  
We're closely to thee join'd,  
How fast can love-cords bind!

4 O boundless love and grace!  
When we shall sing Christ's praises  
Above in heav'nly places,  
Our voice we'll higher raise.  
As Shepherd he will feed us,  
Support, protect, and lead us,  
Till we shall see his face,  
O boundless love and grace!

5 The elders' holy choir,  
Who are in the Lamb's presence,  
And pay him their obeisance,  
Cast down their crowns' attire:  
We join their adoration,  
And praise him with prostration;  
'Fore him we humbly fall,  
He is our All in all.

6 Thanks, wisdom, majesty,  
His ransom'd congregation  
Brings to him for salvation,  
And for love's unity.  
The Lamb, who did deliver  
Our souls, be prais'd for ever;  
Blessing and honor be  
To him eternally.

490.\* T. 124. (430. 1057.)

O IN love what stores of grace  
Are contained!  
By this band our covenant  
Is maintained;  
They who strangers are to love  
Move our pity,  
Love makes living weighty.

2 He, who is to Jesus Christ  
Quite resigned,  
And to walk his blessed ways  
Is inclined,  
On his path, by love constrain'd,  
Firmly treadeth,  
And straight on proceedeth.

3 When the true believer's mind  
Grace o'erfloweth,  
Then all labor doth succeed,  
No hurt groweth;  
Pilgrims trav'ling Zion-ward,  
Cheer each other:  
Each stirs up his brother.

4 By Christ's dying love constrain'd,  
None can ever  
Him to serve a burthen deem,  
'Tis a favor;  
Looking unto Christ, what else  
Were distressing  
Will become a blessing.

491. T. 165. (431.)

JESUS, grant me to inherit,  
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,  
Through the guidance of thy Spirit,  
All the fruits of righteousness.  
Grant me true humility,  
Faith and zeal to live for thee;  
To mankind O make me gracious,  
To my friends and foes propitious.

2 Give me grace in all conditions  
Firmly to adhere to thee;  
And, 'midst all the exhibitions  
Of thy boundless love to me,  
To let my poor neighbours share  
In my plenty, and my pray'r:  
By thy love to me imparted  
Make me always tender-hearted.

3 In the lonely house of mourning,  
Through thy weeping family,  
Comfort, med'cine, meat and cloth-  
ing,  
May I minister to thee;  
Might I calm the orphan's cry,  
Make the widow sing for joy,  
And the captive's moan distressing  
Raise to songs of praise and bless-  
ing.

492. T. 39. (1058.)

WHAT brought us together? what  
joined our hearts?  
The pardon, which Jesus, our High-  
Priest imparts:

'Tis this, which cements the dis-  
ciples of Christ,  
Who are into one by the Spirit bap-  
tiz'd.

2 Is this our high calling, harmo-  
nious to dwell,  
And thus in sweet concert Christ's  
praises to tell,  
In peace and blest union our mo-  
ments to spend,  
And live in communion with Christ  
as our Friend?

3 O yes, having found in the Lord  
our delight,  
He is our chief object by day and  
by night,  
This knits us together, no longer  
we roam,  
We all have one Father, and heav'n  
is our home.

493. T. 159.

WHEN brethren dwell in unity,  
In Jesus' ransom'd fold,  
Join'd by love's ever sacred tie,  
'Tis pleasant to behold;  
Like dew, his grace on them de-  
scends,  
Yea, his rich blessing he commands  
Upon their going out to rest,  
Their coming in is blest.

2 We tread on consecrated ground,  
For 'tis his own abode,  
The sparrow here a nest hath found,  
Thine altars, O Lord God!  
Blest they who to his courts repair,  
To seek him in his house of pray'r:  
To such he will himself reveal,  
His praises they shall tell.

494. T. 159. (432.)

WE in one covenant are join'd,  
And one in Jesus are;  
With voices, and with hearts com-  
bin'd  
His praise we will declare:  
In doctrine and in practice one,  
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;  
With one accord sound forth his  
praise,  
Till we shall see his face.

XXIV. *Following Jesus, and bearing his Reproach.*

495.\* T. 230. (433.)

JESUS, Lord most great and glorious,  
Reward and Crown of the victorious,

Restorer of lost Paradise!  
We appear with supplication,  
Before thee, God of our salvation,  
And send to thee our fervent cries:

O Lord, our Righteousness!

'Tis thy delight to bless,

We desire it;

Come then, for we

Belong to thee,

And bless us inexpressibly.

2 O thou Well-spring of salvation,

We pray thee us to form and fashion  
According to thy blessed mind.

We, by nature spoil'd and marred,  
Were from that happy life debarred,

Which in thy fellowship we find:

By thy almighty pow'r

Support us evermore,

Thou life's Fountain!

Without thy aid

We can't proceed,

Be thou our help in time of need.

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit,  
They shall the realm of heav'n inherit,

Free grace is their's, and endless bliss;

While all those who place reliance  
On their own works, and bid defiance

To grace, will of salvation miss.

O may we all of thee

Learn true humility,

Lowly Jesus,

May we despise

All earthly joys

For thee, the Pearl of greatest price.

4 They that mourn, bless'd is their station,

They find abundant consolation,  
Since Jesus first that path did tread;

He prevailed while he suffer'd,  
And now to us that cup is offer'd,  
By which himself was perfected.

We can in no respect

Here constant joy expect,

Here is weeping:

At the Lamb's feast

Is perfect rest,

Here is a vale of tears at best.

5 Blessed are the meek in spirit,  
They shall, saith Christ, the earth inherit;

Their life is hid with him while here;

Yet they, by their conversation,  
Afford a striking demonstration,

That they in Christ true riches share:

And as the Lamb of God

The greatest meekness show'd,

His disciples

His path pursue,

And as 'tis due

Show in their conduct meekness too.

6 Blessed, who without cessation  
Hunger and thirst for that salvation

Which flows from Christ's pure righteousness;

They are fill'd and satisfied,

With richest dainties are supplied,  
Who long and pant for saving

grace.

Christ's body and his blood

Prove their life-giving food;

Thereby nourish'd,

From year to year

They thrive, and bear

Fruits that to him well-pleasing are.

7 All the merciful are blessed,  
For they, when in their turn distressed,

Shall mercy find most certainly.  
Water to the poor afforded  
Is as an act of love recorded,

And is rewarded gen'rously.  
Who to the indigent  
Doth prove beneficent,  
He is blessed;  
But wo to them  
Who scorn the same,  
For God remembers not their name.

8 All the pure in heart are blessed,  
Of joys unspeakable possessed,  
They shall behold their God in  
peace.

They who faithful have remained  
To Jesus, and preserv'd unstained  
The garment of his righteousness,

Shall once obtain the grace,  
To see him face to face:

I entreat thee,  
Impart to me  
That purity,  
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

9 They are objects of God's favor,  
Who peace unceasingly endeavor  
Among their neighbours to maintain:

As his children them he owneth;  
He with success their labor crowneth,

Such souls the choicest blessings gain.

Love is the character  
Of each true follower  
Of our Saviour:  
May he through grace  
Make us always  
Intent upon promoting peace.

10 Bless'd are they who suffer  
gladly

For doing good and living godly,  
Who Jesus for their pattern take:  
Yea, who bear their cross with  
meekness,

Suff'ring with patience, 'midst all  
weakness,  
And earthly joys for him forsake;

For Jesus' help and love  
Their consolation prove;  
They who freely  
For him will bear  
Reproach, while here,  
At last shall in his glory share.

11 Bless'd are they who are de-  
spised,  
In scornful manner stigmatized,  
And for their Saviour's sake de-  
fam'd;

As the bride deems it an honor  
To take the bridegroom's name up-  
on her,

Should we of Jesus be asham'd?  
Far, far be this from us,  
Welcome reproach and cross!  
We are Christians,  
Who follow thee,  
Lord, cheerfully,  
Through honor and through infamy.

12 Gracious Lord, who by thy pas-  
sion  
And death hast gained our salva-  
tion,

O may we all thy name confess:  
May we be by faith united  
To thee, who hast us all invited  
To share eternal happiness.  
Constrain us by thy love,  
In all we do to prove  
Faithful foll'wers,  
Dear Lord, of thee;  
And grant that we  
May ever love thee ardently.

496.\* T. 11. (434.)

HOLY Lamb and Prince of Peace,  
Hear my soul implore thy grace:  
Grant, that my behavior may  
Meekness, such as thine, display.

2 O that I may faithfully  
To thy voice obedient be;  
Valiant, steadfast, may my love  
In the hardest trials prove.

3 Keep thou me, a feeble child,  
Sober, watchful, undefil'd;  
That where'er thy steps I see,  
Simply I may follow thee.

4 Thou, the great victorious Lamb,  
Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,  
Grant, that by thy blood I may  
Conqu'ror be till thy great day.

5 When thou shalt on Zion stand,  
May I be at thy right hand;  
Clothed in the glorious dress  
Of thy spotless righteousness.

**497.\*** T. 11. (1060.)

O MY soul, mark ev'ry word  
Of thy kind and gracious Lord:  
When he calls, without delay,  
Willingly his call obey.

2 Hath he aught to say to thee,  
An attentive scholar be;  
Doth he chasten thee, as son,  
'Tis deserved: humbly own.

**498.** T. 596. (435.)

O TELL me no more  
Of this world's vain store;  
The time for such trifles with me  
now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound;  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that  
happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,  
In Paradise live:  
And me in that number will Jesus  
receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,  
He calls thee away;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless  
the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength and comfort;  
go, follow him, go!

6 Perhaps, with the aim  
To honor his name,  
I may do some service, poor dust  
though I am.

7 Yet this is confest,  
I count it most blest,  
As at the beginning, in him to find  
rest.

8 And when I'm to die,  
'Receive me,' I'll cry,  
'For life everlasting for me thou  
didst buy.'

9 So closely in mind  
To Jesus I'm join'd,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me  
behind.

10 Lo, this is the race  
I'm running through grace,  
Henceforth, till admitted to see my  
Lord's face.

**499.\*** T. 26. (436.)

LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,  
That soul and body should be  
thine,

O take our hearts and us incline  
To be devoted to thy name.

2 What love can be compar'd with  
thine!  
Who hath to us so just a claim  
As thou, who didst our souls re-  
deem,  
And for us leave thy throne divine!

3 Go, all ye wise, without control  
Your empty notions still pursue;  
Jesus alone I have in view,  
This pow'rful magnet draws my  
soul.

4 A subject I of Christ my King,  
And tho' I poor and helpless be,  
Yet all around shall plainly see  
My Saviour is my ev'ry thing.

5 Thee I adore, most gracious  
Lord,  
Grant that my walk in truth may  
be  
At all times pleasing unto thee,  
Directed by thy holy word.

6 My King, thy noble statutes write  
Upon the table of my heart,  
Thy grace and truth to me im-  
part,  
And let thy law be my delight.

**500.\*** T. 83. (438.)

JESUS Christ, thou Leading-star,  
Thy great name we praise and  
hallow;

From believers be it far  
Any other guide to follow:  
Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,  
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below  
To enjoy earth's transient trea-  
sure,  
After Christ they're call'd to go,  
His reproach they count a plea-  
sure;  
Under manifold distress,  
Thro' the narrow gate they press.

**501.** T. 26. (439.)

THOU meek and patient Lamb of  
God,

Who can by faith thy suff'rings  
see,

And not devote himself to thee,  
His life, and ev'ry drop of blood!

2 Thy dying love doth justly claim  
That I should live unto thy praise,  
Yea, gladly share in thy disgrace,  
And suffer freely for thy name.

**502.** T. 22. (440.)

IF father, mother, children, wife,  
Houses, or lands, or aught in life,  
Delude thy heart, that thou desist  
From faith and love to Jesus Christ;

2 His words with due attention  
hear:

'My cross whoever will not bear,  
And all forsake to follow me,  
He cannot my disciple be.'

3 First let us duly count the cost,  
And then in Jesus place our trust,  
If we on him alone depend,  
He 'midst all trials proves our  
Friend.

4 If once the plough in hand we  
take,

Preserve us, Lord, from looking  
back:

O let us, through thy aiding grace,  
Pursue our course with steadiness.

5 On those who faithful prove to  
death,  
And show by works of love their  
faith,

A crown of life thou once wilt place,  
Before thy Father them confess.

**503.\*** T. 90. (441.)

'MY yoke,' saith Christ, 'upon  
you take,

Serve me, amidst oppression:  
The world, and all its joys forsake,  
And shun no tribulation:  
Come, follow me, and humbly bear  
My cross, and in my suff'rings  
share.'

2 Then let us follow Christ our Lord,  
Both soul and body off'ring,  
Be cheerfully, with one accord,  
Partakers of his suff'ring;  
For they who show true faithfulness  
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

**504.** T. 243. (442.)

AMIDST tribulation,  
We follow our Saviour,  
Whose name and profession  
We'll honor for ever,  
His shame we bear,—and gladly  
share.

2 We in ev'ry nation  
Will boldly confess him,  
Make known his salvation,  
Yea, serve him and bless him,  
And him adore—for evermore.

3 Our Lord contradiction  
Of sinners endured;  
Him, 'midst all affliction,  
We follow, assured  
That we at last—with him shall rest.

**505.\*** T. 16. (443.)

CROSS, reproach and tribulation,  
Ye to me are welcome guests,  
When I have this consolation,  
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious,  
Those who here his burden bear  
In the end shall prove victorious,  
And eternal glory share.

- 3 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,  
Bore for us reproach and shame,  
Now as conqu'ror lives for ever,  
And we conquer in his name.
- 4 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,  
Ye who live a life of faith;  
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,  
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.
- 5 Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation,  
Are our honorable crowns;  
Shame is our glorification,  
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
- 2 Scorn'd and revil'd as was their  
Head,  
When walking here below,  
Thus in this evil world they led  
A life replete with wo.
- 3 With the same faith our bosom  
glows,  
Wherein those warriors stood,  
When in the cruel hands of those,  
Who thirsted for their blood.
- 4 God, whom we serve, our God  
can save,  
Can damp the scorching flame,  
Can build an ark, or smooth a  
wave,  
For such as fear his name.

## 506. T. 22. (444.)

JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A sinful worm asham'd of thee?  
Forbid, it Lord! thee I confess,  
Before both friends and enemies.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! of my God,  
Who purchas'd me with his own  
blood!  
Of him, who to retrieve my loss,  
Despis'd the shame, endur'd the  
cross!

3 Asham'd of Jesus! of that Friend  
On whom my heav'nly hopes de-  
pend!  
It must not be—be this my shame,  
That I not more revere his name!

4 Asham'd of Jesus! of my Lord,  
By all heav'n's glorious hosts  
ador'd!  
No, I will make my boast of thee,  
In time and in eternity.

5 And when I stand before thy  
throne,  
Me 'fore thy heav'nly Father own;  
Then shall the holy angels see  
Thee, Jesus, not asham'd of me!

## 507.\* T. 14. (1062.)

GLORY to God, whose witness-  
train,  
Those heroes bold in faith,  
Could smile on poverty and pain,  
And triumph ev'n in death.

5 Yea, should it ev'n to man ap-  
pear  
At times, as though our Lord  
Forsook his chosen people here,  
At last he'll help afford.

6 If but his arm support us still,  
Is but his joy our strength,  
We shall ascend the rugged hill  
And conqu'rors prove at length.

## 508.\* T. 11. (1063.)

RISE, ye foll'wers of the Lamb,  
Serve him midst reproach and  
shame,

His example keep in view,  
And the narrow path pursue.

2 O all-wise, sublime decree!  
He assum'd humanity,  
Liv'd on earth despis'd and poor,  
Died, salvation to procure.

3 See his faithful witness-train,  
They endur'd the cross and pain;  
(Men, the world deserved not)  
Hard and cheerless was their lot.

4 Should we not rejoice to see  
Our names in heav'n's registry,  
With the names of those enroll'd,  
Who shall reap an hundred-fold!

## 509.\* T. 16. (1064.)

IN that glorious vest arrayed  
Wherein we 'fore God can stand,  
We will Jesus undismayed  
Follow, joining heart and hand.

2 If our all on him we venture,  
And while we on him rely,  
Upon hardest trials enter,  
Needful strength he will supply.

3 Of our lives we will be careful,  
While reserved for his use,  
But, when he demands, unfeared,  
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

**510.\*** T. 56. (437.)

BLESSED Jesus :: all our hearts  
incline  
Thee to follow :: where thy foot-  
steps shine;  
At all times, and ev'ry where,  
May our words and actions bear  
A resemblance :: gracious Lord to  
thine.

**511.\*** T. 54. (445.)

THE suff'rings of this life's short  
day  
Can't be compar'd with that dis-  
play  
Of glory, which God's heirs shall  
prove,  
When they who Jesus truly love  
Shall shine above.

2 Therefore we'll follow willingly  
Our Saviour in adversity;  
Then, after having suffer'd here,  
We shall in heav'n his glory share,  
Beyond compare.

**512.\*** T. 58. (446.)

TO follow Jesus, is his people's aim,  
Where'er they go, through honor or  
through shame,  
They themselves thrice happy es-  
teem, if favor'd  
In his reproach to share, which is  
still savor'd With inward joy.

**513.\*** T. 164. (447.)

HOW great at last my joy will be,  
If I have faithful proved  
To Christ, and 'midst adversity  
Till my last breath him loved.  
They who reproach here bear,  
In heav'n a crown shall wear;  
Who follow Christ are truly blest,  
For they with him shall ever rest.

**514.** T. 159. (448.)

WE covenant with hand and heart,  
To follow Christ our Lord;  
With world, and sin, and self to part,  
And to obey his word:  
To love each other heartily,  
In truth and in sincerity, [shame,  
And under cross, reproach and  
To glorify his name.

**515.\*** T. 155. (1068.)

AMEN yea, Head of thy church,  
Grant, we pray, this our petition:  
In submission  
To thy will, with steady pace,  
In thy ways  
To proceed: if thou attend us,  
Cross and shame shall not offend us,  
Thee we boldly will confess.

## XXV. *Self-Knowledge, and Sighing for Grace.*

**516.** T. 37. (1071.)

THEY that are whole need not  
The good Physician,  
But they who know and feel  
Their lost condition,  
Bewail their wretched state,  
To Christ appealing,  
Experience of his stripes  
The virtue healing.

2 We know, that in our flesh  
No good thing dwelleth,  
But with ne'er failing skill  
Our wounds he healeth;  
Thus spirit, body, soul,  
Though poor and needy,  
Can, to rejoice in him,  
Be ever ready.

**517.\* T. 228. (1070. 350.)**

ALAS! we're sinful, vile, and base,  
Yet freely justified by grace:

A myst'ry this, concealed  
From all, but those who gladly  
own:—

'This truth to me had ne'er been  
known,

By flesh and blood revealed;

O no! I owe my experience,  
And assurance of salvation

To the Spirit's operation.'

2 He who in Jesus' death believes,  
From thence all righteousness re-  
ceives,

And all sanctification:

Though stripp'd of every self-made  
good,

Is by the virtue of his blood

Freed from sin's condemnation;

Its voice still cries in his favor:

Christ our Saviour for him pleadeth:

This is all the plea he needeth.

3 O how enraptur'd is my heart,  
That in my Jesus I have part,

He is my only treasure:

May I for evermore abide

A member of his chosen bride,

And live unto his pleasure:

O I have joy, at the favor,

That my Saviour, here already,

Join'd me to the church his body.

**518.\* T. 22. (449.)**

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,  
To thee, its Source, my spirit flies;

O turn to me thy cheering face,  
I'm poor, enrich me with thy grace.

2 Deeply convinc'd of sin, I cry,  
In thy death, Saviour, let me die;  
O may the world, may self and pride,  
In me henceforth be crucified.

3 Take full possession of my heart,  
To me thy lowly mind impart,  
Break nature's bonds, and let me see,  
He whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

4 My heart in thee, and in thy ways  
Delights, yet from thy presence  
strays;

O keep, I pray, my wav'ring mind  
Stay'd upon thee, to thee resign'd.

P

5 I know, that nought in me avails,  
Here all my strength and wisdom  
fails;

Who bids a sinful heart be clean?  
Thou only, Saviour of lost men!

6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,  
Till, in thy light, the light I see;  
Till thou in my behalf appear,  
To banish ev'ry doubt and fear.

7 All my own schemes, each self  
design,

I to thy better will resign;  
Impress this deeply on my breast,  
That I in thee am truly blest.

8 Then ev'n in storms I thee shall  
know

My sure Support, and Refuge too,  
In ev'ry trial I shall prove  
Assuredly, that God is Love.

**519.\* T. 121. (450.)**

FOR grace I weep and pant,  
'Tis mercy that I want;

How wretched should I be,  
Did I not Jesus know!

Who to deliver me,  
Suffer'd in my stead,  
In a tomb was laid,  
And rose from the dead.

2 Could even all the love  
In heav'nly hosts above,  
And in the church below,  
At once united prove,

And in one bosom glow;  
Jesus' love outweighs;  
Yea, his boundless grace  
Is beyond all praise.

3 Love is his nature still,  
In me he will fulfil  
His precious thoughts of peace,  
If I am to his will

Resign'd in every case;  
Let him do what's best,  
Then, supremely blest,  
I enjoy true rest.

4 O my Immanuel,  
My wounded spirit heal!  
I humbly seek thy face;  
Yea, pungent sorrow feel,  
That I've abus'd thy grace.

Jesus, pardon me!  
 May I henceforth be  
 Faithful unto thee.

5 O Lord, thy grace impart,  
 Refresh and cheer my heart,  
 Thy pard'ning love display,  
 For thou my Saviour art;  
 To me, poor sinner, say,  
 'Thy reproach is mine,  
 All my merit's thine,  
 Take my peace divine.'

6 I know, that through thy grace  
 Thou wilt my guilt erase,  
 And banish all my fear;  
 Wilt grant to me thy peace,  
 And me with patience bear.  
 On me grace bestow,  
 Jesus, thee to know:  
 Amen, be it so!

**520.\* T. 141. (451.)**

I AM a poor sinner,  
 This I surely know;  
 And if my dear Saviour  
 Did not love me so,  
 As ne'er to forsake me,  
 Worthless though I be,  
 He ere now his mercy  
 Had withdrawn from me.

2 Grace, and a sensation  
 Of my sinfulness,  
 Keep on each occasion  
 In me equal pace;  
 While I own ashamed,  
 'I deserved wrath!'  
 I rejoice, reclaimed  
 From sin's pow'r, by faith.

3 Jesus, when thy blessings  
 Fill my needy heart,  
 Fear and anxious doubtings  
 Then from me depart;  
 I in thy atonement  
 My election trace,  
 And rejoice, astonish'd  
 At my lot of grace.

4 Witness true and faithful,  
 Christ, the church's Head,  
 All is Yea and Amen  
 Thou hast promised;  
 As I am, so take me  
 With my worst and best;

Ever thine preserve me  
 Till with thee I rest.  
 5 While we thy past dealings  
 Gratefully review,  
 We're assur'd, thy mercies  
 Are each morning new;  
 And that thou wilt freely  
 Give thy promis'd grace,  
 And, amidst our weakness,  
 Form us to thy praise.

**521.\* T. 141. (452.)**

JESUS' love unbounded  
 None can e'er explain;  
 Yet, alas, how often  
 Do we cause him pain!  
 Even those still grieve him,  
 Who enjoy his grace,  
 And, to him devoted,  
 Should show forth his praise.

2 Lord, thy body's Saviour,  
 Comfort us anew,  
 Ah, regard our weeping,  
 Thy compassion show;  
 Pardon our transgressions,  
 Hear our fervent cry,  
 And our souls and bodies  
 Heal and sanctify.

3 All our days, O Jesus,  
 Hallow unto thee,  
 May our conversation  
 To thy honor be;  
 Let us all experience,  
 To the end of days,  
 Thy reviving presence  
 'Midst thy chosen race.

**522.\* T. 30. (453.)**

O MY God, I come oppress'd with  
 sadness,  
 Fill my troubled soul with joy and  
 gladness  
 In thy salvation;  
 No where else I find true consolati-  
 on.

2 Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,  
 But his warning I have oft neglect-  
 ed;  
 Most gracious Saviour,  
 Pardon and restore me to thy favor.

3 I confess, O Lord, with deep con-  
trition,  
My unfaithfulness, hear my peti-  
tion;

Comfort and bless me,  
With thy gracious presence now  
refresh me.

4 O baptize me with thy fire and  
spirit,

Grant me from the fulness of thy  
merit

True heart's compunction,  
Prim'tive love, simplicity and un-  
ction.

5 Give me grace to walk with cir-  
cumsppection,

Keep me from the world's and sin's  
infection,

That my behavior  
May adorn thy doctrine, gracious  
Saviour.

**523.\*** T. 16. (454.)

O WHAT would be my condition,  
Did not Jesus stand my Friend!

But his faithful love and mercy  
Keep me from all danger screen'd.

2 Doth howe'er in my frail nature  
Something stir that is not good,

And might to my soul prove hurtful,  
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood:

3 Straight to Jesus' wounds and  
bruises,

With believing confidence;  
Thus I always can find shelter

From sin's baneful influence.

4 Lamb of God, display the virtue  
Of thy sanctifying blood,

Overstream with life and blessing  
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bow'd;

5 Sinners, in ourselves unworthy  
Of the smallest crumb of grace,

But who dare of boundless mercy  
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

**524.\*** T. 4. (455.)

WE know that we're poor,  
And sinful all o'er,

In us there's no good;  
O cleanse us, dear Saviour, in thy

precious blood!

2 How wondrous thy love  
And mercy do prove,  
This plainly our faith  
Discerns by thy agony, passion and  
death.

3 Lord Jesus, receive  
The thanks we can give;

O that to thy praise,  
My thoughts, words, and actions

were hallow'd always!

4 We all at thy throne  
Now humbly fall down;

Praise to thee, our God,  
Be brought by us, sinners, redeem'd  
with thy blood.

**525.\*** T. 244. (456.)

WHEN I am conscious truly  
Of my great sinfulness,

And that so very slowly  
Towards the mark I press;

Nought then can comfort me,  
But Jesus' mercy free,

And that he bore with patience  
My sins upon the tree.

2 Yea, when I see in spirit  
My Saviour shed his blood,

That I might life inherit,  
And everlasting good;

Then I true happiness  
And joy in him possess,

My eyes with tears flow over  
For heart-felt thankfulness.

**526.\*** T. 22. (457.)

WHILE here on earth we run our  
race,

We Jesus' love and kindness trace;  
Our faults are more than we can tell,

Yet did his mercy never fail.

2 When we like wand'ring sheep  
had stray'd,

His boundless goodness he dis-  
play'd;

He sought us, worthless as we are,  
And took us in his tender care.

3 Asham'd we own our great defect,  
And did not Jesus us protect,

We should be oft depress'd with  
fears,

While traversing this vale of tears.

4 But Jesus' blood and death im-  
part  
True comfort to the needy heart:  
Those who still weak and feeble  
are,  
He kindly in his arms will bear.

**527.** T. 119. (458.)

AT thy feet, :||:  
At thy pierced feet I lie;  
Saviour, mark my heart's contri-  
tion,  
Listen to each broken sigh;  
Ah! refuse not the petition  
Of a sinner conscious he's unclean,  
Full of sin! :||:

2 Make me clean, :||:  
My whole nature purify,  
Cleanse me in that precious foun-  
tain,

Which by faith I open'd see,  
Standing on the blissful mountain,  
Where thou bar'st my sin, my guilt  
and shame,

Lamb once slain! :||:

3 Look on me, :||:  
See each painful wound and sore,  
Thou compassionate Physician,  
Speak the word, my sickness cure,  
Wrest me from the sad condition,  
Into which transgression brought  
my soul;

Make me whole. :||:

4 Bid me live, :||:  
Bid a dying sinner live,  
Raise, O raise my drooping spirit;  
Then to thee myself I'll give,  
And, until I heav'n inherit,  
Ev'ry moment in thy service spend,  
Faithful Friend! :||:

**528.** T. 14. (459.)

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord,  
How wondrous is thy love,  
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,  
Which I each moment prove!

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,  
And ignorant of thee,  
And liv'd contentedly therein,  
Nor knew thy love to me.

3 But thine all-seeing eye then  
view'd,  
And mark'd my ev'ry way,  
Me still in tender love pursu'd,  
Who oft from thee did stray.

4 Yet O! how faithless is my mind,  
How apt to turn aside,  
And wander in its own deceits  
Of reas'ning and of pride!

5 How doth the old corruption strive  
And fight to reign again!  
There's surely not a heart like mine,  
So wretched, dark and vain.

6 Thou Friend of sinners, love me  
still,  
The poorest and the worst;  
Where sin abounded, well I know,  
Thy grace aboundeth most.

7 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,  
And sin because thou'rt good:  
But let thy love fill me with shame,  
That I so long withstood.

8 On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,  
Make old things pass away;  
Create all new, draw me to thee,  
Still nearer ev'ry day.

9 Thou know'st which way to rec-  
tify  
Each stubborn ill within,  
How to subdue my ev'ry thought,  
And conquer all that's sin.

10 Chastise me when I do amiss,  
O might no thought arise  
Which is displeasing unto thee;  
Of grace send fresh supplies.

11 Impress thy wounds upon my  
heart,  
And all thy bitter pain;  
Abide in me for evermore,  
And constant vict'ry gain.

**529.** T. 58. (460.)

O LAMB of God, who wast for sin-  
ners slain,  
That they might pardon, life and  
bliss obtain,

Give me to experience thy great  
salvation,  
And in my heart O fix thy habita-  
tion For evermore.

2 Thou know'st my inmost soul,  
I've nought to boast,  
And without thee should be for  
ever lost;

When I am neglectful, thou dost  
reprove me,  
Yet I am well assur'd that thou  
dost love me,

For thou forgiv'st.

3 How glad am I that thou so gra-  
cious art,

That thou dost bless my sinful,  
worthless heart,  
And canst with such patience bear  
my behavior,

O wert thou not exactly such a  
Saviour,

What should I do!

**530.** T. 151. (461.)

COME, faithful Shepherd, bind me  
With cords of love to thee!

And evermore remind me  
That thou hast died for me;

O may thy holy Spirit  
Set this before mine eyes,  
That I thy death and merit  
Above all else may prize.

2 I am of my salvation  
Assured, through thy love;  
Yet ah, on each occasion  
Might I more faithful prove!  
Hast thou my sins forgiven,  
Then leaving things behind,  
May I press on to heaven,  
And bear the prize in mind.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,  
Though I am oft to blame;  
As thy reward, O take me  
Anew, just as I am;  
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,  
While in this vale of tears,  
To look to thee, and never  
Give way to anxious fears.

**531.** T. 106. (462.)

AH, Lord, how apt am I to stray  
From thee! how prone to lust  
and pride!

Nature oft strives to bear the sway,  
And turn my heart from thee  
aside;

Yet such vile, wretched sinners  
are  
The objects of thy love and care.

2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,  
Bind my affections to thy cross;  
Quench all the sparks of nature's  
fire,

May I count all for thee but loss;  
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,  
Thy love within my heart enthrone.

3 O Jesus, wipe away my tears,  
Be unto me a healing balm;  
Warm thou my heart, dispel my  
fears,  
And speak the tempest to a  
calm:

Remove the maladies of sin,  
And in thy blood O wash me clean.

4 I gladly will show forth thy praise,  
If thou wilt gird me with thy  
pow'r,  
And sing the glories of thy grace,  
Until my pilgrimage be o'er,  
With hallow'd fire inspire my  
tongue,  
And love shall be my endless song.

**532.** T. 22. (463.)

VAIN are all efforts made to trace  
The way to life and happiness,  
Before 'tis on our mind imprest,  
That Jesus is our only rest!

2 By my own strength I can't pro-  
cure  
True rest, nor even feel I'm poor;  
Strive I great comforts to obtain,  
Instead of joy I've nought but  
pain.

3 He shows me how from him I  
rove,  
And court my neighbor's praise  
and love,  
How self-will raises discontent  
Against my Saviour's government.

4 How soon, when Satan tempts,  
I start,  
Pass by convictions in my heart,  
Let my first love and zeal abate,  
Fall, and my very falls forget.

5 When, fill'd with humble shame,  
I feel  
That he hath patience with me still:  
I sink abas'd before his face,  
And thank him for his boundless  
grace.

6 Search out, discover, and erase,  
Whatever is not to thy praise,  
All that might an obstruction prove  
To thy blest purposes of love.

7 Complete thy work, my gracious  
King,  
My heart into subjection bring;  
Destroy, I pray, the carnal mind,  
And make me quite to thee resign'd.

**533.** T. 22. (464.)

FROM my own works at last I  
cease,

For God alone can give me peace;  
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,  
I see my sin, but cannot feel  
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show  
My unbelief, the source of wo.

3 'Tis thine alone to change the  
heart,

Thou only canst good gifts impart,  
I therefore will my heart resign  
To thee, O cleanse and seal it thine!

4 With humble faith on thee I call,  
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my  
All!

I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,  
'My blood hath wash'd thy sins  
away.'

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sick-  
ness cure,

Make my infected nature pure;  
Peace, righteousness, and joy im-  
part,  
And give thyself unto my heart.

**534.** T. 106. (465.)

O JESUS, could I always keep  
My eye on thee, the living way,  
I then, though once a wand'ring  
sheep,  
Should no more err or run astray;

But wheresoe'er thou goest, I  
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2 O that I never might forget  
What thou hast suffer'd for my  
sake,

To save my soul, and make me  
meet

Once of thy glory to partake:  
O might I oft in spirit see  
How thou wast crucified for me.

3 But, gracious Lord, when I reflect  
How oft I've turn'd my eye from  
thee,

How treated thee with cold neglect,  
And listen'd to the enemy;  
And yet to find thee still the same,  
This fills my soul with humble  
shame.

4 Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,  
Thy love exceeds my highest  
thought;

Henceforth be thou my All in all,  
Thou who with blood my soul  
hast bought;

May I henceforth more faithful  
prove,  
And ne'er forget thy dying love.

**535.** T. 79. (466.)

WHEN, having been with guilt  
opprest,

My wand'ring spirit findeth rest  
Through Jesus' pard'ning grace;  
Then I by faith can call him mine,  
My needy soul doth then incline  
To be in Mary's happy place.

2 My pray'r is, 'Jesus, let me hear  
Thy voice, which can instruct and  
cheer

My poor and worthless heart;  
For should I cease thy words t'obey,  
And from thy blessed presence  
stray,

Nature would soon its pow'r as-  
sert.'

3 A single eye, a faithful heart,  
Dear Jesus, to thy child impart,  
In ev'ry trying hour;

Reason's tormenting thoughts prevent,  
Still keep my eye on thee intent,  
Till sight my faith and hope  
o'erpow'r.

**536.** T. 22. (467.)

LORD Jesus, my most faithful  
Friend,  
Thy aid unto thy child extend  
In each temptation's trying hour,  
That sin may not thy grace o'er-  
pow'r.

2 That spark, enkindled in my  
heart,  
Remain unquench'd, though all the  
art  
Of world and Satan be combin'd  
To make me leave my matchless  
Friend.

3 O let thy Spirit stay with me,  
To groan and speak my wants to  
thee;  
Still let him show me ev'ry need,  
And that in thee I'm help'd indeed.

4 Thy faithfulness I oft have prov'd,  
In countless trials quite unmov'd;  
Thy grace alone can me preserve,  
When my frail heart from thee  
would swerve.

**537.** T. 14. (468.)

GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of  
God,  
I thirst alone for thee,  
I long t' enjoy thy saving grace,  
And taste thy mercy free.

2 For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask,  
This is the total sum:  
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit,  
O let thy mercy come!

3 Search me, O God, and know my  
heart,  
Try me, and know each thought:  
On me look down in mercy, Lord,  
Whom thou with blood hast  
bought.

4 My faithless heart, O gracious  
Lord,  
Correct with gentle hand:  
In ev'ry danger help afford,  
Alone I cannot stand.

5 Without thy favor, while I live,  
Life but a burden is;  
Nought else can satisfaction give,  
Experience shows me this.

6 Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray:  
Impart to me thy grace,  
That when this life is fled away,  
In heav'n I may have place.

**538.** T. 96. (469.)

AH give me, Lord, myself to feel,  
My inbred misery reveal:  
Ah give me, Lord, (I still would  
say)

A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;  
My business this, my only care,  
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

2 Father, I want a thankful heart;  
I wish to taste how good thou art,  
To plunge into thy mercy's sea,  
And comprehend thy love to me  
More fully with the saints below,  
Till I, as I am known, shall know.

**539.** T. 159. (470.)

WITH what unwearied faithful-  
ness,

Lord, hast thou follow'd me!  
Though I, regardless of thy grace,  
In darkness stray'd from thee;  
How heavy hung the dismal cloud,  
How did distresses on me crowd!  
And I, despairing of relief,  
In thee had no belief.

2 But thou, my kind, almighty  
Friend,  
Didst sin's dominion quell:  
My mis'ry and confusion end,  
And ev'ry cloud dispel;  
One look, cast at the throne of grace,  
One smile complacent from thy  
face,  
Assures me, that thy mercy free  
Is not withdrawn from me.

**540.** T. 159. (471.)

MY case to thee is fully known,  
 On thee I cast my care,  
 Dear Saviour, that thy will be done  
 In me, is all my pray'r;  
 O may I harbor in my breast  
 No thought that cannot bear the  
 test,  
 When thou discover'st by thy light  
 To me what is not right.

2 Reality and solid ground,  
 Firm root in thee to gain;  
 To feel thy precious blood hath  
 drown'd

Whatever gives thee pain;  
 'Tis this I want, nor can I be  
 Content, till I am one with thee,  
 Until my life is hid in thine,  
 Till thou art wholly mine.

**541.** T. 159. (1072.)

HOW needful, strictly to inquire,  
 And ask our hearts each day,  
 'Doth Jesus' love me still inspire,  
 My thoughts and actions sway?  
 Am I a branch in Christ the vine?  
 Am I his own, and is he mine?  
 Do I by faith unto him cleave,  
 And to his honor live?'

2 The Spirit's witness, full and  
 clear,  
 Will state the real case,  
 And either draw a contrite tear,  
 Or thanks unfeigned raise;  
 Hence will the consequence ensue,  
 That the full purpose we renew,  
 To run in faith th' appointed race,  
 Supported by his grace.

**542.** T. 11. (1074.)

THEY, who know our Lord in-  
 deed,  
 Find in him a Friend in need,  
 And behold in Jesus' face,  
 Nought but mercy, truth and grace.

2 They can cast by faith their care  
 On that Lord, who heareth pray'r,  
 And when they to him draw nigh,  
 He doth all their wants supply.

3 They who him, their Saviour  
 know,  
 Lowly at his foot-stool bow:  
 They, to whom his name is dear,  
 Greatly to offend him fear.

4 O how wondrous is his love  
 To all, who his goodness prove,  
 Deep abasement, heav'nly joy,  
 Their alternate thoughts employ.

5 Wonders without end we see,  
 Countless mercies, great and free;  
 Lord, accept our thanks and praise  
 For thy goodness, truth and grace.

**543.** T. 14. (1075.)

WITHOUT a consciousness within  
 Of poverty and need,  
 An humbling sense of guilt and sin,  
 We are not poor indeed.

2 But all, who know themselves  
 aright,  
 Are ready to confess,  
 Instructed by the Spirit's light,  
 Their utter helplessness.

3 How greatly he forgiveness wants,  
 The contrite sinner knows,  
 With inward spirit's ardor pants,  
 In Christ to find repose.

4 Who is so full of tenderness,  
 And patience, as thou, Lord?  
 But I must own with shame, alas!  
 I oft transgress thy word.

5 Oh! from my heart, God Holy  
 Ghost,  
 This suit I make to thee:  
 Show me how much my ransom  
 cost,  
 How great my poverty!

**544.\*** T. 22. (1076)

O LORD, 'fore thee abas'd I fall,  
 And on thy name for mercy call,  
 The faults indeed are numberless,  
 Which humbly I to thee confess.

2 I give myself to thee anew,  
 My soul and body are thy due,  
 Form me into thy likeness here,  
 By means, or gentle, or severe.

3 Grant that I may henceforth to thee  
More faithful and obedient be:  
O may thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

**545.** T. 36. (1077.)

THY love unchanging is our consolation,  
Thy patience and long suff'ring our salvation,  
O thou, our yesterday, to-day and ever  
Most faithful Saviour.

2 Thy purposes of love remain unshaken,  
Though we, alas! our vows have oft forsaken:  
Forgive, bear with us, grant us thy direction,  
And kind protection.

3 As a thick cloud let all our sins be blotted  
Out of thy book, that nothing past be noted;  
As children, chasten us when we are failing,  
Heal us, when ailing.

**546.** T. 141.

SINCE we, though unworthy,  
Through electing grace,  
'Midst thy ransom'd people  
Have obtain'd a place,  
Lord, may we be faithful  
To our cov'nant found,  
To thee as our Shepherd,  
And thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled  
Own, we're oft to blame,  
This abides our comfort,  
Thou art still the same;  
In thee all the needy  
Have a friend most dear,  
Whose love and forbearance  
Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition  
We present to thee,  
Whose unbounded mercy  
Is our only plea;

All that is displeasing  
Unto thee, forgive,  
More to thy name's glory  
May we henceforth live.

**547.** T. 244.

WITH sin oppress'd and wearied,  
O whither can we turn?—  
To him who hath declared,  
'Blessed are they who mourn:'  
He only can console  
The needy, sin-sick soul:  
None e'er to him for succour  
Applied, but was made whole.

2 Then to your great Physician  
Without reserve draw nigh:  
He knows your sad condition,  
Will turn your tears to joy:  
If we to him approach,  
By faith his garments touch,  
That pow'r from him proceedeth  
To heal, we can avouch.

**548.** T. 218.

WHEN on thy goodness, Lord, we ponder,  
And think how we thy love return,  
We sink before thee, lost in wonder,  
O'er our ingratitude we mourn:  
We thy long suff'ring and compassion,  
To us display'd, account salvation,  
With contrite hearts our sins confess;  
O grant us still thy kind forbearance,  
And love unchanging to experience:  
Refresh our souls with pard'ning grace.

**549.** T. 14. (472.)

I KNOW the weakness of my soul,  
But Jesus is my stay,  
My kind Redeemer hath engag'd  
To lead me in his way.

2 For ever he abides the same,  
Though I to change am prone;  
My welfare always he promotes,  
Who chose me for his own.

**550.** T. 22. (473.)

THE more I know of Jesus' grace,  
The more distinctly I can trace,  
How much is yet not right within,  
How much is unsubdu'd of sin.

2 Long this was from my sight conceal'd,  
Till by the Spirit's light reveal'd:  
I by that light alone can see  
My danger and my remedy.

**551.\*** T. 97. (474.)

WHATE'ER I am, whate'er I do,  
'Tis grace I must ascribe it to;  
This can alone my heart preserve;  
For I'm so liable to swerve,  
That ev'n the grace which thou to-day  
bestow'st,  
If not renew'd, to-morrow might  
be lost.

**552.** T. 590. (475.)

THE worst of evils we can name  
Is an unfaithful heart;  
May none among us from our Lord  
Be tempted to depart;  
Our human frailty need not lead  
Our souls from him astray;  
For he the needful strength imparts  
To walk the narrow way.

**553.\*** T. 590. (476.)

FEAR not, without reserve disclose  
The fest'ring sores of sin;  
Your case the Lord, your Healer,  
knows,  
His blood can wash you clean;  
There is a balm in Gilead,  
To cure the sin-sick soul;  
None e'er to Christ for refuge fled  
But was by him made whole.

**554.\*** T. 23. (1080.)

I AM needy, yet forgiven,  
With thy blood my heart enliven,  
Give me, Jesus, of thy passion  
An abiding, deep impression.

2 With new grace, dear Lord, array  
me,  
And from strength to strength convey  
me,  
For thy service make me ready,  
Sanctify both soul and body.

**555.\*** T. 214. (477.)

THOUGH by nature I'm defiled,  
Jesus' blood hath made me clean;  
He my sin-sick soul hath healed,  
Yea, though traces still remain  
Of my former sad condition,  
When to him for help I cry,  
He to sooth my grief is nigh:  
Lord, remain my kind Physician,  
I, thy patient, then am sure  
Thou wilt work a thorough cure.

**556.\*** T. 97. (478.)

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,  
Our souls from mis'ry to regain,  
How blest are they, who truly see  
Their weakness, who derive from thee  
The mercies which thou freely dost  
dispense,  
And look to thee with filial confidence!

**557.\*** T. 79. (479.)

LORD, shouldst thou be induced  
To ask, how we have used  
Thy precious gifts and grace,  
And into judgment enter  
With us, we durst not venture  
To plead: our faults are numberless!

**558.\*** T. 22. (1081.)

ALTHOUGH my deep depravity  
Oft causeth me to mourn and sigh,  
My hope, to prosper for the Lord,  
Doth heart-felt joy to me afford:

2 Till to that happy fold I'm led,  
Which with celestial joy is fed,  
And of life's fountain drinks above,  
In endless bliss and perfect love.

XXVI. *Sanctification.*

559.\* T. 58. (480.)

THE Lamb of God, who saves us  
by his death,  
Is made unto us holiness by faith;  
None besides availeth, since our  
Creator  
Became a man, assuming human  
nature,

To ransom us.

2 To Jesus Christ is due eternal  
praise,  
For our high calling in these gos-  
pel days;  
What divine enjoyment and conso-  
lation

Do we now gain from Jesus' incar-  
nation And bitter death!

3 If we in Jesus' saving name be-  
lieve,  
And pardon of our sins from him  
receive;

With his blood besprinkled, and  
cleansed truly,  
In soul and body we are render'd  
holy, And have his mind.

4 And thus by faith we live, and  
yet not we,  
But Christ lives in us so effectually,  
That, by him renewed and actuated,  
We are in him unto good works  
created, And grow in grace.

560.\* T. 126. (481.)

THIS yields true joy and pleasure  
To Christ, when with one voice  
His people in their measure  
Exalt his sacrifice,  
And praise him for the wounds  
which he

Receiv'd for our redemption  
Upon th' accursed tree.

2 Of his complete salvation  
We witness here below,  
And gladly make confession,  
Resolv'd nought else to know.  
God in his wisdom did ordain,  
That lost, repenting sinners  
His righteousness should gain.

3 No holiness availeth  
With God, but this alone;  
The Holy Spirit seaileth  
This truth, that in the Son  
By faith we're freely justified,  
And gain sanctification,  
Because for us he died.

561.\* T. 22. (482.)

JESUS, the church's Lord and  
Head!

O mightst thou o'er thy flock be  
glad,

Whom thou, while sinners, by thy  
blood

Hast ransom'd and brought nigh to  
God.

2 Since thou our wretched, lost  
estate

In mercy didst commiserate,  
And feeble flesh and blood assume,  
To save us from the wrath to come:

3 We are, if we in thee believe,  
And from thy fulness grace receive,  
Cleansed and sanctified by thee,  
And servè thy name acceptably.

4 Renew'd in heart, we're then in-  
clin'd

To live according to thy mind,  
Can we do good—with cheerfulness  
We do it, and give thee the praise.

5 Whatever honors thee our Lord,  
What's called virtue in thy word,  
Is honest, lovely, pure and just,  
By faith in thee is then produc'd.

6 Preserve, O Lord, our garments  
pure,

Keep us from ev'ry harm secure;  
Our members render, through thy  
grace,

Blest instruments of righteousness.

7 May spirit, soul and body be  
A pleasing sacrifice to thee;  
Thy name we bear, our hearts thou  
know'st,

In thee alone we place our trust.

**562.\* T. 11. (483.)**

PRAISE to Christ, the Son of God!  
Who assum'd our flesh and blood,  
Since he death for us endur'd,  
And eternal life procur'd.

2 When we see our names enroll'd  
'Mongst the sheep of Jesus' fold,  
Wond'ring, we ourselves confess  
Undeserving of such grace.

3 And when we explore the end,  
Why our Lord would condescend  
To assume humanity,  
Us thereby to sanctify:

4 And reflect on all the pain,  
Which for us he did sustain,  
On his labors, sorrows, cares,  
On his tears and fervent pray'rs;

5 Poverty, and ev'ry want  
To our nature incident,  
Which he bore, and which for us  
Are all meritorious;

6 Then, through his enabling grace,  
We with joy can run our race,  
While we him in mem'ry bear,  
Who was tempted as we are.

7 Yea, 'midst failings numberless,  
We rejoice that we are his;  
And if we his word obey,  
Each of us may cleanse his way.

8 Though the outward mark and  
scar  
Of the fall doth still appear,  
Yet we're freed from sin's hard  
yoke,  
Since our bonds and chains he  
broke.

9 Mighty God, we humbly pray,  
Let thy pow'r so bear the sway,  
That in all things we may show  
That we in thy likeness grow.

10 Grant that all of us may prove,  
By obedience, faith, and love,  
That our hearts to thee are giv'n,  
That our treasure is in heav'n.

11 May it in our walk be seen,  
That we have with Jesus been,  
That as King o'er us he reigns,  
And unrivall'd sway maintains.

12 Then shall we in ev'ry state,  
Soul and body dedicate  
Unto him, who for us died,  
Till with him we're glorified.

**563.\* T. 14. (484.)**

HOW can a sinner here below  
Be pleasing unto God?  
By his own righteousness?—O no:  
Alone through Jesus' blood.

2 When through his merits we ob-  
tain  
The gift of pard'ning grace,  
A sanctified heart we gain,  
And walk in holiness.

3 If any thing in us appears  
Unlike to Jesus' mind,  
To own it with repenting tears,  
Ah, may we be inclin'd!

4 A child of God for ever pants  
More like his Lord to be;  
Though with conviction still he  
grants,  
That none is good but HE.

5 Oft as in spirit Christ he views,  
This is his humble cry,  
Which he continually renews,  
'As thou wast, O were I!'

6 'Whate'er is carnal, through thy  
grace  
In me be mortified;  
Thus clothed in thy righteousness,  
I shall in thee abide.'

**564.\* T. 185. (485.)**

HE who striveth for sanctification,  
And is unrenew'd in heart,  
Feeling yet a secret condemnation,  
Since with sin he still takes part;  
He who hath not yet in Christ be-  
lieved,  
Pardon in his blood and peace re-  
ceived;

Hath not found that holiness  
Which adorns a child of grace.

2 But how happy is the soul that  
cleaveth  
To the Friend of sinners poor;  
And with humble confidence be-  
lieveth,  
'My diseases he can cure;'

While with shame confessing, that  
 by nature  
 He throughout is a depraved crea-  
 ture,  
 By the blood of Christ applied,  
 He is cleans'd and purified.

**565.** T. 151. (486.)

WHO, through Christ's blood, re-  
 mission

Of all his sins hath gain'd,  
 And without intermission  
 With Jesus hath remain'd:  
 To true sanctification  
 Attains through Jesus' grace,  
 And in his conversation  
 Shows forth his matchless praise.

2 Our pleasure and our duty,  
 Though opposite before,  
 Since we have seen his beauty,  
 Are join'd to part no more;  
 It is our highest pleasure,  
 No less than duty's call,  
 To love him beyond measure,  
 And serve him with our all.

**566.** T. 166. (487.)

THOU, Jesus! more than thirty  
 years

In deep humiliation  
 Hast liv'd on earth, thy pray'rs and  
 tears  
 Have purchas'd our salvation;  
 Thou hast, till yielding up thy  
 breath,  
 Unheard-of pains sustained,  
 In soul and body felt our death,  
 And life for us regained.

2 O what a privilege is this,  
 That man, tho' fall'n by nature,  
 May thro' thy grace know what it is  
 To be a happy creature;  
 Heal'd by thy stripes and wounds,  
 from sin  
 And Satan's pow'r released,  
 Fill'd with thy love and peace  
 within,  
 And thus to new life raised!

3 Thou cholest us to show thy praise  
 In all our conversation,  
 As witnesses of blood-bought grace,  
 Each in his call and station:

Q

This is our cov'nant's only ground,  
 To yield thee soul and body,  
 In life and death to thee we're  
 bound,  
 And for thy service ready.

4 How precious are thy thoughts  
 of peace  
 O'er us, if but attained!  
 O may we steadfast run our race,  
 'Till we the crown have gained.  
 Grant we may never fall asleep,  
 But in faith persevering,  
 Our lamps may always burning  
 keep,  
 Until thy blest appearing.

**567.** T. 585. (841.)

BLESSED Jesus! we implore thee,  
 Let us, cleans'd and purified,  
 Walk in grace and truth before  
 thee,  
 And in thee by faith abide.

Sanctified :||:

Both in body and in mind.

2 Unto us thy name's sweet savor  
 Is as ointment poured forth;  
 In thine eyes we have found favor,  
 Tho' deprav'd and void of worth;  
 And thy banner :||:  
 Over us is love divine.

3 Now the conflict is decided,  
 We count all things else but loss,  
 What with thee our hearts divided  
 Now is nailed to thy cross:  
 We will glory :||:  
 In the wounded Lamb of God.

4 We will dwell on Calv'ry's moun-  
 tain,  
 Where the flocks of Zion feed;  
 Oft resort unto the fountain,  
 Open'd when the Lord did bleed,  
 Thence deriving :||:  
 Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There with trimmed lamps we'll  
 tarry,  
 Till the Lord comes from on high,  
 Watch in pray'r and ne'er be weary,  
 But await the midnight cry:  
 Haste to meet him, :||:  
 Lo! the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation,  
 May we sinners mercy find,  
 Saved with complete salvation,  
 And not one be left behind;  
 As wise virgins :||:  
 May we then before thee stand!

568.\* T. 185. (488.)

WITH new life endow'd by Christ  
 our Saviour,  
 Might we to this world be dead;  
 That great prize to gain be our en-  
 deavor,  
 Purchas'd when for us he bled;  
 Filled with his love, may we adore  
 him,  
 Thinking, speaking, acting, as be-  
 fore him,  
 Being to his gracious mind  
 Ever willingly resign'd.

2 May we all be ever so disposed  
 In our hearts, by day and night,  
 As when, this life's period being  
 closed,

We to him shall take our flight;  
 Or as when, releas'd from condem-  
 nation,  
 We receiv'd the seal of our salva-  
 tion,  
 And obtained, through his blood,  
 Happiness and peace with God!

569. T. 126. (489.)

DRAW nigh to Christ, your Bro-  
 ther,

Let no distrust take place;  
 He's lovely as none other,  
 Draw nigh, receive the grace  
 Which flows from his humanity,  
 To all who with full purpose  
 Like Jesus aim to be.

2 He's yours, with all his merit,  
 If you are truly his,  
 And thus become one spirit  
 With him who holy is,  
 Who spirit, soul, and body heals,  
 And is that kind Physician  
 Who for his patients feels.

3 Whoe'er this truth believeth,  
 With love to Jesus burns,  
 But none its pow'r perceiveth,  
 Until to Christ he turns.  
 O blessed Jesus! grant us grace  
 To grow into thy likeness,  
 And live unto thy praise.

570.\* T. 22. (490.)

LORD Jesus, sanctify thou me,  
 And make my spirit one with thee;  
 Thy body torn with many a wound  
 Preserve my soul and body sound.

2 The blood-sweat trickling down  
 thy face,  
 My condemnation doth erase;  
 Thy cross, thy suff'rings, and thy  
 pain  
 My everlasting strength remain.

3 The water flowing from thy side,  
 Which by the spear was open'd  
 wide,  
 Shall be my bath; thy precious  
 blood  
 Cleanse me, and bring me nigh to  
 God.

4 Dear Jesus, grant this my re-  
 quest,  
 Be thou my everlasting rest,  
 Protect me by thy saving arm,  
 Secure my soul from ev'ry harm.

571.\* T. 102. (491.)

CHRIST crucified! my soul by  
 faith

With thee desires to be united;  
 For, as the purchase of thy death,  
 To thy communion I'm invited.  
 O hear my petition, and let me with  
 thee  
 Be crucified, Jesus, with all that's  
 in me.

2 O that I might still more enjoy  
 The blessed fruits of all thy pas-  
 sion;  
 Thy merits to my soul apply,  
 And let me share thy great sal-  
 vation;  
 O hear my petition, &c.

- 3 Let me in all things conqu'ror  
 prove,  
 Deliver me from sin's infection;  
 Preserve me in thy sacred love,  
 As well in joy as in affliction;  
 O hear my petition, &c.
- 572.** T. 185.
- TO the soul that seeks him, Christ  
 is gracious,  
 They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,  
 But experience him a God propi-  
 tious,  
 He the feeble doth sustain:  
 Hungry souls he on rich pastures  
 feedeth,  
 Those who thirst, to living waters  
 leadeth,  
 Hears the needy sinner's cry,  
 And to help and save is nigh.
- 2 Hath he join'd us to the church,  
 his body,  
 O may we in him abide:  
 As wise virgins be to meet him  
 ready,  
 Be our lamps with oil supplied;  
 Looking unto him for preservation,  
 May we screened be from each  
 temptation,  
 And unto the end endure,  
 Making our election sure.
- 573.** T. 585.
- HALLELUJAH! praise be given  
 Unto Jesus, who for us  
 Left his glorious throne in heaven,  
 And was offer'd on the cross:  
 That his suff'rings :||:  
 Might retrieve our dreadful loss.
- 2 We behold in him our Brother,  
 Unto us by blood allied:  
 He's our Strength, we need no other,  
 For our wants he will provide;  
 Soul and body :||:  
 May through him be sanctified.
- 574.** T. 185.
- SHOULD our minds, to earthly  
 objects cleaving,  
 Of the mark forgetful prove?  
 God forbid! all worldly trifles leav-  
 ing,  
 Let us fix our thoughts above,
- Have with Christ in heav'n our  
 conversation,  
 Keep in view our blessed destina-  
 tion,  
 As redeem'd from this world's  
 thrall,  
 To pursue our heav'nly call.
- 2 Let us watch and pray, lest we  
 might slumber,  
 Heedless of the foe's approach:  
 Cast away, whate'er would us en-  
 cumber,  
 Nor the thing that's unclean  
 touch;  
 Lest, escaped from the world's pol-  
 lution,  
 We again give way to sin's delu-  
 sion: [pain,  
 Ah! 'twould cause us pungent  
 Christ to crucify again.
- 3 God be prais'd! though in our-  
 selves defiled,  
 Though sin cleaveth to us still,  
 By the tempter we need not be foiled,  
 If to Jesus we appeal;  
 Yet our Lord a faithful heart de-  
 mandeth:  
 Happy, who with list'ning ear at-  
 tendeth  
 To the Spirit's warning voice,  
 Nor his chast'ning doth despise.
- 575.\*** T. 200. (1082.)
- TO thee I send my fervent cries,  
 O let them rise to heaven;  
 Lord Jesus! to my pray'rs and sighs,  
 A gracious ear be given:  
 Thy blessed word be my support,  
 May I, in thee believing,  
 To thee cleaving,  
 By faith be purified,  
 From thee true life receiving.
- 2 Let neither lust nor fear prevail  
 To draw me from my duty,  
 By aiding grace I shall not fail  
 To walk in holy beauty;  
 For who hath aught, but what is  
 giv'n?  
 Such favor none can merit,  
 But thy Spirit,  
 Our guide to life and heav'n,  
 Can graciously confer it.

**576.** T. 71. (1084.)

LORD, who didst sanctify  
Thyself, and hast thereby  
Procur'd that blessing,  
That we before thy face  
May walk in holiness,  
To thee well pleasing.

2 In true simplicity,  
O may we cleave to thee,  
Our God and Saviour;  
In all things free from blame,  
To glorify thy name  
Be our endeavor.

3 In heart here purified,  
May we in thee abide,  
Without cessation;  
Thy praise be our employ;  
On earth our highest joy,  
Thy congregation.

**577.** T. 79.

DEAR Lord, my soul desireth,  
In all thy word requireth,  
By works t' adorn thy grace:  
O might my conversation  
Display on each occasion  
That holy mind, which in thee  
was.

**578.\*** T. 68. (1090.)

WHILE we take our seat  
At the Master's feet,  
Urg'd by love, we in our measure  
His commandments keep with plea-  
sure,  
Doth he strength bestow,  
We can all things do.

**579.** T. 14. (493.)

BESPRINKLE with thy blood my  
heart,  
O Jesus, Son of God!  
And take away whate'er thy grace  
Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,  
And carnal nature's strife;  
O may I henceforth only thirst  
For thee, the Well of life.

3 Waters of life hence may I draw,  
And never more depart;  
My ardent longing is, 'O Lord,  
Fix at this spring my heart.'

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft  
I've turn'd away from thee;  
O let thy work, renew'd to-day,  
Remain eternally!

**580.\*** T. 79. (494.)

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,  
Grant, that we may not only feel  
Some drawings of thy grace,  
But in communion with thee live,  
And daily from thy death derive  
The needful strength to run our  
race.

2 O let us always think thee near,  
As near unto us as the air  
Which constantly we breathe;  
Thus will from all we think or do  
To thee unfeigned praises flow;  
For thine we are in life and death.

3 Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us  
be  
In all things more conform'd to thee;  
We're fill'd with conscious shame,  
And thank thee for thy care and  
love;  
Thy patience, which we richly  
prove,  
Our heart-felt gratitude doth  
claim.

**581.\*** T. 237. (495.)

O LORD God Holy Ghost,  
As sure as Christ's I am,  
So sure am I in him  
With thee in close communion;  
Might my whole walk proclaim  
With Christ a blessed union,  
The pardon'd sinner's frame,  
A mind to his conform'd;

2 The genuine mind of Christ,  
Proceeding from a heart  
Engaged with his cross,  
Blest theme of meditation!  
Deriving all delight  
From Jesus' great salvation;  
Supported day and night  
With peace and joy divine.

**582.** T. 16. (496.)

JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit  
 May we all instructed be;  
 Sanctify us by the merit  
 Of thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love thee  
 truly,  
 Lord, our thoughts and actions  
 sway,  
 And to ev'ry heart more fully  
 Thy atoning pow'r display.

3 Lead us so that we may honor  
 Thee, the Lord our Righteous-  
 ness,  
 And bring fruit to thee, the donor  
 Of all gospel-truth and grace.

**583.\*** T. 23. (497.)

TO that Lord, who unconstrained  
 Death's dire pangs for us sustained,  
 May we all in our small measure  
 Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2 May our mind and whole beha-  
 vior  
 Bear resemblance to our Saviour,  
 And his sanctifying merit  
 Hallow body, soul and spirit.

**584.** T. 583. (498.)

LOVE God with all thy heart, and  
 soul, and mind;  
 To friend and foe be just, and true,  
 and kind;  
 Be meek and patient, humble, so-  
 ber, chaste;  
 In these good ways be constant to  
 the last.

2 And when thou hast done all,  
 then humbly cry,  
 'A useless, sinful servant, Lord,  
 am I!  
 My strength and grace come from  
 the Holy Ghost,  
 My Saviour's merits are my only  
 boast.'

**585.\*** T. 590. (499.)

O THOU, whose human life for us  
 Did happiness obtain;  
 Thou who, expiring on the cross,  
 God's image didst regain;

Q 2

Once lost it was, but is restor'd  
 By thy humanity;  
 Under thy shadow, Son of Man,  
 'Tis good for man to be!

**586.** T. 586. (500.)

HOW could I bear to be partaker  
 Of sinful, frail humanity,  
 Had not the world's almighty  
 Maker  
 Become a sinless man for me?  
 But since my God assum'd my na-  
 ture,  
 I gladly am a human creature;  
 For such his mercies are,  
 He takes a tender share,  
 In all I bear.

**587.\*** T. 244. (501.)

LORD Jesus, thy atonement  
 Be ever new to us;  
 Grant we may ev'ry moment  
 In spirit view thy cross:  
 O keep our garments pure  
 In the temptation's hour:  
 From sin's infatuation  
 Preserve us by thy pow'r.

**588.\*** T. 228. (502.)

O JESUS, were we through thy  
 grace,  
 In all respects form'd to thy praise,  
 Like thee in thought and action;  
 Did we but wake and sleep to thee,  
 Bear pain and sickness patiently,  
 Trusting in thy direction!  
 Where'er—we are,  
 Might, dear Saviour,—our beha-  
 vior,  
 Through thy blessing,  
 Always be to thee well-pleasing.

**589.\*** T. 79. (503.)

THY law, O Lord, be my delight,  
 My gracious King, thy statutes  
 write  
 In my untoward heart;  
 Thy pow'r divine afford me grace  
 To love thee, and to walk thy ways,  
 And never from thee to depart.

**590.** T. 14. (492.)

1 ASK not honor, pomp or praise,  
By worldly men esteem'd,  
I wish from sin's deceitful ways  
To feel my soul redeem'd.

2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,  
Dear Lord, to live to thee,  
And by my words and walk to show,  
That thou hast died for me.

3 O grant me, through thy precious  
blood,  
Thy gospel thus to grace;  
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,  
Thus shall my works thee praise.

4 Quick as the apple of the eye,  
O God, my conscience make:  
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep me still awake.

**591.** T. 114.

GOD, who art love! the same both  
now and ever,

Lift up, we pray, on us thy counte-  
nance,

Thy pardon grant, thy peace divine  
dispense, [vour;

And give us richly to enjoy thy fa-  
On us thy sanctifying grace bestow,

That in thy grace and knowledge we  
may grow.

XXVII. *Humility, Simplicity, and Growth in  
Grace.*

**592.\*** T. 166. (1061.)

THRICE happy I esteem my lot,  
To feel true spirit's poverty,  
This portion from the Lord I've got,  
It yields content and peace to me:  
He gave me this inheritance,  
My soul's salvation to advance;  
To him eternal thanks and praise  
Be render'd for my call of grace.

2 O how exceeding rich and great  
The grace of Jesus Christ appears!  
He left his heav'nly Father's seat,  
To share our sorrows, griefs and  
tears;

No worldly pomp, or dignity  
The sons of men in him could see,  
When they th' Eternal Word be-  
held,

His Godhead in our nature veil'd.

3 For us he left his heav'nly throne,  
A life of pain and wo he led,  
Among his nation liv'd unknown,  
And freely suffer'd in our stead:  
That he those, who in him believe,  
Might as his property receive,  
Since by his anguish, death and  
blood

He reconcil'd us unto God.

4 Yea, though th' eternal Son of God,  
A man of sorrows he became,  
Took on him our sins' heavy load,  
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the  
shame:

The Maker of creation's sphere  
Did in an abject state appear,  
That by his poverty the poor  
Might be enriched evermore.

5 While here on earth no place he  
had, [lay,  
Where he his weary head could  
Oft hungry, thirsty, spent and sad,  
He learnt by suff'ring to obey;  
His meat and drink was to fulfil  
His heav'nly Father's holy will,  
And to seek out the sons of wo,  
That he to them might kindness  
show.

6 Say, O thou love's eternal Source,  
What prompted thee this step to  
take?

Compassion was the mighty force,  
O'er sinful man thy heart did  
break;

Uncall'd thou cam'st to set him free  
From sin, from curse and misery,  
Yea, to enrich and crown his days  
With thy salvation, joy and grace.

7 My body and my soul combine  
 To laud and magnify the Lord,  
 My Shepherd and my Guide divine,  
 Who leads me by his holy word,  
 Preserves me in the narrow way,  
 Works wonders for me day by day,  
 Whose staff to comfort never fails,  
 When any trial me assails.

8 Nought can such pleasure yield  
 to me,  
 While in this vale of tears I stay,  
 As that his glory I shall see,  
 And live with him in endless day;  
 Ev'n here of everlasting rest,  
 I of a foretaste am possess'd,  
 While in sweet union I abide  
 With him and with his chosen  
 bride.

9 Most gladly I to others leave  
 Their worldly treasure, pomp and  
 fame:  
 Since of Christ's fulness I receive,  
 I glory only in his name;  
 In his reproach I freely share,  
 Who for my sake the cross did bear,  
 And joy in shame and poverty,  
 Since Jesus poor became for me.

**593.\*** T. 151. (1083.)

GENTLE is the coercion  
 Of Jesus' pow'r and love,  
 Without it my exertion  
 Must unavailing prove;  
 Humbled in heart and broken,  
 To Christ for strength I flee;  
 'My grace,' himself hath spoken:  
 'Sufficient is for thee.'

2 If ask'd: 'Hast thou already  
 In grace such progress made,  
 As with steps firm and steady  
 Th' appointed path to tread?'  
 I own: 'I'm weak and feeble,  
 Alone I cannot stand,  
 'Tis Christ, who makes me stable,  
 On him I must depend.'

3 Is good in contemplation,  
 I on my Saviour call,  
 Who gave the intimation,  
 And worketh all in all;

The wish'd-for good effected,  
 To him I render praise,  
 Who hath the work directed  
 By his enabling grace.

**594.\*** T. 83. (1059.)

WOULD we inward peace enjoy,  
 We must first be poor in spirit,  
 At the feet of Jesus lie,  
 Trusting only in his merit,  
 Then our kind and loving Lord  
 Will to us his strength afford.

2 None from God too distant are,  
 None too sinful, none too  
 wretched,  
 But they may his mercy share,  
 For his arms are still out-  
 stretched:

Yet we must, when we apply,  
 On his grace alone rely.

3 In this humble, happy frame,  
 And from grace to grace pro-  
 ceeding,  
 We press forward in his name,  
 And have cause to bless his  
 leading;  
 Cheered by his looks of grace,  
 We run our appointed race.

**595.\*** T. 82. (1101.)

FAITHFUL Saviour, we to thee  
 Will look up incessantly,  
 Happy in thy peace and blessing,  
 Filial confidence possessing,  
 Poor in spirit, rich in grace,  
 We show forth thy matchless praise.

2 God be prais'd! thy love is known;  
 Thou expectest this alone,  
 That, disclaiming self-reliance,  
 We should yield a glad compliance,  
 With a mind devoutly still,  
 To thy good and perfect will.

**596.** T. 590. (504.)

O LORD, the contrite sinner's  
 Friend,  
 Most wretched should I be,  
 Did I not know thy precious blood  
 Was shed for worthless me:

Nought could console me in distress;  
Or give my soul relief;  
When troubles seize my anxious  
breast,  
Nought could appease my grief.

2 O give me, Jesus, give me still  
My poverty to know;  
Increase my faith, may I in grace  
And in thy knowledge grow:  
More clearly to me manifest  
The myst'ry of thy cross;  
And for this precious Pearl may I  
Count all things else but dross.

597.\* T. 22. (505.)

WHOE'ER in Jesus doth believe,  
To soaring thoughts no room can  
give;

The blessed fellowship with Christ,  
And nothing else by him is priz'd.

2 Reflecting how our Lord and  
Head,  
When ris'n, his foll'wers visited,  
We pray to share that happiness  
Which, without sight, we may  
possess.

3 Communing with the Lamb of  
God,  
With heartfelt gratitude we're  
bow'd:  
And walk in true humility,  
As Christ's disciples constantly.

598.\* T. 22. (506.)

MY Saviour, that I without thee  
Can nothing do, rejoiceth me:  
For all the grace thou dost bestow,  
I fain my gratitude would show.

2 Though weak and poor, I am  
thine own;  
All praise is due to thee alone,  
That thou, when humbly I appear  
'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near.

3 When pride would stir within my  
breast,  
I find no happiness nor rest,  
But, walking in humility,  
Have perfect peace and joy in thee.

4 O keep me contrite, low and  
poor!

Thus shall I praise thee evermore;  
Myself thrice blessed I can call,  
When I am nought and thou my  
All.

599.\* T. 14. (507.)

NONE God the Father's favor  
share,  
Or heaven's kingdom win,  
But those who little children are,  
And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the  
Lord  
Doth from their seats put down;  
But to the poor doth grace afford,  
And them with blessings crown.

3 O may I with submissiveness,  
Dear Lord, be taught by thee;  
To thee obedience show thro' grace,  
And learn humility.

4 Jesus, I humbly thee implore,  
Grant me thy Spirit's light,  
That he may teach me evermore,  
And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,  
According to my pray'r;  
Since those who know their po-  
verty,  
To the Most High are near.

6 Thou who in heaven art ador'd,  
Dost with the contrite dwell,  
Revive the humble by thy word,  
The broken-hearted heal.

7 Therefore, my soul, delight no  
more  
In this world's vanity;  
Look forward; Jesus hath in store  
Unfading joys for thee.

8 Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow  
In knowledge and in grace!  
Grant that in me, while here below,  
Thy likeness each may trace.

**600.\*** T. 583. (508.)

THOSE are partakers of our Saviour's grace,

Who, while his gifts they share with thankfulness,

Glory in their infirmities, and boast  
Of nothing but his grace, wherein they trust.

2 His loving-kindness those shall richly share,

Who, at a loss, and ready to despair,

Retire in secret, pray him for relief,

And consolation to assuage their grief.

3 To those the Lord will deign his teaching mild,

Who gladly listen to the meanest child,

And from experience willingly allow,

That they are learners, and but little know.

**601.\*** T. 14. (509.)

HAPPY the man whose highest Good

Is Christ invariably;

He shows his love and gratitude  
By true humility.

2 In weakness pow'r divine he gains,  
He dwells in peace and rest;

And owns with filial confidence;  
'Lord, what thou dost is best.'

3 'For thou art gracious, wise and good,

Thou know'st how help t' afford,  
The time when it should be bestow'd:

Thy goodness be ador'd.'

**602.\*** T. 141. (510.)

GO, ye flatt'ring visions,  
Honors, wealth and lusts:

He who, lowly minded,

In our Saviour trusts,

Rich in grace, is blessed,

Freed from anxious care;

For the poor in spirit

Heaven's kingdom share.

**603.\*** T. 16. (511.)

WHEN simplicity we cherish,

Then the soul is full of light:

But that light will quickly vanish,

When of Jesus we lose sight.

2 He who nought but Christ desireth,

He whom nothing else can cheer

But the joy which he inspireth,

Lending to his voice an ear;

3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,

And upon his grace depends;

Who but willeth what him pleases,

Simply foll'wing his commands;

4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,

Pays obedience to his word,

Yea, in closest union liveth

With our Saviour, Head and Lord;

5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,

And, from self-dependence free,

In nought else but him confideth:

Walks in true simplicity.

6 He who is by Christ directed,  
Trusting the good Shepherd's care,

From all harm will be protected,  
And no danger needs to fear.

**604.\*** T. 184. (512.)

O BLEST condition, happy living,  
Which true simplicity imparts,

When we to God are wholly given,  
And Jesus' mind rules in our hearts!

This ev'ry vain imagination

Casts down, and us subjects to  
grace:

It shows the ground of our salvation

To be Christ's blood and righteousness.

2 That which is by the world esteemed,

A single mind counts vanity;

What's innocent by others deemed,  
Is shunn'd by true simplicity:

Because the love to things terrestrial

We must deny thro' Jesus' grace,  
And, to obtain the prize celestial,  
Cast off whate'er impedes our  
race.

3 The simple heart no care perplexeth,

That robs the world of all content;

Of envy, which so many vexeth,  
Simplicity is ignorant;

And carefully preserves its treasure,  
Unruffled by the worldling's  
spite:

If others ask to share this pleasure,  
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4 O Jesus, God of my salvation,  
Thy single mind impart to me,  
Root out the world's infatuation,  
However keen the pain may be.

Thrice happy they, who tread un-  
wearied

The path of true simplicity;

They as wise virgins are prepared  
To meet the Bridegroom cheer-  
fully.

**605.\* T. 22. (513.)**

MEEK, patient Lamb of God,  
impart

Thy meekness to my stubborn  
heart;

Grant me to keep thee full in view,  
And thy example to pursue.

2 Thy blood preserve my garments  
clean

From ev'ry spot and stain of sin:  
As a wise virgin, to prepare  
For meeting thee, be all my care.

3 Bestow on me a simple mind,  
To ev'ry hurtful fancy blind;  
Thy meekness, true sincerity,  
And needful wisdom, grant to me.

4 Thou holy, spotless Lamb of  
God,

My worthless heart make thy  
abode:

O may I in thine image grow,  
And honor thee in all I do.

**606. T. 106. (514.)**

A SINGLE mind to me impart,  
Lord, may I sordid lucre flee,  
Nor set on earthly gain my heart,  
Hate av'rice as idolatry;  
Fix my desires on things above,  
Rich in possession of thy love.

2 Let neither honors, pomp, nor  
pride,

Nor this world's gaudy vanity,  
Which draw the soul from thee  
aside,

Beguile me from simplicity:  
May this my highest honor be,  
To be esteemed, Lord, by thee.

3 Screen me in each unguarded  
hour,

Lord, under thy protecting care;  
Preserve me from seduction's  
pow'r,

Lest fleshly lusts my soul en-  
snare:

May I to av'rice, lust and pride  
Say, 'Christ destroy'd you when  
he died.'

**607.\* T. 15. (515.)**

LORD, grant to me a simple mind,  
By thee may I be guided,  
And as thy blessed will design'd,  
Have my whole course decided.

2 With this desire 'fore thee I bow,  
Asham'd of my demerit,  
Ah, take without exception now,  
My body, soul and spirit.

**608.\* T. 208. (516.)**

WOULD we, sinners needy,  
Here on earth already  
Heav'nly joys possess;  
Jesus nought desireth,  
Or of us requireth,  
For our rest and peace,  
But that we like children be:  
Since he all our wants redresses,  
Soothes all our distresses.

**609\*.** T. 167. (1067.)

TO belong to Christ our Saviour,  
 Christian, what doth this imply?  
 Constantly to seek his favor,  
 Ever watching faithfully;  
 To implore his kind direction  
 Day by day in all we do;  
 To confide in his protection,  
 Freed from ev'ry earthly view.

**610.\*** T. 151. (517.)

AMIDST this world's profane-  
 ness,  
 May I thy truth confess;  
 In prim'tive way and plainness,  
 Thy servant be through grace;  
 Nor fear, nor int'rest ever  
 Cause me to turn aside,  
 Or my connexion sever  
 With thy redeemed bride.

**611.\*** T. 69.

LEARN, church of Jesus,  
 By faith to him to cleave,  
 And in blest union  
 With him, thy Lord, to live,  
 While far  
 From him sojourning here.

2 Grant, that sustained,  
 Lord, by thy mighty grace,  
 With love unfeigned,  
 We our appointed race  
 May run,  
 Till we the prize have won.

**612.\*** T. 22. (518.)

CHRIST is the Vine, we branches  
 are;  
 Without him we no fruit can bear:  
 For of ourselves we cannot thrive,  
 'Tis he who gives us pow'r and  
 life.

2 Lord, thou hast chosen us, that  
 we  
 Should bear well-pleasing fruit to  
 thee,  
 O make us faithful to thy praise;  
 Preserve us from all barrenness.

**613.** T. 11. (519.)

JESUS, who for me hast died,  
 Grant I may in thee abide:  
 Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;  
 Water me with show'rs of grace.  
 2 Make my heart a garden fair,  
 Which such pleasant fruit may  
 bear  
 As affords true joy to thee  
 And thy Father constantly.  
 3 In thy garden here below  
 Water me that I may grow;  
 When all grace to me is giv'n,  
 Then transplant me into heav'n.

**614.\*** T. 167. (520.)

AS the branches are connected  
 With the vine, ev'n so, through  
 grace,  
 A close union is effected  
 'Tween the Lord our Righteous-  
 ness  
 And believers, who, though feeble,  
 Life and pow'r from him derive,  
 And thereby are render'd able,  
 Bearing fruit, to grow and thrive.

**615.\*** T. 10. (521.)

WOULD we by our behavior  
 Show that we love our Saviour,  
 He only can instruct us,  
 And in the way conduct us.  
 2 Through his atonement's powers  
 O may we bloom like flowers,  
 And by his grace and blessing  
 Bear fruits to him well-pleasing.

**616.\*** T. 185. (522.)

IN thy love and knowledge, gra-  
 cious Saviour,  
 May we more and more abound:  
 Thy complete atonement shall for  
 ever,  
 Of our doctrine be the ground.  
 Grant that all may, in thy word  
 believing,  
 And to thee the Vine as branches  
 cleaving,  
 Through thy Father's nursing care,  
 Fruit unto thy honor bear.

**617.\*** T. 4. (523.)

LORD Jesus, be near!  
 Thou seest us here;  
 Unite us in heart:  
 Dear Lord, come and bless us; our  
 Brother thou art.

2 Soon make us to be  
 Well-pleasing to thee;  
 'Tis time, and 'tis right,  
 To bring forth some fruit which  
 may yield thee delight.

3 From this very day,  
 We will not delay  
 To follow the Lamb,—  
 To serve him with gladness, and  
 honor his name.

**618.\*** T. 228. (524.)

THIS one thing needful grant to  
 us:  
 By faith to view thee on the cross,  
 Bleeding for our salvation;

Then, 'midst all weakness, we in-  
 deed  
 Shall still from grace to grace pro-  
 ceed,  
 Lord, in thy congregation:  
 May none—ground on  
 Empty notions—or good motions  
 His religion,  
 Without pow'r and life's fruition.

**619.** T. 228.

BE this our happy destiny,  
 Lord Jesus, to be one with thee!  
 Grant, through thy Spirit's leading,  
 That we may gain yet firmer root  
 In thee, and bear abundant fruit,  
 From grace to grace proceeding:  
 From thee—daily  
 Strength receiving,—to thee cleav-  
 ing,  
 Blessed Jesus!  
 Thus we shall show forth thy  
 praises.

XXVIII. *Patience under Affliction, and Confidence  
 in God.*

**620.** T. 14. (1093.)

GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform,  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage  
 take,  
 The clouds you so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble  
 sense,  
 But trust him for his grace;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding ev'ry hour:  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain,  
 God is his own Interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

**621.** T. 22. (537.)

DESPONDING soul, thou need'st  
 not fear, [hear,  
 Since God thy ev'ry pray'r doth  
 In his own time he'll surely grant,  
 As he thinks fit, what thou dost want.

2 For he thy case doth understand,  
 Himself will take thy cause in hand,  
 The scale will turn, and thou shalt be  
 Asham'd of thy anxiety.

**622.\*** T. 151. (525.)

IS God my strong Salvation,  
 No enemy I fear;  
 He hears my supplication,  
 Dispelling all my care:  
 If he, my Head and Master,  
 Defend me from above,  
 What pain or what disaster  
 Can part me from his love?

2 Of this I am persuaded:  
 With joy I can declare,  
 His love to me ne'er faded,  
 He listens to my pray'r;  
 He aid to me dispenses,  
 He stands at my right hand;  
 Yea, when a storm advances,  
 'Tis calm at his command.

3 The ground of my profession  
 Is Jesus and his blood;  
 He gives me the possession  
 Of everlasting good;  
 Myself, and whatsoever  
 Is mine, I cannot trust;  
 The gifts of Christ my Saviour  
 Remain my only boast.

4 My Jesus and his merit  
 Are all my aim and care;  
 Were he not with my spirit,  
 Ah! I should soon despair;  
 T' appear 'fore my Creator  
 I never could desire,  
 He would to my fall'n nature  
 Prove a consuming fire.

5 'Tis Jesus Christ who taketh  
 Away sin, death and wo,  
 And by his blood he maketh  
 Each spot as white as snow;  
 Free from that condemnation  
 Which sinners else must find,  
 I joy in his salvation  
 With an embolden'd mind.

6 His Spirit is the sov'reign  
 Possessor of my heart;  
 There he alone shall govern,  
 And slavish fear depart;  
 He gives his benediction,  
 Yea, helpeth me to cry  
 Abba, when in affliction,  
 With child-like fervency.

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7 His Spirit cheers my spirit  
 With many a precious word,  
 That I shall joy inherit,  
 By trusting in the Lord;  
 Since after tribulation,  
 All those who Jesus love,  
 Have that blest expectation  
 To live with him above.

8 Should earth lose its foundation,  
 He stands my lasting Rock;  
 No temp'ral desolation  
 Shall give my love a shock;  
 I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,  
 No object, small or great,  
 Nor height, nor depth, shall ever  
 Me from him separate.

**623.** T. 14. (526.)

GOD is my Saviour and my Light,  
 Why should I be dismay'd;  
 'Tis he defends my life; of whom  
 Then need I be afraid?

2 Hear my request, O Lord, and  
 give  
 An answer full of grace:  
 Thy face thou bid'st me seek, and I  
 Reply, 'I'll seek thy face.'

3 Lord, do not in displeasure hide  
 Thyself, nor me reject;  
 The aid which I have had before,  
 From thee I still expect.

4 Wait still on God, my soul! from  
 him  
 All needful strength derive:  
 Though he delay, he will at length  
 The fainting heart revive.

**624.\*** T. 159. (1099.)

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy  
 joy,  
 With a believing mind,  
 With all the ills, which thee annoy,  
 The way to Jesus find;  
 Here in this world thou hast no  
 home,  
 Nor lasting joy: to Jesus come,  
 He is the Pearl of greatest price,  
 Who all thy wants supplies.

2 Stedfast in faith to Jesus cleave,  
His faithfulness review,  
And ev'ry burden with him leave,  
Whose love is daily new:  
His ways with thee are just and  
right,

He puts thy enemies to flight,  
However threat'ning they appear,  
Take courage, he is near.

3 Thy closet enter, pray and sigh,  
To Jesus tell thy grief,  
His ear is open to thy cry,  
His hand to give relief;  
Though men thee hate, forsake and  
grieve,  
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,  
His word is pass'd: he'll aid afford,  
Rely upon the Lord.

4 Lift up thy heart to him on high,  
And leave this sordid earth,  
Behold with a believing eye  
God's excellence and worth:  
Devote thy life, thy all to him,  
Who did thy soul from death re-  
deem,

In love to thee the cross endur'd,  
And life for thee procur'd.

5 Arise and seek the things above,  
Let heav'n be all thy aim,  
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and  
love,  
And earth and sin disclaim;  
The world and all its empty joy  
His potent breath will once destroy;  
Abiding rest and peace of mind  
In Christ alone we find.

**625.** T. 590. (535.)

SINCE we can't doubt God's equal  
love,

Unmeasurably kind,  
To his unerring, gracious will  
Be ev'ry wish resign'd; [good,  
Good, when he gives, supremely  
Nor less when he denies;  
Ev'n crosses from his sov'reign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.

2 Whate'er I ask, I surely know,  
And stedfastly believe,  
He will the thing desir'd bestow,  
Or else a better give;

To thee I therefore, Lord, submit  
My ev'ry fond request,  
And own, adoring at thy feet,  
Thy will is always best.

**626.** T. 591. (1096.)

IF to Jesus for relief  
My soul hath fled by pray'r,  
Why should I give way to grief,  
Or heart-consuming care?  
Are not all things in his hand,  
Hath he not his promise pass'd?  
Will he then regardless stand,  
And let me sink at last?

2 While I know, his providence  
Disposeth each event,  
Shall I judge by feeble sense,  
And yield to discontent?  
If he worms and sparrows feed,  
Clothe the grass in rich array,  
Can he see a child in need,  
And turn his eye away?

3 When his name was quite un-  
known,  
And sin my life employ'd,  
Then he watch'd me as his own,  
Or I had been destroy'd:  
Now his mercy-seat I know,  
Now by grace I'm reconcil'd,  
Would he spare me, while a foe,  
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants supplied,  
When I disdain'd to pray,  
Now his Spirit is my guide,  
How can he answer nay;  
If he would not give me up,  
When my soul against him fought,  
Will he disappoint the hope,  
Which he himself hath wrought?

5 If he shed his precious blood,  
To bring me to his fold,  
Can I think, that meaner good  
He will from me withhold?  
Vain is Satan's each device,  
Here my hope rests well assur'd:  
In that great redemption-price  
I see the whole secur'd.

627. T. 22. (528.)

WHO can condemn, since Christ  
hath died?

I, by his blood, am justified:  
He ever lives to intercede,  
And send me help in time of need.

2 What can from Christ me se-  
parate?

Shall trials howsoever great,  
Shall tribulation or distress,  
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?

3 O no, I shall in all things prove  
Conqu'ror through him, who me did  
love;

My Lord obtain'd the victory,  
Sufficient is his grace for me.

4 O love unbounded! refuge sure!  
My helpless soul now lives secure;  
Long as in thee, O Lord, I trust,  
I know I never shall be lost.

628. T. 590. (530.)

NO more with trembling heart I  
try

A multitude of things,  
Still wishing to find out the source  
From whence salvation springs;  
My anchor's cast, cast on a ground  
Where I shall ever rest  
From all the labour of my thoughts,  
And workings of my breast.

2 What is my anchor? it is hope,  
Encourag'd by the word,  
Assuring me, that they who seek,  
Shall surely find the Lord:  
What is my ground? 'Tis Jesus  
Christ,

Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;  
A Refuge here each troubled soul  
May find, though tempests roar.

629. T. 14. (532.)

HOW happy we, when guilt is  
gone!

This alters our whole frame;  
The same occasions still come on,  
But we are not the same.

2 The load which caus'd our anxi-  
ous care

No more doth weigh us down,  
For Christ the burden helps to bear,  
We bear it not alone.

3 While we at honest labour toil,  
Our hearts may be at ease;  
For if our Saviour on us smile,  
'Midst trouble we have peace.

4 Sick outwardly, or in distress  
We may be, 'tis confess'd:  
But the believer ne'ertheless  
In trials finds he's bless'd.

5 Have we through dang'rous paths  
to rove,  
The shades of death to pass?  
Our shield eternal is his love,  
Our light, his glorious face.

6 Thy secret hand we bless; on thee  
O Lord, we can depend,  
Thou between us and misery  
Of ev'ry kind dost stand.

630. T. 22. (541.)

WHEN by adversity I'm tried,  
In God, my Rock, I will confide,  
'Midst trials, whatso'er they be,  
Rely on his fidelity.

2 I'll trust my great Physician's  
skill,  
Resign'd obey his blessed will;  
For each disease he knows what's  
fit,  
He's wise and good, and I submit.

3 Although his med'cine cause me  
pain,  
I'll not repine, much less complain:  
It is with a design to cure,  
I must and will his touch endure.

4 Lord Jesus Christ, afford me grace,  
In ev'ry trial thee to praise:  
O let thy sacred will be mine,  
To thee myself I now resign.

631. T. 590. (543.)

WHAT tremblings seize the tra-  
veller's soul

Beneath the dark'ning sky; [roll  
While awful thunders round him  
And lightning flashes nigh:

Soon as the sun again is view'd,

The clouds are all dispers'd,  
The face of nature is renew'd,  
Joys on the pilgrim burst.

2 While passing thro' this shadow'd

To yonder blissful land, [vale,  
Black storms and tempests us assail,  
O'er which we've no command.

Unerring Wisdom thus permits  
His children to be tried,  
But he that to God's will submits,  
With strength shall be supplied.

3 Afflicted souls, await the end  
Appointed by your God,  
From him deliv'rance shall descend  
With great increase of good.

Whate'er the dispensation be,  
Which he to send finds meet,  
His aim obtained, each shall see,  
For him it was most fit.

4 By Christ we're screen'd with  
tender care,

From vain and worldly noise:  
Ye, who God's happy children are,  
Can in the Lord rejoice,  
And walk in union with your God,  
Who is your nearest Friend,  
Upon life's rough and dang'rous  
road,  
In safety to the end.

**632.** T. 167.

HERE, in constant, quick succes-  
sion,

Bright and gloomy days are seen,  
But there, without variation,  
Skies unclouded and serene;  
Suff'rings here are transitory,  
Light are ev'n the most severe,  
Set against the weight of glory,  
Which awaits the conqu'ror there.

2 Though by threat'ning storms  
surrounded,

Or oppress'd by pain and grief,  
This poor heart is not confounded,  
For in God I find relief;  
On his pow'rful arm reclining,  
I affliction's load sustain,  
Bear the cross, without repining,  
Till the glorious crown I gain.

**633.** T. 14.

HOW condescending 'tis, that He  
Who worlds to being spake,  
One promise unto worthless me  
Should ever deign to make.

2 Yet countless are his promises,  
And who can doubt his truth?  
He'll lead me on throughout my  
race,

To hoary hairs from youth.

3 What is his covenant of love?  
A cov'nant firm and sure;  
Hills may depart, and mountains  
move,  
And yet it shall endure.

4 'Tis that the kindness of our God  
Shall ne'er from us depart,  
That equally his smile or rod  
Display his loving heart.

5 That He will guide us, whom no  
pow'r,  
Nor craft can e'er withstand,  
That not temptation's darkest hour  
Shall wrest us from his hand.

6 That truth and mercy, while  
we've breath,  
Shall compass us around,  
And that with him shall after death  
Our gracious lot be found.

7 In all distress to him I'll cry,  
I'll humbly trust his word:  
Nothing I ask will he deny,  
For is he not my Lord?

8 O the rich blessings which ac-  
crued  
To all who love his name!  
His gifts are ev'ry morning new,  
His bounty still the same.

**634.\*** T. 212 or 166. (533.)

THE will of God is always best,  
His will be done for ever;  
Those who confide in him are blest,  
And prove his love and favor.  
He helps indeed—in time of need,  
'Midst chastisements he saveth;  
Those who depend—on God their  
Friend,  
He never, never leaveth.

2 His comforts daily me sustain,  
 He lends me his assistance;  
 To what he doth for me ordain  
 I'll yield without resistance:  
 True is his word,—that ev'n the  
 Lord

My hairs in mercy numbers;  
 He guards and wakes,—care of me  
 takes,  
 And all my wants remembers.

**635.\*** T. 79. (1065, 538.)

AS thy will, O my Saviour,  
 Unto thy Father's ever  
 Was subject and resign'd;  
 Grant that, in deep subjection,  
 To follow thy direction  
 I may be cheerfully inclin'd.

2 I'll spare all needless thinking,  
 Nor shall my mind be shrinking,  
 Concerning what may be;  
 May I in each proceeding  
 Submit to thy wise leading,  
 That thou'rt my All sufficeth me.

**636.** T. 9. (539.)

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee  
 down,

Perils or temptation?

Is not Christ upon the throne  
 Still thy strong salvation?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,  
 Thy almighty Saviour;  
 He, who death for thee endur'd,  
 Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to him ev'ry want,  
 Yea whate'er doth grieve thee;  
 If for comfort thou dost pant,  
 Jesus will relieve thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,  
 Quickly turn to Jesus,  
 In his presence thou art blest,  
 He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot  
 Him, whose great compassion  
 Never fails, whose blood hath  
 bought  
 Thy complete salvation.

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6 Earthly things do not regard,  
 Trust in Jesus' favor,  
 He will be thy great reward,  
 And thy shield for ever.

**637.\*** T. 16. (540.)

STORMS of trouble may assail us,  
 Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;  
 Yet no danger need appal us,  
 If our Saviour guide the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,  
 Free from care, we acquiesce  
 In his ways, his consolation  
 Will alleviate our distress.

3 God is mighty to deliver,  
 None his power can withstand;  
 In all trials whatsoever  
 He will be our gracious Friend.

4 When his hour strikes for relieving,  
 Help breaks forth amazingly,  
 And to shame our anxious grieving,  
 Often unexpectedly.

**638.\*** T. 83. (542.)

MY Redeemer knoweth me,  
 Both in joy and in affliction;  
 O my soul, now joyful be,  
 Trust thy Shepherd's kind direc-  
 tion:

His own sheep he knows by name,  
 And to bless them is his aim.

2 Unexampled is that love  
 By which we're with him con-  
 nected;

If we aught distressing prove,  
 Jesus is thereby affected;  
 We his watchful love and care  
 In all trials richly share.

**639.\*** T. 142. (1100, 267.)

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and  
 of light!

Where all find refreshment, who  
 seek it aright,

Pure spring of salvation,  
 And true consolation!

From God's holy temple the living  
 stream rolls,

Whose waters flow ample for all  
 thirsty souls.

2 Let him that is thirsty, encouraging call!

Now drink of the waters, abounding for all;

The promised blessing

Is sweetly refreshing:

All ye who are ailing and needy, draw nigh,

This well-spring ne'er failing your wants will supply.

3 Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst after thee;

In mercy receive me, for mercy's my plea;

The word thou hast spoken

Can never be broken:

Thou know'st I am needy, and greatly distress'd,

Thou callest the weary to come and find rest.

4 Thou river of life dost refresh heart and mind,

Those whom thou enrichest eternal good find:

Amidst tribulation

The cup of salvation

I take, thus with gladness inspired by thee,

All sorrow and sadness far distant must flee.

5 I plead thy rich promise, O give me to drink,

With fervor of spirit I wholly would sink

Into thy love's ocean;

O let true devotion

My heart be impelling, still onward to move,

To Zion thy dwelling, the city of love.

6 Should bitter be mix'd with the sweet of my cup,

O grant me with joy all self-will to give up;

The cup of dire sorrows,

Which thou hast drank for us,

To thine thou dost offer, in this world of pain:

With thee they here suffer, with thee they shall reign.

7 O therefore, my Jesus, permit me to rest,

Where saints are no longer by suffering oppress'd:

Where joys beyond measure,

And fulness of pleasure,

In glory transcendent, the conquerors share,

And where crowns resplendent the faithful shall wear.

**640.** T. 585. (1098.)

O MY soul, what means this sadness, [down?

Wherefore art thou thus cast

Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,

Bid thy restless fears begone:

Look to Jesus :: And rejoice in his great name.

2 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee, From without and from within,

Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,

But will save from hell and sin;

He is faithful :: To perform his gracious word.

3 Tho' distresses now attend thee, And thou tread'st the thorny road,

His right hand shall still defend thee, [God;

Soon he'll bring thee home to

Therefore praise him :: Praise the dear Redeemer's name!

**641.** T. 22. (1094.)

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares [snares;

To thee are burdens, thorns and

They cast dishonor on thy Lord,

And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far, [care?

Why wilt thou now give place to

How canst thou want, if he provide,

Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat Thou didst thy all to him commit,

He gave thee warrant from that

hour,

To trust his wisdom, love and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble thee befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call,  
And hath he not the promise pass'd,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He that hath help'd me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey thro',  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.

6 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads me home apace to God;  
I count my present trials small,  
For heav'n will make amends for all.

**642.** T. 39. (1095.)

BEGONE unbelief! for my Sa-  
viour is near,  
And for my relief he will surely ap-  
pear,  
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he  
will perform,  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile  
at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, yet  
since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis his to  
provide;

Though cisterns be broken, and  
creatures all fail,  
The word he hath spoken will  
surely prevail.

3 His love in times past me for-  
biddeth to think,  
He'll leave me at last unrelieved to  
sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in re-  
view  
Confirms his good pleasure to help  
me quite through.

4 Why should I complain then of  
want or distress,  
Temptation or pain? for he told me  
no less;

The heirs of salvation, I know from  
his word,  
Through much tribulation must fol-  
low their Lord.

5 How bitter the cup none can ever  
conceive,  
Which Jesus drank up that poor  
sinners might live!

His way was much rougher and  
darker than mine,  
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I  
repine?

6 Since all that I meet with shall  
work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet and the med'-  
cine is food,

Though painful at present, 'twill  
cease before long,  
And then O how pleasant the con-  
queror's song!

**643.** T. 89. (1097.)

YES, since God himself hath said  
it,

On his promise I rely,  
His good word demands my credit,  
What can unbelief reply?  
He is strong and can fulfil,  
He is truth, and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession  
Humbly still I will confide:  
Lord, accept my free confession,  
'I have sinn'd, but thou hast  
died;'

This is all I have to plead,  
This is all the plea I need.

**644.** T. 244.

NONE e'er shall be ashamed,  
Who wait upon the Lord!  
Their shield and rock he's named,  
Who build upon his word.  
He stands their constant friend;  
When danger is at hand,  
With confidence unshaken,  
On him they can depend.

**645.\*** T. 195. (545.)

DOTH our gracious Saviour,  
In so many evils,  
Which the foe at Christians levels,  
Kindly guard and keep us:  
Ah, how should we praise him,  
In all things extol and bless him;  
Love should so—ardent glow,  
As\* to make us ever  
Cleave to Christ our Saviour.

**646.\*** T. 90. (544.)

THRICE happy is the feeble soul,  
Whose strength is only in his  
God;

The fiercest pow'rs he can control,  
By faith in Jesus' precious blood;  
In combat can maintain the field,  
Because Jehovah is his shield.

**647.** T. 79. (531.)

THAT I am thine, my Lord and  
God,  
Ransom'd and sprinkled with thy  
blood,

Repeat that word once more,  
With such an energy and light,  
That this world's flattery or spite  
To shake me never may have  
pow'r.

2 From various cares my heart re-  
tires;

Tho' deep and boundless its desires,  
I'm now to please but One,  
Him, before whom the elders bow;  
With him I am engaged now,  
And with the souls that are his  
own.

3 This is my joy, which ne'er can  
fail,

To see my Saviour's arm prevail,  
To mark the steps of grace;  
How new-born souls, convinc'd of  
sin,  
Yet by his precious blood made  
clean,

Extol his name in ev'ry place.

4 With these my happy lot is cast,  
Through the world's deserts rude  
and waste,

Or through its gardens fair:  
Whether the storm of malice  
sweeps,

Or all in dead supineness sleeps,  
Still to go on, be all my care.

5 See the dear sheep, by Jesus  
drawn,

In blest simplicity move on,  
They trust his Shepherd-crook;  
Beholders many faults will find,  
But they can guess at Jesus' mind,  
Content, if written in his book.

6 O all ye just, ye rich, ye wise,  
Who Christ's atoning sacrifice  
Deem foolishness, and slight,  
Grant but I may (the rest's your  
own)

In shame and poverty sit down  
At this one well-spring of delight.

7 Indeed had Jesus ne'er been slain,  
Or could aught make his ransom  
vain,

That it avail'd no more;  
Were his unbounded mercy fled,  
Were he no more the church's  
Head,

Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;

8 Then, so refers my state to him,  
Unwarranted I must esteem,  
And wretched all I do;

Ah! my heart throbs, and seizeth  
fast

That cov'nant, which will ever last,  
It knows, it knows these things  
are true.

9 Yes, my dear Lord, in foll'wing  
thee,

Not in the dark uncertainly  
This foot obedient moves;  
'Tis with a Brother and a King,  
Who many to his yoke will bring,  
Who ever lives and ever loves.

10 Now then my Way, my Truth,  
my Life,

Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and  
strife,

Drop off like autumn leaves;  
Henceforth, as privileg'd by thee,  
Simple and undistracted be  
My soul, which to thy mercy  
cleaves.

11 Let me my weary mind recline  
On that eternal love of thine,  
And human thoughts forget;  
Childlike attend what thou wilt say,  
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,  
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

12 At all times to my spirit bear  
An inward witness, strong and clear,  
Of thy redeeming pow'r;  
This will instruct thy child aright,  
This will impart the needful light,  
For exigence of ev'ry hour.

13 Now then the sequel is well  
weigh'd,  
I cast myself upon thy aid,  
A sea, where none can sink;  
Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,  
Believing that thou wilt perform  
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

**648.** T. 22. (546.)

GOD of my life! on thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods pre-  
vail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to  
fail!

2 Friend of the friendless, and the  
faint!

Where should I lodge my deep  
complaint?

Where but with thee, whose open  
door

Invites the helpless and the poor!

3 Did ever mourner plead with  
thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's  
plea?

Doth not the word still fix'd re-  
main,

That none shall seek thy face in  
vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer  
pray'r;

But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring  
God,

Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to  
plead.

**649.\*** T. 79. (547.)

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide and  
Friend,

Now thy protecting wings extend,  
Thy children save from harm;  
Would Satan seek us to devour,  
Against his malice, craft and pow'r,  
Defend us by thy outstretch'd arm.

**650.\*** T. 208. (527.)

JESUS, source of gladness,  
Comfort in all sadness,

Thou canst end my grief;  
While for thy salvation

I with expectation

Wait, I find relief.

Lamb once slain,—thy saving name  
Yields to me far greater pleasure,  
Than all worldly treasure.

2 God is my salvation,  
Joy and consolation;

With the world I've done;  
To pride's vain pretension

I pay no attention,

Av'rice I disown;

Perils, loss,—shame, death, and  
cross,

Suff'rings e'er so keen, shall never  
Me from Jesus sever.

3 If the Lord protect me,  
Sin cannot infect me,

Nought can do me harm;

Although Satan rageth,

Christ the storm assuageth

By his mighty arm:

Would the foe—his malice show,

Since Christ is my strength and  
tower,

I dread not his power.

4 Gloomy thoughts must vanish,

Jesus doth replenish

Me with heav'nly peace;

Who the Saviour loveth,

By experience proveth,

Grief is chang'd to bliss;

Though I here—reproach must  
bear,

Yet he turneth all my sadness

Into joy and gladness.

**651.\*** T. 22. (529.)

JESUS, my All, my highest Good,  
Who hast redeem'd me with thy  
blood,

When confidence in thee I place,  
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2 Where should I turn, or how  
thee leave?

Jesus, to thee my mind doth cleave;  
With thee my heart hath a'ways  
found

True counsel, comfort, help abound.

3 All who possess true faith and  
love,

This daily by experience prove,  
That they who simply put their trust  
In Jesus Christ, can ne'er be lost.

4 None can be so o'erwhelm'd  
with grief,

But he in Christ may find relief;  
All misery, however great,  
His comforts can alleviate.

5 Jesus, my only God and Lord,  
What comfort doth thy name afford!  
No friend on earth can ever be  
Compar'd for faithfulness with thee.

6 Were health, and strength, and  
friends withdrawn,

Were ev'ry earthly comfort gone,  
If I have thee, I have howe'er  
What me eternally can cheer.

7 O Lord, preserve me sound in  
faith,

Thine let me be in life and death;  
May nothing pluck me from thy  
hand,

Lead me in safety to the end.

**652.\*** T. 234. (536.)

JESUS, my All, my soul's best  
Friend,

To thee myself I now deliver;  
Whate'er comes from thy faithful  
hand,

How hard it be, how strange so-  
ever,

I'll take it with a passive heart;  
And though I cannot shout for  
gladness,

But keenly feel affliction's dart,  
O may I not be sunk in sadness!

May I with cheerfulness  
In thy ways acquiesce,

Nor murmur at thy dispensation;

But simply trusting thee,  
On thy fidelity

Depend with humble resignation.

**653.\*** T. 583. (552.)

AT last he's blest, who by the Sa-  
viour's blood

Was cleans'd while here, and made  
an heir of God;

Ev'n now the acceptable year draws  
nigh,

The day which turns our sorrows  
into joy.

2 At last God's servants ceaseless  
joys shall reap,

Who, bearing precious seed, go  
forth and weep,

If they, 'midst suff'ring, faithful  
here abide,

They shall with Jesus there be glo-  
rified.

3 My soul, though here by various  
trials prov'd,

Believe that by thy Saviour thou  
art lov'd:

Submit thy will to his; with pa-  
tience wait,

He soon to perfect bliss will thee  
translate.

**654.\*** T. 189. (553.)

WHO overcometh shall abide for  
ever

A pillar in God's temple through  
his grace,

Adorned with the name of God our  
Saviour,

And of Jerusalem his chosen place;  
Lord, make the feeble

Watchful and able,  
That they be stable,

And vict'ry gain.

**655.\*** T. 68. (548.)

THANKS for ever be,

Jesus, unto thee,

That thy strength doth us enable

To adhere to thee, though feeble;

That thou hear'st our pray'rs,

And regard'st our tears.

656. T. 205.

JESUS, lover of my soul!  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past:  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
 Leave, O leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring:  
 Cover my defenceless head,  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 All in all in thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness:  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is  
 found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee,  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity!

XXIX. *Praise and Thanksgiving.*

657.\* T. 235. (554.)

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

LORD God, thy praise we sing,  
 To thee our thanks we bring.  
 Both heav'n and earth doth worship  
 Thou Father of eternity! [thee,  
 To thee all angels loudly cry,  
 The heav'ns and all the pow'rs on  
 high:  
 Cherubs and seraphim proclaim,  
 And cry thrice holy to thy name:  
 Holy is our Lord God,  
 Holy is our Lord God,  
 Holy is our Lord God,  
 The Lord of Sabaoth!

With splendor of thy glory spread  
 Is heav'n and earth replenished.  
 Th' apostles' glorious company,  
 The prophets' fellowship praise  
 thee.  
 The noble and victorious host  
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast.  
 The holy church, in ev'ry place  
 Throughout the earth, exalts thy  
 praise.  
 Thee, Father, God on heaven's  
 throne,  
 Thy only and beloved Son,

The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
 The church doth worship and re-  
 vere.  
 O Christ, thou glorious King, we  
 own  
 Thee to be God's eternal Son.  
 Thou, undertaking in our room,  
 Didst not abhor the virgin's womb.  
 The pains of death o'ercome by  
 thee,  
 Made heav'n to all believers free.  
 At God's right hand thou hast thy  
 seat,  
 And in thy Father's glory great;  
 And we believe the day's decreed,  
 When thou shalt judge the quick  
 and dead.  
 Promote, we pray, thy servants'  
 good,  
 Redeem'd with thy most precious  
 blood;  
 Among thy saints make us ascend  
 To glory that shall never end.  
 Thy people with salvation crown,  
 Bless those, O Lord, that are thy  
 own:  
 Govern thy church, and, Lord, ad-  
 vance  
 For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor thee;  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end, for evermore.  
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly  
pray,  
To keep us safe from sin this day.  
O Lord, have mercy on us all;  
Have mercy on us, when we call.  
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,  
According to our confidence.  
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,  
Confounded let us never be. Amen!

**658.\*** T. 583. (1103.)

TO thee, the Lord of all, I'll hum-  
bly sing,

To thee, my Maker, I'll thank-off-  
'rings bring; [display  
But how can language worthily  
Thy lauds, or to thy name due ho-  
mage pay?

2 I've nought to give, for what I  
have is thine, [not mine;  
Thine is my soul and body, and  
My reas'ning pow'rs, my health,  
my daily food,  
Are all thy gifts, and show that  
thou art good.

3 That I'm an honorable vessel  
made,  
Is all the work of love unmerited,  
And not because I'm worthy; mer-  
cy free [misery.  
Redeem'd my soul from sin and

4 Now while on earth I stay, to  
thee I'll live, [give,  
And to thy name alone all glory  
Till I with all thy saints my voice  
shall raise, [praise.  
And join in everlasting songs of

**659.\*** T. 132. (555.)

ALL glory to the sov'reign Good,  
And Father of compassion!

To God our help and sure abode,  
Whose gracious visitation  
Renews his blessings ev'ry day,  
And taketh all our griefs away:  
Give to our God the glory!

2 The heav'nly hosts with awe  
show forth

The praise of their Creator;  
All creatures, both in heav'n and  
earth,

Whate'er exists in nature,  
Speak their divine Original,  
Impress'd most wisely on them all,  
Give to our God the glory!

3 What is created by our God  
Enjoys his preservation;  
He doth extend o'er all abroad  
His father-like compassion;  
Throughout the kingdom of his  
grace

Prevail his truth and righteousness:  
Give to our God the glory!

4 In my distress I rais'd with faith  
To God my supplication;

My Saviour rescu'd me from death,  
And gave me consolation;

This makes my heart with thank-  
fulness

Rejoice before the God of grace:  
Give to our God the glory!

5 The Lord hath ever to his flock  
Kept without separation;

He doth abide our Shield and Rock,  
Our peace and our Salvation;

He leads us with a mother's care,  
Protects from danger, guards from  
fear:

Give to our God the glory!

6 Yea, when all creatures here  
deny

Their help and consolation,  
Our great Creator then is nigh

With succour and compassion,  
And sets the humble souls at rest,

That live forsaken and opprest;  
Give to our God the glory!

7 As long as I have breath in me  
I will sound forth his praises;

His precious, saving name shall be  
Exalted in all places;

My heart, with all thy strength  
adore

The God of grace, the God of  
pow'r,

And give him all the glory!

8 Ye who profess his sacred name,  
 Give to our God the glory!  
 Ye who his pow'r know and proclaim,  
 Give to our God the glory!  
 Rejoice, from all vain idols freed,  
 The Lord is God, he's God indeed.  
 Give to our God the glory!

9 Now then before his face appear,  
 With praises and thanksgiving:  
 With awe his holy name revere,  
 And join with all the living,  
 T' extol the wonders he hath wrought,  
 His mighty deeds, surpassing thought.  
 Give to our God the glory!

660.\* T. 14. (556.)

I'LL praise thee with my heart  
 and tongue,  
 O Lord, my soul's delight,  
 Declaring to the world in song  
 Thy glory, praise and might.

2 Thou art th' eternal Source of  
 grace,  
 The Source of lasting bliss;  
 From thee unto the human race  
 Flows ev'ry happiness.

3 What are we? what do we possess,  
 While here on earth below,  
 Which thy great love and tenderness  
 Do not on us bestow?

4 Who spreads the lofty firmament,  
 And starry skies around?  
 Who makes the dew and rain descend,  
 To fructify the ground?

5 Who doth preserve our life and  
 health,  
 Our ease and safe abode?  
 Who doth secure our peace and  
 wealth?  
 Our ever gracious God.

6 On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,  
 Depends our life and all,  
 Thou keepest watch around our  
 coasts,  
 Protectest great and small.

7 Thy chastisements are nought but  
 love:  
 When we our sins confess,  
 We thy forgiveness richly prove;  
 'Tis thy delight to bless.

8 Thou count'st thy children's sighs  
 and tears, [mourn;  
 And know'st well why they  
 No tear too mean to thee appears  
 To put into thy urn.

9 Thou, when we are oppress'd with  
 Dost us with pity view, [grief,  
 Administ'ring thy kind relief,  
 And lasting comfort too.

10 Why need we mourn, as in de-  
 spair,  
 And grieve both day and night?  
 On him we'll cast our ev'ry care,  
 Who gave us life and light.

11 Hath he not, from our earliest  
 days,  
 Us nourish'd and maintain'd?  
 Safe guarded us in all our ways,  
 In dangers prov'd our Friend?

12 God never yet mistakes hath  
 In his vast government; [made  
 No, what he doth permit or aid  
 Is blest in the event.

13 Then murmur not, but be re-  
 sign'd  
 To his most holy will;  
 Peace, rest and comfort thou wilt  
 My soul, in being still. [find,

661.\* T. 227. (557.)

NOW unite to render praises  
 To Jehovah, to our God, and  
 magnify  
 His great name in all your places,  
 Ye his people, ye who are his  
 property;  
 For his goodness, love and favor  
 To his children last for ever;  
 He is full of truth and grace,  
 Pard'ning all our trespasses;  
 Still his name by you be praised,  
 Who are seed to Abra'm raised,  
 Out of ev'ry tribe and nation:  
 Give him praises, give him thanks  
 and adoration!

- 2 Yea, with joy ourselves addressing  
To our gracious, heav'nly Father,  
we'll proclaim  
His great mercy without ceasing,  
Join with angels to exalt his  
glorious name;  
They, adoring on their faces,  
With thrice 'Holy' sing his praises,  
We too will extol the name  
Of our God, and of the Lamb;  
Be his glory ever sounded,  
And his works which are unbounded!  
We, his ransom'd congregation,  
Thank and praise him for our  
blessed destination.
- 3 To the throne go undismayed,  
Go with boldness and approach  
the mercy-seat,  
Since from God in Christ displayed,  
Nought but goodness, grace and  
favor you can meet;  
Full of love, he longs to bless us,  
And is ready to embrace us;  
Yea, to give his flesh and blood  
To us, as our highest good,  
To his table we're invited,  
And through grace with him united,  
So that nought which may await us  
Can from Jesus, and his love e'er  
separate us.
- 4 He hath now his God-head's  
treasure  
To the needy open'd, and hath  
stores enough,  
Therefore 'tis his sov'reign pleasure,  
That no sinner, that not one  
should stand aloof;  
Each may take, as were he named,  
Grace for grace, nor stand ashamed,  
Hungry souls who but believe,  
Of his fulness may receive;  
And his fulness never ceaseth,  
Our enjoyment still increaseth;  
Hence we drink, in richest measure,  
From life's fountain, draughts of  
inexhausted pleasure.
- 5 These our falt'ring lays, dear Sa-  
viour,  
Which, though feeble, yet our grate-  
ful hearts express,
- Condescend t' accept in favor,  
Till in glory we shall see thee  
face to face;  
Then for all thy works, our praises  
Shall resound in heav'nly places;  
There we shall to thee our King  
Joyful Hallelujahs sing:  
May from ev'ry thing in nature  
Praise be giv'n to the Creator,  
And our lives and whole demeanor  
To Jehovah, to our God give praise  
and honor.
- 662.\* T. 195. (558.)
- GOD reveals his presence!  
Let us now adore him,  
And with awe appear before him;  
God is in his temple,  
All in us keep silence,  
And before him bow with rev'rence;  
Him alone—God we own:  
He's our Lord and Saviour;  
Praise his name for ever.
- 2 God reveals his presence,  
Whom th' angelic legions  
Serve with awe in heav'nly regions.  
Holy, Holy, Holy!  
Sing the hosts of heaven;  
Praise to God be ever given!  
Condescend—to attend  
Graciously, O Jesus!  
To our songs and praises.
- 3 O majestic Being!  
Were but soul and body  
Thee to serve at all times ready.  
Might we, like the angels  
Who behold thy glory,  
Deep abased sink before thee,  
And, through grace,—be always,  
In our whole demeanor,  
To thy praise and honor.
- 4 Grant us resignation,  
Hearts before thee bowed,  
With thy peace divine endowed:  
As a tender flower  
Opens and inclineth  
To the cheering sun which shineth,  
So may we—be from thee  
Rays of grace deriving,  
And thereby be thriving.

5 Lord, come dwell within us,  
 While on earth we tarry;  
 Make us thy blest sanctuary.  
 O vouchsafe thy presence,  
 Draw unto us nearer,  
 And reveal thyself still clearer.  
 Us direct,—and protect;  
 Thus we in all places  
 Shall show forth thy praises.

**663.\*** T. 341. (559.)

THOU, Jesus, art our King!  
 Thy ceaseless praise we sing:  
 Praise shall our glad tongues employ,

Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,  
 While we vital breath enjoy,  
 While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art th' eternal Light,  
 And shin'st in deepest night:  
 Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic train,  
 While thou bow'dst the heav'n's  
 beneath,

Taking thy abode with man,  
 Man to save from endless death.

3 Thou for our griefs didst mourn,  
 Thou hast our sickness borne:  
 All our sins on thee were laid;  
 Thou with unexampled grace  
 All the mighty debt hast paid,  
 Due from Adam's helpless race.

4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe:  
 God's kingdom fix'd below:  
 Conqu'ror of all adverse pow'r,  
 Thou heav'n's gates hast open'd  
 wide;

Thou thine own dost lead secure,  
 And to life eternal guide.

5 Above the starry sky  
 Thou reign'st, enthron'd on high!  
 Prostrate at thy feet we fall:  
 Pow'r supreme to thee is giv'n,  
 As the righteous Judge of all,  
 Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

6 The mighty seraphs join,  
 And in thy praise combine;  
 All their choirs thy glories sing,  
 Who shall dare with thee to vie,  
 Mighty Lord, eternal King,  
 Sov'reign both of earth and sky!

7 The venerable train,  
 Patriarchs, first-born of men,  
 And th' Apostles of the Lamb,  
 By whose strength they faithful  
 prov'd,

Join t'extol his sacred name  
 Whom in life and death they lov'd.

8 The church, through all her  
 bounds,

With thy high praise resounds:  
 The confessors fearless here  
 Boldly praise their heav'nly King;  
 Children's feebler voices there  
 To thy name hosannas sing.

9 'Midst danger's blackest frown  
 Thee hosts of martyrs own:  
 Pain and shame alike they dare,  
 Firmly trusting in their God;  
 Glorying thy cross to bear,  
 Sealing thus their faith with  
 blood.

10 Arise, exert thy pow'r  
 Thou glorious Conqueror!  
 Help us to obtain the prize,  
 Help us well to close our race;  
 That with thee, above the skies,  
 Endless joys we may possess.

**664.** T. 79. (1105.)

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,  
 Lord of the living and the dead,  
 Endless thy glories shine!

Thy blood-bought church in mercy  
 own;

The church assembled round thy  
 throne,

Or pilgrims here; we all are thine.

2 Pilgrims on earth, here we may  
 rest,

The sparrow here hath found a nest,  
 Thine altars, O Lord God!

For all thy blessings and thy care,  
 Our gratitude in praise and pray'r  
 Shall still ascend to thine abode.

3 Ye spirits of the just above,  
 With Christ now perfected in love,  
 Once our companions here,  
 In higher strains join us to sing  
 Blessing and honor to our King,  
 Till he in glory shall appear.

4 Hail! Lamb once slain, thy precious blood  
Hath brought us sinners nigh to God,  
Worthy art thou alone!  
Accept, O Lord, Ancient of days,  
Thy universal church's praise,  
Here, and around thy glorious throne.

**665.\*** T. 101. (560.)

THANKSGIVING, honor, praise,  
and might, [der'd,  
Unto the Lamb once slain be ren-  
Who brought us to his kingdom's  
light, [and kindred;  
And bought us from all tongues  
Before the world was form'd we  
were ordain'd  
By him to happiness, and life which  
hath no end.

2 To Him who ever doth abide,  
Be ceaseless songs of praise re-  
peated  
By Christendom, his chosen bride,  
And those in heav'nly mansions  
seated;  
Th' angelic hosts exalt his saving  
name,  
And we, with all created beings, do  
the same.

3 By all the saints around his  
throne,  
And all th' angelic choirs in heaven,  
With shouts of glory to God's Son,  
Our King and Shepherd, praise be  
given.  
They join with us his goodness to  
rehearse,  
His glorious name be prais'd  
throughout the universe!

**666.\*** T. 146. (561.)

NOW let us praise the Lord  
With body, soul and spirit,  
Who doth such wondrous things  
Beyond our sense and merit;  
Who from our mothers' womb  
And earliest infancy  
Hath done great things for us,  
Praise him eternally!

2 O gracious God bestow  
On us, while here remaining,  
An ever-cheerful mind,  
Thy peace be ever reigning:  
Preserve us in true faith  
And christian holiness,  
That when we go from hence  
We may behold thy face.

**667.\*** T. 206. (562.)

ALMIGHTY Lord! ::  
Eternal Word,  
Creation's Head,  
By whom :: the worlds were made,  
Which in heav'n's spacious\*  
sphere ::  
Appear;  
Who by thy blood  
Brought'st us to God:  
Thee we confess ::  
The Lord our Righteousness. ::  
2 Sure as thou liv'st, ::  
And as Lord mov'st  
On Cherubim,  
And aw'st :: the Seraphim,  
Jehovah, great I AM, ::  
And Lamb!  
So sure's thy blood  
The highest good  
Of sinners poor, ::  
Till death shall be no more. ::

**668.\*** T. 9. (563.)

TILL permitted hence to go,  
To behold my Saviour,  
Whom ev'n here by faith to know,  
I enjoy the favor:  
2 Till to heav'n I go in peace,  
Where no sin assaileth,  
Sorrows, sighs and tears must cease,  
Love alone prevaieth:  
3 Till the day when I shall tread  
Those celestial mountains,  
Where the Lamb himself will lead  
Me to living fountains:  
4 Till that time mine eyes I'll raise  
Unto him in spirit,  
And my feeble tongue shall praise  
My Redeemer's merit.

\* Heb. i. 2.

**669. T. 90. (564.)**

THE Lamb was slain! let us adore,  
 With grateful hearts his mercy  
 own,  
 May all within us evermore  
 In silence at his feet fall down;  
 Serve without dread, with rev'rence  
 love  
 The Lord, whose boundless grace  
 we prove.

2 The Lamb was slain! both day  
 and night  
 Th' angelic choirs his praises sing,  
 To him, enthron'd above all height,  
 Heav'n's hosts celestial anthems  
 bring; [song,  
 While here poor sinners join the  
 And praise him with a stamm'ring  
 tongue.

3 Gladly our own poor works we  
 leave, [sure, fame,  
 For him despise wealth, plea-  
 To him our souls and bodies give,  
 His death doth our affections  
 claim: [Lord,  
 Henceforth we own him as our  
 His name be by us all ador'd.

4 Thro' him alone we live, for he  
 Hath drowned our transgressions  
 In love's unfathomable sea; [all  
 Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,  
 Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain,  
 Who died that we might life re-  
 gain!

5 As ground, when parch'd with  
 summer's heat, [show'r,  
 Gladly drinks in the welcome  
 So may we, list'ning at his feet,  
 Receive his words, and feel his  
 pow'r:  
 May nothing in our hearts remain,  
 But this great truth, 'the Lamb was  
 slain.'

**670. T. 159. (565.)**

ADORED be the Lamb of God,  
 That he upon the cross  
 To God, by his most precious blood,  
 Hath reconciled us.

All praise be giv'n to him, that we  
 Were born the day of grace to see,  
 When he his love to us reveal'd,  
 And thus our pardon seal'd.

2 To be his priests and witnesses  
 Is now our happy lot,  
 To sing in songs of endless praise  
 To Jesus who us bought:  
 We now, like Mary, wish to sit  
 In spirit list'ning at his feet,  
 Waiting with lamps prepar'd, and  
 drest,  
 For Jesus' marriage-feast.

3 Meanwhile his promises we trust,  
 And join our grateful lays,  
 In concert with the ransom'd host,  
 To sing redeeming grace.  
 While they who round his throne  
 appear,  
 The wonders of his love declare,  
 And sing, 'The Lamb for us was  
 slain,'  
 Our hearts reply, Amen!

**671. T. 132. (566.)**

SING praises unto God on high,  
 To him who us created;  
 Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh  
 To sinful man related.  
 Rejoicing, Hallelujah sing,  
 Jesus Jehovah is our King,  
 And gracious Mediator.

2 He calls us brethren, not asham'd  
 To bear our human nature!  
 Yea, heirs of life we now are nam'd,  
 Joint heirs with our Creator!  
 He ever lives our cause to plead,  
 Grants help in ev'ry time of need,  
 Praise to his name for ever!

**672. T. 39. (567.)**

YE servants of God, your great  
 Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad his most ex-  
 cellent name;  
 The name all victorious of Jesus  
 extol,  
 His Kingdom is glorious, He rules  
 over all.

- 2 God ruleth in heaven, almighty  
to save,  
And yet he is with us, his presence  
we have;  
The great congregation his triumphs  
shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our  
King.
- 3 Salvation be brought unto God  
on the throne,  
Let all sing rejoicing, and honor  
the Son;  
The praises of Jesus the angels pro-  
claim,  
Fall down on their faces, and wor-  
ship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore him and give  
him his right,  
All glory, and power, and wisdom,  
and might,  
And honor, and blessing, with an-  
gels above,  
And thanks never ceasing for in-  
finite love.

**673.** T. 11. (568.)

- BRETHREN, let us join to bless  
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;  
Let our praise to him be giv'n,  
Who is Lord of earth and heav'n.
- 2 Jesus, lo! to thee we bow,  
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;  
Thou the woman's promis'd Seed,  
Glory of thy Church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 We thy little flock adore  
Thee, our Lord, for evermore!  
Evermore show us thy love,  
Till we join the choirs above.

**674.** T. 22. (569.)

- BLESS, O my soul, the God of  
grace! [praise;  
His favors claim thy highest  
How can the wonders he hath  
wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

- 2 'Twas he, my soul, that sent his  
Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast  
done:  
He paid the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 3 Our youth decay'd his pow'r re-  
pairs,  
His mercy crowns our growing  
years;  
He satisfies our souls with good,  
And filleth us with heav'nly food.
- 4 Let the whole earth his pow'r  
confess,  
Let all mankind adore his grace;  
Let us with all our powers sing,  
Praise to our Saviour, God, and  
King.

**675.** T. 14. (570.)

- COME let us join our cheerful  
songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousands are their  
tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,'  
they cry,  
'To be exalted thus;'  
'Worthy the Lamb,' our hearts  
reply,  
'For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine;  
And blessings more than we can  
give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**676.** T. 22. (571.)

- WE sing to God, whose tender love  
Caus'd him to leave his throne  
above,  
To dwell with sinful worms below,  
And save them from eternal wo.

2 On fallen men he cast his eye,  
In depths of mis'ry saw them lie;  
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come,  
And suffer freely in their room.

3 A mortal body he assum'd,  
Groan'd, bled and died, and was  
entomb'd:

At length, the work thus finished,  
He rose triumphant from the dead.

4 To heav'n's bright realms he took  
his flight,

Beyond the reach of mortal sight:  
There pleads with God for ran-  
som'd men,

Thence will in glory come again.

5 To Jesus, our exalted Head,  
Immortal honors now be paid;  
The glory of his saving name  
Our tongues shall evermore pro-  
claim.

677. T. 14. (572.)

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms our  
fears,

That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in poor sinners' ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 His grace subdues the pow'r of  
sin,

He sets the pris'ners free:  
His blood can make the foulest  
clean,

His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his  
voice,

New life the dead receive:  
The mournful, broken hearts re-  
joice,

The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye  
dumb,

Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

678. T. 14. (573.)

NOT all the angels of the sky,  
Nor happy saints above,  
Have greater cause to praise than I  
The Saviour's dying love.

2 Had I an angel's heav'nly tongue  
Or seraph's melody,

My theme would be his praise, who  
hung

Upon the cross for me.

3 For thee he hangs! my soul re-  
joice;

For thee, my soul, expires;  
Then sing his love with thankful  
voice,

Sing what his love inspires.

4 Till fleeting time shall have an  
end,

And years shall cease to roll,  
Due praise shall from his church  
ascend,

And spread from pole to pole.

5 How sweet the precious gospel  
sounds

In the believer's ear!  
This balsam heals his cank'ring  
wounds,

And dries each anxious tear.

6 But tears of joy must ever flow  
For Jesus' wondrous love,

And when I leave this world below,  
I'll sing his praise above.

679. T. 595. (574.)

AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!

Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r:

Sing how he intercedes above  
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing!

Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,  
In Christ, th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
 'Ye blessed children, come!'  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptur'd tongues  
 His endless praise proclaim;  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

**680.** T. 595. (575.)

TO God the only wise,  
 Our Saviour and our King!  
 Let all the saints below the skies  
 Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,  
 His counsel and his care,  
 Preserves us safe from sin and  
 death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls  
 Unblemish'd and complete,  
 Before the glory of his face,  
 With joys divinely great.

4 The Saviour's ransom'd race  
 Shall meet around the throne;  
 Extol him for his saving grace,  
 And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God  
 Wisdom and pow'r belong;  
 Immortal crowns of majesty,  
 And heav'n's eternal song.

**681.** T. 96.

WITH thanks before the Lord ap-  
 pear,

Adore his precious, saving name,  
 His patience, faithfulness and care,  
 Our humble, grateful praises  
 claim;

His goodness none can compre-  
 hend,  
 His tender mercies know no end.

2 Worthy the Lamb! that ev'ry  
 breath  
 His lauds in ceaseless strains  
 repeat:

Worthy the Lamb! that for his  
 death  
 Each pulse should to his honor  
 beat,

That to his throne the sacrifice  
 Of pray'r and praise, like incense,  
 rise.

**682.** T. 208.

THANKS, beloved Saviour,  
 For thy ev'ry favor,  
 On thy church conferr'd;  
 Fervent be our praises,  
 While each soul retraces  
 All thy mercies, Lord!  
 Ev'ry day we would extol  
 Thee, our constant Benefactor,  
 Guardian, Guide, Instructor.

2 All our wants thou knowest,  
 And such gifts bestowest,  
 As our need requires;  
 Each disease thou healest,  
 And our pardon sealest,  
 Granting our desires;  
 For thy countless benefits,  
 Lord, our souls shall bless thee ever,  
 We'll forget them never.

**683.** T. 14. (1106.)

FOR mercies, countless as the  
 sands,  
 Which daily I receive  
 From God, by my Redeemer's  
 hands,

My soul, what canst thou give?  
 2 Yet this acknowledgment I'll  
 make,  
 For all he hath bestow'd,  
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
 And call upon my God.

3 The best return for one like me,  
 So wretched and so poor,  
 Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,  
 And ask him still for more.

**684.\*** T. 166. (1107.)

THANKS be to thee, O Lamb of  
 God,

For thy unfathomable grace:  
 How many benefits bestow'd  
 Forgotten and unnotic'd pass!  
 When I thy love astonish'd see,  
 What lengths, breadths, heights,  
 and depths appear!

Eternity, immensity,  
 These, these its only limits are.

**685.** T. 83. (576.)

NOW with joyful songs appear,  
And with humble adoration,  
'Fore the Lord, he's always near  
To his ransom'd congregation.  
With the poor he deigns to dwell:  
He is nam'd Immanuel.

**686.\*** T. 121. (577.)

IN joyful hymns of praise,  
Like one man, sweetly raise  
Voices quite united;  
With our liturgic lays  
Our Saviour is delighted:  
He'll with gracious ear  
Our thanksgivings hear:  
Feel that he is near!

**687.\*** T. 58. (578.)

WHEN all thy mercies, Lord, to  
mind we call,  
Astonish'd at thy feet we humbly  
fall.

Grant us still in future thy kind  
direction,  
Till in us all the aim of thy election  
Be quite obtain'd.

**688.\*** T. 155. (579.)

THOU, our Light, our Leading-  
Star,

Who hast kindly us directed,  
And protected:  
When thy mercies, daily new,  
We review,  
In the dust we fall before thee,  
Lost in wonder we adore thee:  
None can give thee praises due.

**689.** T. 590.

O GOD, at thy command we rise  
Thy glorious name to bless:  
Thee, the great Lord of earth and  
skies,  
We joyfully confess;  
Our joy is now to sing of thee,  
To triumph in thy love;  
And this (transporting thought!)  
shall be  
Our endless work above.

**690.** T. 167.

WORSHIP, honor, praise and  
blessing,

Christ is worthy to receive:  
Grateful praises without ceasing  
It is meet that we should give;  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
Help to sing the Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

**691.\*** T. 114. (1108.)

THE Lamb of God, unspotted, pure  
and holy,  
Who by his death us reconcil'd  
to God,  
And from our sins hath wash'd  
us in his blood,  
Is worthy, that each knee bow 'fore  
him lowly,  
That ev'ry tongue with gladness  
him confess  
The only Lord, unto the Father's  
praise.

**692.** T. 249.

WITH holy awe we sing,  
To God !: the glory bring:  
To thee, Eternal King!  
Blessing and praise be ever giv'n,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n;  
Amen, Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah!  
Amen, Hallelujah!

**693.\*** T. 39. (581.)

O THAT we with gladness of spi-  
rit for ever  
Adored and praised our crucified  
Saviour!  
O might each pulsation thanksgiv-  
ing express,  
And each breath we draw be an  
anthem of praise!  
2 The Lamb, who by blood our sal-  
vation obtained,  
Took on him our curse, and death  
freely sustained,  
Is worthy of praises, let with one  
accord  
All people say Amen, O praise ye  
the Lord!

**694.** T. 249. (580.)

IN humble, grateful lays,  
The Lord :: of hosts we praise,  
His saving name confess;  
Yea, fill'd with holy awe, revere  
The Father, Son, and Comforter,  
Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Amen, Hallelujah!

2 Praise to the Lamb once slain!  
His love :: we will proclaim,  
Who died, us to redeem;  
O might each pulse thanksgiving  
beat,  
And ev'ry breath his praise repeat;  
From angels and from men,  
To the Lamb slain  
All honor doth pertain!

**695.** T. 230. (582.)

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration,  
Be giv'n to God without cessa-  
tion,

To Jesus Christ, our gracious  
Lord:

For his mercy, love, and favor,  
To us, his flock, endure for ever:  
Bless, bless his name with one  
accord.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
Hallelujah!

In highest strain  
Praise the Lamb slain!  
Let heav'n and earth reply,  
Amen!

**XXX.** *Prayer and Supplication.***696.** T. 582. (1109.)

BEHOLD the throne of grace,  
The promise calls me near,  
There Jesus shows his cheering  
face,

And waits to answer pray'r.

2 That rich, atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold:  
Since his own blood for thee was  
spilt,  
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants  
His love and pow'r can bless,  
To praying souls he always grants  
More than they can express.

5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,  
My mouth I open wide:  
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,  
That I may be supplied.

6 My soul, believe and pray,  
Without a doubt believe,  
Whate'er we ask in God's own  
way,  
We surely shall receive.

7 Here stands the promise fair,  
For God cannot repent,  
To fervent, persevering pray'r  
He'll ev'ry blessing grant.

**697.** T. 11. (1110.)

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer pray'r,  
He himself hath bid thee pray,  
And sends none unheard away.

2 Thou art coming to a King.  
Large petitions with thee bring,  
For his grace and pow'r are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,  
Till the blessing thou bestow,  
O do not my suit disdain,  
None shall seek thy face in vain.

**698.\* T. 10. (1111.)**

THE prayers of the needy,  
Thou, Lord, to hear art ready:  
Thy mercy and forbearance  
We ev'ry day experience.

2 When thee in faith addressing,  
Thou no good gift nor blessing  
Unto thy church deniest,  
But all her wants suppliest.

3 In thee we trust for ever,  
Since thou to each believer  
Afford'st that consolation:  
'I've heard thy supplication.'

**699.\* T. 583. (583.)**

THE love of Christ to me is greater  
far  
Than outwardly it doth to man ap-  
pear;  
When I before him my complaints  
make known,  
He sympathizeth with them as his  
own.

2 As oft as I approach the holy place,  
And bow 'fore him, by whom I live  
through grace,  
Most graciously he answers my re-  
quest,  
And thus my troubled heart is  
sooth'd to rest.

**700.\* T. 136. (584.)**

THIS yields me joy,  
That God, in his compassion,  
Doth not reject my pray'r and sup-  
plication,  
But graciously  
Regards my poverty;  
That with unwearied patience he is  
ready  
At all times, to attend to me his  
child most needy,  
And to relieve my wants is nigh,  
This yields me joy!

2 Long as I live,  
The promises of Jesus  
I'll to myself apply, to me they're  
precious;

When I to him,  
My faithful Saviour, cleave,  
And, pond'ring on his wonders,  
kneel before him,  
Praise him with tears of joy, and  
in the dust adore him,  
I of his love fresh proofs receive,  
While here I live.

3 I'm well assur'd  
His love to me is tender;  
Therefore I now my all to him sur-  
render;  
He's merciful,  
A kind, forgiving Lord:  
Though I may not immediately ex-  
perience  
The succor which I ask, I'll wait  
with faith and patience,  
For he at last will help afford,  
I'm well assur'd.

4 Praise ye the Lord,  
Whose kindness, grace and favor  
Unto his congregation last for ever;  
Whose presence cheers  
His chosen witnesses;  
Where'er we are, to him ourselves  
addressing  
In pray'r, we surely shall not fail  
to share his blessing;  
We therefore sing with one accord:  
Praise ye the Lord!

**701.\* T. 16. (585.)**

QUITE alone, and yet not lonely,  
I'll converse with God my Friend:  
Now from worldly cares receding,  
I my time in pray'r will spend.

2 O how blessed are the moments,  
When the Lord himself draws  
near,  
When I feel his gracious presence,  
And he listens to my pray'r!

**702. T. 14. (586.)**

MANY complaints to Christ I can  
Ev'n by a sigh relate,  
Which I can't represent to man,  
They are too delicate.

**703.** T. 16. (587.)

NE'ER dejected—unaffected,  
 May I walk before thee here;  
 What distresses,—or oppresses,  
 Pouring in thy faithful ear.

**704.\*** T. 79. (588. 1167.)

WITH ardent longing, at thy feet,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait,  
 O lend a gracious ear  
 Unto my manifold complaints;  
 I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,  
 And deign thy needy child to  
 hear.

2 Grant me an upright simple  
 heart,

A cheerful mind to me impart,  
 Free from sin's galling load;  
 O may I of my sinfulness  
 Always retain a consciousness,  
 But not serve sin; forbid it, God!

3 Grant me a harmless, dove-like  
 mind,

To true humility inclin'd,  
 Thy will be mine indeed;  
 O may I labor constantly  
 Endow'd with spirit's poverty,  
 From ev'ry hurtful influence  
 freed.

4 In peace with all may I be found,  
 Clearly thy gospel-truth propound,  
 In praying faithful be;  
 A share in others' welfare take,  
 The schemes and plots of Satan  
 break,

Fast bound unto thy church and  
 thee.

5 Presence of mind on me bestow,  
 A readiness O may I show

To execute thy will;  
 When I enjoy the highest good,  
 Partaking of thy flesh and blood,  
 My soul with thy love's ardor fill.

6 May I be serious, childlike too,  
 In all essentials firm and true;

Give me a trusty ear;  
 A sympathizing, tender heart,  
 In joy and sorrow to take part,  
 And gladly others' burdens bear.

7 In converse make me tractable  
 And mild, in storms invincible,  
 And never prone to yield;  
 May I maintain incessantly  
 A tender fellowship with thee,  
 From day to day by grace upheld.

8 Thy unction O may I obey,  
 And tread the pilgrim's rugged  
 way,

Grant I may shun no toil;  
 In all my senses render me  
 Well exercis'd, and let me be  
 Anointed with thy gladd'ning oil.

9 What for myself I thus request,  
 That pray I also for the rest  
 Of those, who cheerfully  
 Go forth salvation to proclaim  
 Through faith in thy most holy  
 name,

Wherever they are sent by thee.

10 Thou of all nations the Desire,  
 With zeal thy ministers inspire,  
 And grant, that every field,  
 With gospel-seed already sown,  
 In Gentile lands or in our own,  
 May an abundant harvest yield.

11 O Father, us with pleasure own,  
 The dear-bought purchase of thy  
 Son;

O Spirit, be our Guide,  
 To us thy saving light afford;  
 O Christ, the Church's Head and  
 Lord,

May we for ever thine abide!

**705.\*** T. 36. (589.)

LORD Jesus Christ, thy body's  
 Head and Saviour,

On us, thy children, deign to look  
 in favor;

Our grateful hearts with thanks  
 are overflowing,  
 Before thee bowing.

2 What peace do we derive, what  
 consolation,

What strength from thy atoning  
 death and passion!

Impress'd with holy rev'rence, we  
 adore thee,

And fall before thee.

3 Thy goodness, as thy pow'r, is  
past expression;

We trust, that thou, whene'er with  
supplication

We seek thy face, in mercy wilt ac-  
cept us, And not reject us.

4 O Lord, thou great High-Priest  
of our profession,

Who at God's right hand makest  
intercession,

And by thy pow'rful pray'rs to help  
the needy Art ever ready:

5 The many drops of blood which  
from thee flowed,

The streams of tears, which oft thy  
cheeks bedewed,

Are all in our behalf for mercy  
pleading And interceding.

6 O may thy church before thee  
bloom like flowers,

Unto thy praise, through thy atone-  
ment's powers;

Yea, glorify thy name in us, dear  
Saviour, Both now and ever!

**706.\* T. 83. (590.)**

FLOCK of Christ, in fellowship

Offer fervent supplication,

Whether to rejoice, or weep,

We may now have most occasion;

When the lips no more can pray,

Sighs will find to him their way.

2 O may he so sensibly

Bless us with his grace and favor,

That we, in humility,

May rejoice in him, our Saviour;

May he, in his mercy, grant

All we weep for, all we want.

3 May his presence constantly

Yield us joy and consolation,

In the certain hope that he

Will regard our supplication,

Grant our pray'rs, and much more  
give

Than we're worthy to receive.

4 This be our supreme delight,

To remain in closest union

With our Lord, both day and night,

And enjoy his sweet communion;

This our heav'n, while here we stay,

Him to love, serve and obey.

T

**707.\* T. 79. (591.)**

O THOU, who in the sanctuary  
Dost minister! thy church supply

With incense for her pray'r;

Grant to us all a cheerful heart;

A burning, steady light impart,

Defended from all noxious air.

2 Lord, give us an attentive ear,

Which may thy voice distinctly hear,

An eye to view thee still;

And priestly lips to tell thy praise,

And feet earth's rugged craggy ways

To traverse, without fearing ill.

3 Our hands for blessing hallow'd  
be,

Our bodies temples be to thee,

Our souls enjoy thy peace:

A breeze divine our spirits cheer,

Grant us, thy still small voice to hear,

Unknown, save to thy flock of grace.

**708.\* T. 79. (592.)**

LORD, our High-Priest and Sa-  
viour!

Pour fire and spirit's fervor

On all thy priestly bands;

When we are interceding,

And for thy people pleading,

Give incense, and hold up our  
hands.

2 By thine illumination,

Thy church's situation

In the true light we trace;

We rise from pray'r with blessing,

O'ercome what is distressing,

Through thee, and run with joy  
our race.

**709.\* T. 114. (1112.)**

WHENEVER we, with ardent  
supplication,

Survey the kingdom of thy cross,

O Lord,

And recollect the promis'd, rich re-  
ward

For thy soul's travail, bitter death  
and passion,

The hope we cherish, that thy flock  
of grace

On earth will still abundantly in-  
crease.

- 2 O Father of thy people, we implore thee,  
The church, the fruit of Jesus' suff'rings, bless:  
Refresh thine heritage with show'rs of grace,  
The cause is thine, and thine alone the glory:  
May Jesus thousands as a spoil obtain,  
And his disciples constant vict'ry gain.
- 3 Spirit of Truth, who Christ's blood-bought salvation,  
Sett'st forth and glorifiest his sacrifice!  
May hosts of sinners, list'ning to thy voice,  
Receive with joy the gospel-invitation,  
And by thee gather'd, see their names enroll'd  
Among the sheep of Jesus' ransom'd fold.
- 710.\* T. 583. (593.)**
- LORD Jesus, may thy blood-bought church increase  
From day to day in knowledge and in grace;  
To all her choirs those special blessings grant,  
Which they in their degree and measure want.
- 2 Thy servants and thy handmaids keep in faith,  
And ground them all on thy atoning death;  
Let those, who have the care of souls, by thee  
Be taught; thus will their labor prosp'rous be.
- 3 May all our pastors who instruct thy sheep,  
Firm to the word of thy atonement keep;  
To act as in thy sight, O give them grace,  
In word and walk may they show forth thy praise.
- 4 For all our meetings, for each conference  
We crave the blessings of thy countenance:  
Keep in the bond of harmony and love  
All elders, and their strength in weakness prove.
- 5 Remain our Lord, our Shepherd, Head and King, [bring.  
And each to th' other in subjection  
Thy flocks preserve in peace and unity,  
And walk amongst them with complacency.
- 6 From grace to grace still farther lead us on, [begun,  
And finish the good work thou hast  
That we thy saving name may magnify,  
And for thy bitter torments yield thee joy.
- 7 Thy messengers, who storms and waves disdain  
To teach the nations, and their souls to gain,  
Bless thou, and touch their lips with hallow'd fire;  
To witness of thy death, their tongues inspire.
- 8 On Israel's scatter'd tribes look down in grace, [race,  
In mercy visit soon th' old cov'nant  
Their stubbornness subdue, remove the veil,  
That they may thee as the Messiah hail.
- 9 May thy whole flock, by thee their Shepherd led,  
Afford thee joy and in thy footsteps tread;  
Unto eternal life let us, by faith,  
Feed on the merits of thy blood and death.
- 10 May all thy people, far and near, fulfil,  
Supported by thy aid, thy holy will;  
To thee all praise, all honor doth pertain,  
Let all who love thy name, reply, Amen!

**711.\* T. 583. (594.)**

THOU hast thy church appointed,  
 Lord, through grace,  
 Thy saving name to honor and  
 confess,  
 A church, that in itself is void of  
 good, [endow'd.  
 But yet by thee with pow'r divine  
 2 Teach us to pray for all the ran-  
 som'd fold:  
 Lord! from thy church no needful  
 gifts withhold,  
 As Head and Ruler in thy house re-  
 main, [train.  
 And be the Leader of thy witness-  
 3 Grant that we all may stedfastly  
 adhere  
 To those great truths, by thee to us  
 made clear;  
 Altho' we have but little strength,  
 may we,  
 Abiding in thy word, preserved be.  
 4 O let thy congregation feel thy  
 peace,  
 And daily may her joy in thee in-  
 crease;  
 Preserve her graciously from ev'ry  
 harm, [arm.  
 Protect her by thy strong and mighty  
 5 Grant her to thee an ever free ac-  
 cess,  
 That cheerful to the mark she on-  
 ward press;  
 And far and near, supported by thy  
 aid, [gospel spread.  
 Extend thy knowledge, and thy  
 6 Thou know'st her wants, and  
 comfort dost impart  
 Unto each needy, poor, and sin-sick  
 heart:  
 Yea, by thy body and thy precious  
 blood [ning food.  
 Thou giv'st to her an ever-strength'-  
 7 By thee, as Shepherd of the flock,  
 we're led,  
 Till we shall join the church now  
 perfected:  
 Till then thy blessed aim with us  
 fulfil, [will.  
 And teach us in all things to do thy

**712. T. 185. (597.)**

GRACIOUS Saviour, bless thy  
 congregation,  
 Richly all her wants supply;  
 Be our only joy and consolation,  
 Till we quit mortality:  
 Of each weight may we be more  
 divested, [ed,  
 Live beneath thy sceptre unmolest-  
 In thy matchless radiance shine,  
 Filled with thy love divine.  
 2 Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O  
 Jesus,  
 Who thy dying love proclaim,  
 That with joy they may to distant  
 places  
 Bear thy great and glorious name:  
 By thy arm O may they be defended,  
 Till their pilgrimage on earth is  
 ended,  
 And they are with thee at rest:  
 Lord, we pray, hear our request.

**713.\* T. 22. (598.)**

LORD Jesus, with thy presence  
 bless,  
 By land and sea, thy witnesses;  
 In ev'ry danger them defend,  
 In ev'ry trial prove their Friend.  
 2 O may thy word in Christendom  
 Be blest, and may thy kingdom  
 come;  
 May all thy ministers succeed  
 In bringing fruit to thee their Head.  
 3 Preserve in constant love and  
 peace, [crease  
 And, through thy blessing, still in-  
 Thy little flocks, which far and near  
 In towns and villages appear.  
 4 Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfil,  
 Incline our hearts to do thy will;  
 Thy gospel make more fully known,  
 May all the world thy goodness  
 own.

**714.\* T. 22. (599.)**

ACCORDING to thy mercy, Lord,  
 True christian faith to us afford,  
 That we thy kindness, love and  
 grace, [race.  
 May taste throughout our future

2 Hold over us thy gracious hand,  
Protect and keep us to the end  
From earthly noise and misery,  
Retir'd and still to walk with thee.

3 O grant that we may thine remain,  
And deeper ground in thee obtain;  
Yea, give us to our latest breath  
T' enjoy the merits of thy death.

**715.** T. 22. (600.)

ATTEND, O Saviour, to our pray'r!  
All things by thy appointment are;  
We thee confess the sov'reign Lord,  
Thy name be ev'ry where ador'd.

2 Thou who on earth the sick didst  
heal,

And to the poor thy love reveal,  
O comfort by a look from thee,  
All who are now in misery.

3 Nearer and nearer draw us still;  
Might all but know thy holy will:  
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,  
O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.

4 Preserve by thy most gracious aid  
Those who have thee their Refuge  
made; [blame,  
Grant that, in all things free from  
In meekness they may praise thy  
name.

**716.** T. 205.

JESUS, hear our fervent pray'r,  
Own thy people, seal us thine;  
Thee t' obey from day to day,  
By thy Spirit us incline:  
Us for ever bless and keep,  
Mark us as thy chosen sheep,  
From thy fulness to us grant  
Ev'ry grace and gift we want.

**717.** T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, with fervent  
supplication

We lift up our hearts to thee:  
Bless, we pray, thy ransom'd con-  
gregation,

Grant that young and old may be  
Plants of thy dear heav'nly Father's  
planting, [wanting:

That on thy great day none may be  
Unconfounded, without fear,  
Then to meet thee all prepare.

**718.\*** T. 166. (1115.)

O JESUS, bless thy witnesses,  
Spread over them thy arms of  
love,

Behold them in their destin'd race,  
Where bold in faith's bright path  
they move;

Support them under ev'ry load,  
Console them, when they weep  
'fore thee,

And help them, for thy aid bestow'd,  
To praise thy name continually.

**719.\*** T. 159. (1113.)

ABUNDANTLY our Saviour's  
hand

Bestoweth gifts and grace,  
This we in many a distant land  
With inward joy can trace;

When for his work engag'd in  
pray'r,

We know, he our requests will hear,  
And confidently can believe,  
A rich increase he'll give.

**720.** T. 185. (1117.)

BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy con-  
gregation,

Bless each choir and family:  
Bless the youth, the rising genera-  
tion,

Bless the children dear to thee;  
Bless thy servants, grant them grace  
and unction,

That they may with care discharge  
their function:

Lord, on thee we humbly call,  
Let thy blessing rest on all.

**721.\*** T. 1. (602.)

O LORD, asham'd and blushing  
we declare,

That we thy poor insolvent debtors  
are.

2 O lift on us thy gracious coun-  
tenance,

In mercy look upon our indigence.

3 Grant us each blessing purchas'd  
by thy blood,

O'erstream our souls with that  
atoning flood.

722.\* T. 97. (601.)

OFT as the church the blessings  
weighs,  
Deriv'd from Jesus' saving grace,  
And ponders on his faithful care,  
Which she each day doth richly  
share,  
By love constrain'd, to pray she is  
inclin'd

For the prosperity of all mankind.

2 For all put in authority

We supplicate most fervently:

The magistrates thou hast ordain'd  
Support by thy almighty hand,  
In guarding church and state give  
them success;

The land in which we live protect  
and bless.

3 From strife and tumult, God of  
grace,

Preserve us, bless the land with  
peace;

May all men willingly obey

Rulers, ordain'd to bear the sway;

And under their protection, grant  
that we

May live in godliness and honesty.

723. T. 97. (1118.)

SINCE rulers are ordain'd that they  
O'er other men should bear the  
sway,

To punish evil, and protect

The good; O grant, that they may act  
As in thy name, according to thy  
word, [reward.

And be thyself their shield and great

2 Let the whole world thy mercy see,  
Bless those, who humbly cleave to  
thee,

Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,

According to our confidence,

We trust, thou'lt hear our pray'rs,  
yea, for each want, [grant.

More than we ask or think, unto us

724.\* T. 151. (603.)

AMEN, this the conclusion

Of our petitions be:

Lord, by thy blood's effusion,

Let us belong to thee.

Thus we await, possessing

True bliss while we are here,

The time, when joys unceasing

We once with thee shall share.

### XXXI. *The Church of Christ, and in particular the Congregations of the Brethren.*

725.\* T. 520. (605.)

PRAISE God for ever!

Boundless is his favor

To his church and chosen flock,

Founded on Christ the Rock,

His almighty Son;

On fair mount Zion,

By his Spirit, grace and word:

Blest city of the Lord!

Thou, in spite of ev'ry pow'rful foe,

Shalt unshaken stand, and prosp'-  
ring grow,

'Midst disgrace—to God's praise,

Both in love and unity:

Praise God eternally!

T 2

2 It plain appeareth,

As God's word declareth,

'That the Lord his flock defends,

Through mercy which ne'er ends;

As he was of old

With his chosen fold,

Thus his pow'r and faithfulness

We in the church may trace:

For our God his people still pro-  
tects,

And 'mongst them his righteous  
throne erects.

Praises be—giv'n to thee,

Mighty God, Immanuel,

That thou with us wilt dwell!

3 God, our Salvation,  
 Feeds his congregation  
 With his word and sacrament;  
 All evil doth prevent,  
 That the weak and poor  
 Here may dwell secure;  
 Order is herein maintain'd  
 By discipline unstain'd,  
 And God's servants watch with  
 faithful care  
 O'er his flock, and offer fervent  
 pray'r:  
 God our Lord—will afford  
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
 Until the end of days.

**726.** T. 167. (604.)

GLORIOUS things of thee are  
 spoken

Zion, city of our God!  
 He, whose words can ne'er be  
 broken,

Form'd thee for his own abode:  
 On the Rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove:  
 Who can faint, while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the  
 giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring  
 See the cloud and fire appear!  
 For a glory and a cov'ring,  
 Showing that the Lord is near:  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night and shade by  
 day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they  
 pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to  
 God:

'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings,  
 And as priests, his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name:  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

**727.\*** T. 69. (606.)

HOW amiable

Thy habitations are!  
 Wherein assemble  
 Thy christian people dear,  
 O Lord,—Thy praises to record.

2 My heart with fervor  
 And inward longing, pants  
 Thy grace and favor  
 To tell there with thy saints,  
 Boldly—The truth to testify.

3 For there thou choosest  
 To dwell, my living Tow'r;  
 Sweet rest diffusest  
 From that place evermore,  
 Which thou—Ordained hast thereto.

4 There is asserted  
 The new birth spiritual;  
 Souls are converted  
 By thy pure gospel's call,  
 And there—In Christ's church  
 grafted are.

5 For this I'm longing,  
 To be throughout my days  
 Thereto belonging,  
 Thy holy name to praise,  
 And thee—To serve incessantly.

6 All those are blessed  
 That come into thine house,  
 With awe expressed,  
 Which deep conviction shows,  
 And pray—And to thee homage pay.

7 Thou dost deliver  
 Thy church in all distress:  
 Thou art our Saviour;  
 Whate'er may us oppress,  
 Vict'ry—We may obtain thro' thee.

8 One day is better  
Spent in the christian church,  
Thy praise to utter,  
Than thousands spent in search  
Of joy—In the broad worldly way.

9 This territory  
The Lord, as Sun, doth light,  
Gives grace and glory,  
And sanctified delight  
To all—Who on his mercy call.

10 Yea, his condition  
How splendid 'tis, O Lord,  
Whom thou admission  
Dost to thy church afford,  
And so—The heav'nly kingdom too!

11 Through grace afford us,  
Dear Lord, church-liberty,  
To each good purpose,  
That we our days employ  
With care—Thy holy word to hear.

**728.\*** T. 166. (608.)

UNFATHOM'D wisdom of our  
King!

In stillness he collects his flock,  
Leads on, doth to perfection bring,  
And grounds it on himself, the Rock;  
With little hurry, noise or show,  
He safely guideth ev'ry soul;  
No more the blinded world can do,  
Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2 Thy church, great Saviour, bought  
with blood,  
Despis'd of men, but dear to thee,  
Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,  
An easy yoke, thrice happy she!  
When bearing thy reproach below,  
She still partakes of thy free grace,  
The grace thou richly doth bestow,  
And which affliction's load out-weighs.

3 Thou hast, with shepherd's faith-  
fulness,  
Brought many souls to thy blest  
fold,  
Made them partakers of thy grace,  
Amongst thy foll'wers them en-  
roll'd:

They yield thee pleasure and de-  
light,  
When they thy voice hear and  
obey,  
And while they in thy love unite,  
Thou guid'st them through life's  
narrow way.

4 We humbly pray, support the  
weak,  
Support thy children by thy grace;  
Thou know'st for thee athirst we  
seek,  
Kind Master of thy chosen race!  
We know thy faithfulness and love,  
Thy mercy all our wants supplies;  
May spirit, soul and body prove  
To thee a pleasing sacrifice.

5 By thee protected, gracious Lord,  
O may we ever live secure;  
Led by thy Spirit, grace, and word,  
Relying on thy cov'nant sure:  
Thy work O prosper and defend,  
We're feeble, but confide in thee,  
Let thy true foll'wers to the end  
Amidst oppression conqu'rors be.

**729.\*** T. 22. (609.)

AS long as Jesus Lord remains,  
Each day new rising glory gains,  
It was, it is, and will be so  
With his church militant below.

2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,  
In ev'ry time, and ev'ry place;  
And Jesus' blood-bought righteous-  
ness  
Remains his church's glorious  
dress.

3 All self-dependence is but vain,  
Christ doth our Corner-stone re-  
main,  
Our Rock, which will unshaken  
stay  
When heav'n and earth are fled  
away.

4 The Spirit which anointed Christ,  
By which th'apostles were baptiz'd,  
Proceeding from the church's Head,  
Is giv'n to us, and makes us glad.

5 That cause shall never suffer harm  
Which rests on Jesus' mighty arm:  
What men can do, we need not fear,  
No foe shall even touch a hair.

6 For these our God hath num-  
ber'd all,

Without his leave not one can fall;  
If in the least he be so true,  
What will he not in greater do?

7 He is and shall remain our Lord,  
Our confidence is in his word:  
And, while our Jesus reigns above,  
His church will more than conqu'-  
ror prove.

**730.** T. 22. (1120.)

' AS birds their infant brood protect,  
And spread their wings to shelter  
them:'

Thus saith the Lord to his elect,  
' So will I guard Jerusalem.'

2 And what is then Jerusalem,  
The darling object of his care?  
What is its worth in God's esteem?  
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,  
The blood of his incarnate Son;  
There dwell the saints, once foes  
to God,  
The sinners whom he calls his  
own.

4 Though foes on ev'ry side assail,  
This city hath a sure defence,  
Against her they shall ne'er pre-  
vail,  
While guarded by Omnipotence.

**731.\*** T. 126. (1124.)

THE Lord, e'er he appeared,  
Upon this earth, as man,  
Already had prepared  
The great and glorious plan,  
A church to gather to his praise,  
And had before ordained,  
How this should come to pass.

2 Though man, by sin deceived,  
God's image forfeited,

Yet Christ this loss retrieved,  
By dying in his stead;  
Thou Bridegroom of the church,  
once slain,

What anguish did it cost thee,  
Thy faithless bride to gain!

3 O days of solid blessing,  
When Christ, the Sun of grace,  
All other light surpassing,  
His healing beams displays!  
Then, walking on the narrow way,  
Our path we can discover,  
Till dawn of endless day.

4 When we shall see our Jesus  
In majesty most bright,  
O how will this abase us,  
When in his kingdom's light,  
And heav'nly glory we shall share;  
Lord Jesus, for thy coming  
Thy church on earth prepare!

5 We shall possess for ever  
Those joys divine in heav'n,  
Of which to the believer  
A foretaste here is giv'n,  
And our redemption by his blood  
Shall be our song eternal  
Before the throne of God.

**732.** T. 97. (1121.)

HOW sweet thy dwellings, Lord,  
how fair!

What peace, what bliss inhabit  
there:

With ardent hope, with strong de-  
sire,

My heart, my flesh to thee aspire;  
How oft I long thy heav'nly courts  
and thee,

My Lord and God, the living God,  
to see!

2 One wish, with holy transport  
warm,

My heart hath form'd, and still  
doth form,

One gift I ask, that to my end  
Thine hallow'd house I may attend,  
There may I joyful find a safe  
abode,

There may I view the beauty of  
my God.

**733.** T. 96. (1122.)

THE consecrated house we love,  
Where God vouchsafes to place  
his name,

Nor will we, Lord, from thence re-  
move,

But jointly there thy praise pro-  
claim,

And daily to thy courts repair,  
To seek thee in the house of pray'r.

2 But oh! the house of living stones

We never can neglect nor leave,  
That temple, which the world dis-  
owns,

To that in life and death we cleave,  
Thro' faith to ev'ry member join'd,  
The church, diffus'd through all  
mankind.

**734.\*** T. 9. (1123.)

ONE there is to Christ well known,  
And by him approved,

Poor and needy, yet his own,  
His bride, his beloved.

2 She to Christ, her matchless  
Friend,

Love sincere declareth,  
And with a devoted mind  
His cross gladly beareth.

3 We one Lord and Saviour own,  
Even Christ our brother,  
Of our flesh and of our bone,  
We know of none other.

4 He upon his heart doth bear  
All his souls redeemed,  
As his Father's children dear,  
Now through grace esteemed.

**735.\*** T. 234. (1125.)

THOU sov'reign Lord of earth and  
heav'n,

And of our hearts, to thee for ever  
Be homage paid, and praises giv'n,  
For thy eternal love and favor;

The subjects of thy government,  
Who from thy death have life ob-  
tained,

Their souls and bodies now present  
To thee, as trophies dearly gained;

Thou, Lord, this gift entire  
Dost of us all require,  
As justly due by thee 'tis claimed;

And until all have grace

To live unto thy praise,  
The faithful part must stand  
ashamed.

2 We worship thee with filial fear,  
As part of thy blest congregation,

With all who with us grounded are  
On apostolic truth's foundation,

Where Jesus is the Corner-stone,  
And give thee praise for our

election,

In thee we put our trust alone,  
Thou, Lord, wilt lead us to per-  
fection:

O grant us to make known  
Thy truth, and freely own,

That faith from works can't be  
disjoined:

That piety on grace  
Must rest, and faithfulness

With faith must ever be com-  
bined.

**736.\*** T. 221. (1126.)

THOU Monarch of All, thou Lord  
God of creation!

How wonderful and yet how blest  
Appears in the Church thy wise  
administration,

Of which thou art the Head con-  
fess'd;

'Tis here for the needy all help  
abounds;

To keep the eye steady fix'd on thy  
wounds,

The sum is and substance with  
poor contrite sinners,

Of all the wise maxims whereby  
they are winners.

2 What is it, that makes us stand  
fast in one spirit,

Lord Jesus, author of our faith?  
What is it cements us? 'Tis only  
thy merit,

Thy wounds and all-atoning death:

Ye heralds of mercy, with courage  
good [blood:

Redemption proclaim ye in Jesus'

No heart e'er dissolved by Sinai's  
thunder,

But rocks at the message of peace  
cleave asunder.

3 Art thou not refresh'd with divine  
consolation,  
Thou ransom'd, highly favor'd  
flock,

When drinking with joy of the  
wells of salvation,

Which freely flow from Christ  
the rock?

Who now would be fearful? for us  
he bled,

Who would not be cheerful? 'Tis  
finished!

This doctrine we'll hold and de-  
clare without ceasing,

His cross brings us peace, 'tis the  
source of all blessing.

**737.\*** T. 26. (1128.)

CHRIST is the church's Lord and  
Head;

This makes us hope with confi-  
dence,

That he will be our sure defence,  
And help in ev'ry time of need.

2 O may our fellowship abide  
An honor to his blessed name,

May he in us fulfil his aim,  
That we throughout be sanctified.

**738.\*** T. 14. (1130.)

THE great salvation of the Lord  
Abides his church's joy,

To honor him with sweet accord,  
Our fav'rite, bless'd employ.

2 Into the bosom of our Friend  
Both joy and grief we pour,  
Until our griefs shall have an end,  
And sorrows be no more.

3 What comfort, what supreme de-  
light

Do we enjoy, what bliss,  
When the Lamb slain appears in  
sight:

Might the whole world know this!

**739.\*** T. 14. (1132.)

HAPPY, O Lord, are they who wait  
Thy pleasure to fulfil,

Upon thy statutes meditate,  
And learn to do thy will.

2 How blessed is thy family,  
Thy kind support they prove;

All may be done by faith in thee,  
From strength to strength they  
move.

**740.** T. 168. (1133.)

O HOW blessed is the station  
Of all those who love the Lord,

Who partake of his salvation,  
Trusting in his sacred word:

Bless'd, who in love's bond united,  
To his altars are invited,

In his courts on earth they dwell,  
There his matchless praise to tell.

**741.** T. 14. (612.)

HAIL, church of Christ, bought  
with his blood!

The world I freely leave;  
Ye children of the living God,  
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in  
heart

With thee, thro' boundless grace;  
And I will never from thee part,  
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with  
thee,

I'll go thy safest road;  
Thy people shall my people be,  
And thine shall be my God.

4 And am I, Jesus, one of those  
Who in thy fold have place?

Who, gather'd round th' erected  
cross,  
Enjoy redeeming grace?

5 O yes, nor would I change my lot  
For all this world can give,  
By grace I'll keep the place I've  
got,

To thee alone I'll cleave.

**742.\*** T. 205. (614.)

RISE, exalt our Head and King;  
Praise the Lord who ever lives!

Glad we are his praise to sing,  
He his people's praise receives:

On his pow'ful day they rise,  
Off'ring free-will sacrifice;

His victorious triumph this,  
Since hell's host defeated is.

2 Ye, who Jesus' death proclaim,  
 Service yield to him with joy,  
 Praise with ev'ry breath his name,  
 Grace t' extol be your employ;  
 Grace supports us ev'ry day,  
 Leads us in the narrow way;  
 'Tis through grace alone that we  
 Can obtain the victory.

3 Gracious Lord, may we believe,  
 Venture all on thy free grace,  
 Boldly things not seen achieve,  
 Trusting in thy promises;  
 Faith thy people's strong hold is,  
 Their employment daily this,  
 To proceed on paths unknown,  
 Leaning on thy grace alone.

4 Christ, thy all-atoning death  
 Is our life while here below;  
 Strengthen thou our feeble faith,  
 Constantly thy aid bestow;  
 In thy mercy we confide,  
 Safely to the end us guide;  
 Zion, if thy Head depart,  
 Void of life and strength thou art.

5 Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,  
 Ne'er thy congregation leave;  
 We to thee our refuge take,  
 Of thy fulness we receive:  
 Ev'ry other help be gone,  
 Thou art our support alone,  
 For on thy supreme commands  
 All the universe depends.

**743.\*** T. 26. (618.)

WHO can the love of Christ express  
 To those, who by his blood re-  
 deemed,  
 Are as the heirs of life esteemed?  
 He owns them as his chosen race.

2 With thanks before his throne  
 appear,  
 And praise his name, dear con-  
 gregation,  
 For ev'ry proof and demonstration,  
 That you his favor'd people are.

3 We know his boundless love and  
 grace,  
 Enjoy his goodness, care and fa-  
 vor,  
 He keeps his covenant for ever,  
 Can aught exceed his faithfulness?

4 O might this church of Christ  
 always  
 Be to the world a bright example,  
 How, by the Holy Ghost, a tem-  
 ple  
 May be constructed to his praise.

**744.** T. 155. (619.)

JESUS, Prince of Life once slain,  
 Thy remembrance ever raises  
 Thanks and praises;  
 And thy love, when shed abroad,  
 Lamb of God,  
 Prompts us, gather'd here before  
 thee,  
 With abasement to adore thee  
 For thy suff'rings, wounds and  
 blood.

2 To redeem us from the fall,  
 Thou hast death for us endured,  
 And procured  
 For all those who trust in thee  
 Mercy free;  
 Now thy ransom'd congregation  
 Hath thee for her sole foundation,  
 Here and in eternity.

3 Since thou hast deliver'd us  
 From the yoke of ev'ry stranger,  
 And all danger,  
 In thee, Saviour of the lost!  
 Is our boast;  
 From thy all-sufficient merit  
 We eternal life inherit,  
 For thy blood hath paid the cost.

4 May thy ransom'd people, Lord,  
 To thy inmost courts admitted,  
 For priests fitted,  
 Off'ring pray'r and praise to thee  
 Willingly,  
 Prize their glorious destination,  
 Yield to thee their ministration,  
 And thy faithful foll'wers be.

5 Sanctify us for thyself,  
 From each thing by thy soul hated  
 Separated;  
 Freed from this world's sinful ways,  
 Grant us grace,  
 In our walk and whole demeanor,  
 As new creatures, thee to honor,  
 And thy holy name to praise.

6 Deep engrave it in our hearts,  
 How by thee we are esteemed,  
 Why redeemed!  
 Ev'n to practice in these days  
 Heaven's ways;  
 'Midst all poverty and weakness,  
 To grow up into thy likeness,  
 And at judgment be thy praise.

7 O lift up thy countenance  
 On thy church; in love remember  
 Ev'ry member;  
 Might none, who would not be  
 thine,  
 Enter in;  
 May we all in thee believing,  
 Grace for grace from thee receiv-  
 ing,  
 Needful strength and succor win.

**745.\*** T. 166. (615.)

THY church, O Lamb of God, ap-  
 pears  
 Before thee, fill'd with humble  
 shame;  
 Our eyes o'erflow with grateful  
 tears,  
 With melted hearts we praise  
 thy name,  
 For the discov'ries of thy grace,  
 And proofs of all thy faithful  
 care,  
 Experienc'd in so various ways,  
 Of which each soul can witness  
 bear.

2 With thanks we call to mind the  
 day  
 On which the power of thy blood  
 We felt, when chain'd by sin we lay,  
 As sinners dead and void of good;  
 The willing slaves of sin and death  
 We were, and enemies to thee;  
 But, granting us a living faith,  
 Thou from the curse didst set us  
 free.

3 Is there a thing that warms the  
 heart,  
 That stirs up gratitude and love?  
 It is the grace thou dost impart,  
 Thy blood, the pow'r of which  
 we prove:

We sink astonish'd at thy feet,  
 Thy mercy's an unfathom'd sea,  
 How can we find expressions meet,  
 Who but so lately loved thee?

4 The word of Jesus' bloody sweat,  
 Of his dire passion, wounds and  
 death,  
 With pow'r our souls doth pene-  
 trate,  
 And quicken with life-giving  
 breath:

The pow'rs of hell this vanquishes,  
 Supports the church in ev'ry  
 need,  
 Tho' Satan to the threshold press,  
 Christ's blood his entrance doth  
 forbid.

5 Who in the Spirit's light can  
 trace  
 The church of God, he must de-  
 clare,  
 It is alone through Jesus' grace  
 That she abiding fruit can bear:  
 To him all honor doth pertain,  
 Who by his blood made her his  
 own;  
 Her choirs repeat in cheerful strain:  
 'The Lord for us great things  
 hath done.'

6 The church of Christ who views  
 aright,  
 He sees a glorious master-piece,  
 And must with wonder and delight  
 Adore him, who the Author is:  
 Her beauty plainly doth appear  
 To those who have discerning  
 eyes;  
 Her songs delight the ravish'd ear  
 Of all who know celestial joys.

7 She Christ, her faithful Shepherd,  
 knows,  
 Attends to his instructive voice,  
 Amidst adversity she grows,  
 In her election doth rejoice,  
 Is by the Holy Spirit led,  
 The blood of covenant maintains  
 Her union with the Lord her Head,  
 In whom she constant vict'ry  
 gains.

## 746. T. 164. (622.)

O. THOU, who out of sin's dark  
night

Hast us, thy children, called;  
And hast thy glorious gospel-light  
Unto our hearts revealed;  
Abas'd with shame we all  
Before thee humbly fall,  
And render for electing grace  
To thee, Lord Jesus, thanks and  
praise.

2 The patience, love, unwearied  
care,  
Abundant grace and blessing,  
Thou dost bestow from year to year,  
Is truly past expressing;  
Great mercy thou hast shown  
To us, we freely own,  
Yet hath thy aim, most faithful  
Friend,  
With us not fully been obtain'd.

3 What rich returns of thankfulness  
From us might be expected!  
Who, that we might show forth  
thy praise,  
Have been through grace elected;  
But here we blush for shame,  
Unworthy of the name  
We bear, while of our heav'nly call  
As yet so very short we fall.

4 May we show forth continually,  
In our whole conversation,  
What we to others testify  
Of thee and thy salvation;  
May all men in us see  
Our words and works agree,  
Then shall we of redeeming love  
To others a sweet savor prove.

5 But are there such among us still,  
Whose hearts thy love ne'er  
warned,  
Who, though their wretched state  
they feel,  
Are not thereby alarmed?  
O rouse them from death's sleep,  
That they may pray and weep,  
And flee as sinners to thy wounds,  
Where for the vilest grace abounds.

U

## 747. T. 79. (620.)

THRICE happy congregation,  
For thy predestination  
Adore the suff'ring Lamb;  
Who, mov'd by love unbounded,  
To purchase thee was wounded,  
The cross endur'd, despis'd the  
shame.

2 It ne'er can be expressed  
In words, how thou art blessed;  
Thy happy lot hold fast;  
Thy ransom, so expensive,  
Is surely more extensive,  
Than barely to be sav'd at last.

3 O yes! our free election,  
By our kind Lord's direction,  
Is of a nobler kind;  
John's portion to inherit,  
To be with Christ one spirit,  
Rightly acquainted with his  
mind.

4 In each state and condition,  
Teach us, Lord, with precision  
To execute thy will;  
Be our heart's inclination,  
Thy ev'ry intimation  
To understand, and then fulfil.

5 To this world crucified,  
For his use sanctified,  
In body and in soul,  
Till we to his full stature  
Are grown, and of his nature  
Partakers are, throughout the  
whole.

6 A bow of grace, appearing  
To the world, witness bearing  
That God is well inclin'd;  
A light, whose radiation,  
From Christ's illumination  
Deriv'd, may shine to all man-  
kind.

7 The Father's kind inspection,  
His blessing and protection,  
Be daily our support;  
The holy Spirit's leading,  
And Jesus' pow'rful pleading,  
Convey us through this world un-  
hurt.

## 748.\* T. 155. (616.)

CHURCH of Christ, sing and re-  
joice,

Bring the Lord thro' all thy classes  
Thanks and praises,  
Glory, honor, might and pow'r,  
Evermore;  
Since he is our Head and Saviour,  
And his mercy, grace and favor  
Richly doth on us bestow.

2 When we on his faithfulness,  
Love and mercy duly ponder,  
Lost in wonder,  
We desire his name to praise;  
For his grace,  
Love and goodness never ceaseth,  
He the number still increaseth  
Of the church in which he rules.

3 Highly favor'd church, thou art  
Still beyond all contradiction,  
'Midst affliction,  
By the Lord, who thee redeem'd,  
Much esteem'd:  
Therefore, may thy whole behavior  
Be an honor to thy Saviour,  
Whose great mercy never ends.

4 Tho' thou hast but little strength,  
Let thy faith be manifested,  
And attested  
By unfeigned love to him;  
Serve his name  
With true zeal in ev'ry station,  
As his feeble congregation,  
Which relies on his support.

## 749. T. 161. (607.)

HIGHLY favor'd congregation,  
Founded firm on Christ the Rock!  
Own with thanks and adoration,  
He's the Shepherd, we his flock;  
He's our Saviour,—whose great  
favor  
We've 'midst many trials proved,  
We're unworthy, yet beloved.

2 Church of Christ, within thy  
borders  
Truth prevail, and love unfeign'd:  
Be thy government and orders  
With due faithfulness maintain'd;

Lord most holy!—may we truly  
Prize our great predestination  
In thy chosen congregation.

3 Think, my soul, how great the  
favor,  
In Jehovah's courts to dwell!  
There poor sinners meet their Sa-  
viour,

There the sin-sick souls grow well.  
Was not Jesus—always gracious,  
When we, conscious how we failed,  
To his loving heart appealed?

4 Here by faith we're humbly eying  
Our Redeemer on the cross;  
We behold him bleeding, dying,  
To gain endless bliss for us:  
Here is ready—for the needy,  
Meat and drink at Jesus' table,  
Which t'explain we are not able.

5 In thy family, O Jesus,  
Love should more and more  
abound,

This thy word and Spirit teach us,  
As its mark to all around;  
May we learning—and discerning  
Both by doctrine and example,  
Be in truth thy holy temple.

6 Grant that with thy chosen people  
Each may serve thee evermore,  
Foll'wing thee as thy disciple,  
And in spirit thee adore:  
Gracious Saviour—with heart's fer-  
vor,  
May we walk as thine anointed,  
In the path thou hast appointed.

## 750.\* T. 26. (613.)

REDEEMED souls, adore and  
praise  
Our merciful and gracious God,  
For all the blessings he bestow'd,  
For all the wonders of his grace.

2 The Lord for us great things hath  
done,  
Our warmest thanks to him are  
due;

We trace his goodness when we  
view  
His church, where he erects his  
throne.

3 We humbly take what he'll bestow,  
Who would refuse his boundless grace?

O may his church in ev'ry place  
His blessed views more fully know.

4 We all in spirit are agreed,  
To follow Jesus as his flock,  
To build on him, our only Rock,  
And on the path of life proceed.

5 And though a rugged path it be,  
On which we oft with trials meet,  
And many dangers us beset,  
It leads to true felicity.

6 The Father's garden here below  
With patience must be watch'd indeed;

For, as in nature 'tis, the seed  
Must die before the plant can grow.

7 Here is our hand; us, Lord, assist  
To serve thee 'midst reproach  
and shame,  
And thy atonement to proclaim,  
Until we in thy presence rest.

8 In mutual love and harmony,  
Our solemn cov'nant we renew;  
Say thou in grace Amen thereto,  
We give our hearts and hands to thee.

**751.\* T. 16. (621.)**

CHURCH of Christ, thy destination

Is to joy in him by faith;  
He hath purchas'd thy salvation,  
He hath ransom'd thee from death.

2 Sin-sick souls, repair for healing  
To his stripes and bleeding  
wounds;

Then retain a grateful feeling  
Of the grace which there abounds.

3 In all wants, in all distresses,  
Thence deriving sure relief;  
Looking daily unto Jesus,  
Who to gladness turns your  
grief;

4 Join his church in this confession:  
'I am sinful, weak and poor,  
But my Saviour's birth and passion  
Prove to me the richest store.'

5 'Nought but Jesus' grace, his  
merit,  
And his blood-bought righteous-  
ness,

Is the cause why I inherit  
Life and peace and holiness.'

6 Jesus' death thy strength abideth,  
Church of Philadelphia;  
He who in aught else confideth,  
Goes Laodicea's way.

**752.\* T. 126. (623.)**

THOU ransom'd church of Jesus,  
The Saviour's happy bride,  
Arise, show forth his praises  
Who for thee bled and died;  
Ye, though a people poor and mean,  
Of God are highly honor'd,  
Because the Lamb was slain.

2 In our degree and measure  
His love we will proclaim;  
In lowliness with pleasure  
Yield service to his name;  
The church with tender care he'll  
guide,  
And will in ev'ry trial  
Our sure Support abide.

**753.\* T. 68. (610.)**

CHURCH of Christ, be glad,  
Praise thy Lord and Head;  
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,  
That thou'rt filled with his Spirit  
Is perceiv'd, and this  
Proves that thou art his.

2 For the Lamb of God  
Fixeth his abode  
In his ransom'd congregation,  
And true joy and consolation,  
Grace and truth, abound  
Where the Lord is found.

3 All thy strength and life  
From Christ's death derive,  
And proclaim his bitter passion  
As the cause of man's salvation,  
Showing forth his praise  
Till the end of days.

**754.\*** T. 114. (611.)

BRIDE of the Lamb, thou favor'd  
 congregation,  
 Thou fruit of Jesus' cross, dear  
 cov'nant flock,  
 Securely built on him th' eternal  
 Rock,  
 Rejoice in him, the God of thy sal-  
 vation,  
 Reap all the blessings he design'd  
 for thee,  
 Grow in his grace and knowledge  
 constantly.

2 Thy glory be to all the world dis-  
 played,  
 To all mankind his dying love pro-  
 claim:  
 Awake, put on thy strength, Jeru-  
 salem,  
 And in thy beauteous garments be  
 arrayed;  
 Break forth, extend thyself both  
 far and near,  
 That thousands still thy happiness  
 may share.

**755.** T. 16. (1129.)

HIGHLY favor'd congregation,  
 Lov'd by Jesus and esteem'd,  
 Ne'er forget thy destination,  
 Why from this vain world re-  
 deem'd.

2 Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,  
 Bless'd in his communion sweet,  
 Destin'd heaven to inherit,  
 And the church above to meet:

3 Witness here to all around thee  
 Of thy Saviour's dying love,  
 Testify: 'He sought and found me,  
 Else I should still restless rove.'

4 Evidence by word and action  
 That thy faith is not in vain,  
 That thy highest satisfaction  
 Centres in the Lamb once slain.

5 By love's closest bonds united,  
 As the Lord's own family,  
 Be to serve his name excited,  
 Be to him a fruitful tree,

6 Grant, Lord, to thy congregation,  
 What adorns her in thy sight,  
 Let her walls be call'd salvation,  
 Be her glory, shield and light!

**756.** T. 119.

PRAISE the Lord! :||:  
 Bounteously he deals with thee,  
 Highly favor'd church of Jesus!  
 Thee he chose through mercy free,  
 To show forth his matchless praises,  
 And rich fruit, meet for the master's  
 use,

To produce. :||:

2 Gracious Lord :||:  
 Blessed is our lot indeed,  
 In thy ransom'd congregation:  
 Here we on thy merits feed,  
 Here the well-springs of salvation,  
 All the needy to revive and cheer,  
 Open are. :||:

3 As thy sheep :||:  
 May we all thy voice obey,  
 And not listen to a stranger;  
 Keep us, lest we go astray,  
 Shelter us from ev'ry danger:  
 No where else can we secured be,  
 But in thee. :||:

4 Might we all, :||:  
 Young and old, be witnesses  
 Of the pow'r of thy salvation:  
 And extol redeeming grace  
 'Midst a crooked generation;  
 Thus will many souls around us be  
 Gain'd for thee. :||:

5 We entreat, :||:  
 Lord lift up thy countenance  
 On thy ransom'd congregation;  
 Grace to ev'ry choir dispense:  
 May we all, each in his station,  
 Daily in thy great salvation share:  
 Hear our pray'r! :||:

**757.** T. 582.

O CHURCH, thy Saviour praise,  
 He chose thee for his own:  
 Rejoice in his electing grace,  
 He much for thee hath done.

2 Thanks for his boundless love,  
And constant faithful care!  
We for the mercies which we prove,  
Insolvent debtors are.

3 Ye servants of our God,  
Who in his presence stand,  
Extol him for his aid bestow'd,  
Upon his word depend.

4 Chief Shepherd of thy fold,  
Thy servants' only Guide!  
Them with thy mighty arm uphold,  
And in their midst preside.

5 Thy children laud thy name!  
Thy mercies daily new,  
O Lord, our grateful praises claim,  
To thee our thanks are due.

6 Thee for thy care we bless,  
Adore thy grace and truth,  
Since thou delight'st to perfect  
praise  
Out of the sucklings' mouth.

**758.** T. 16.

YE who freely offer praises,  
Glorify your Saviour's name:  
Do not his unbounded mercies  
Justly your thanksgivings claim?

2 Yes, with grateful hearts' sensation,  
We his love and goodness trace,  
That on earth a congregation  
He hath formed to his praise.

3 O how kindly hath he led us,  
O'er us watch'd with faithful care,  
On the richest pastures fed us,  
Sav'd from danger, freed from fear!

4 Yet while we with joy adore him,  
We indeed have cause to mourn,  
To confess our faults before him,  
And to him, as sinners, turn.

5 O forgive each deviation!  
Lord, while we for mercy sue,  
Let us joy in thy salvation,  
As of old our days renew.

U 2

**759.** T. 155.

CALLING gratefully to mind,  
How by Christ we are elected,  
And protected,

As a flock whom he hath led,  
Richly fed  
On the pastures of his merit,  
We as one man, glad in spirit,  
Magnify the church's Head.

2 Yet amidst our songs of praise,  
We abased fall before him,  
And implore him,  
Taking to ourselves with shame  
All the blame,  
Grant us, Lord, full absolution!  
Unto us belongs confusion,  
But all glory to thy name.

**760.** T. 16.

ON thy ransom'd congregation,  
Lord, lift up thy countenance!  
Be our help, joy, and salvation,  
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart, O fix thy dwelling,  
There erect a monument  
Of thy love, all love excelling,  
There fulfil thy blest intent.

3 Take us under thy protection,  
Grant us to obey thy voice,  
Simply follow thy direction,  
To thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more divested,  
Freed from ev'ry earthly view  
Be our purpose, unmolested  
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we as thine anointed,  
Walk 'fore thee, in truth and grace,  
In the path thou hast appointed,  
Lead us, Lord, unto thy praise.

**761.\*** T. 58. (624.)

O THOU, whose goodness words  
can ne'er express,  
Daily lift up thy friendly, loving  
face

On the congregation, her choirs,  
and classes,

Let us perceive in all our streets  
and places Thy peace divine,

2 In labor, or at rest, O Lord, bedew  
With thy most precious blood, what-  
e'er we do;

Let thy gracious presence surround  
us ever,  
As though our longing eyes enjoy'd  
the favor Thee to behold.

3 With fervor all thy people's hearts  
inspire,  
And to enjoy thy grace be our de-  
sire;  
May thy love, dear Saviour, to love  
constrain us,  
And closely in the bond of peace  
maintain us,  
As one 'fore thee.

4 We surely are a work of thy own  
hand,  
Sinners, on whom thou'st deign'd  
thy blood to spend,  
By the Holy Spirit to thee directed,  
A cov'nant people, by free grace  
elected To serve thy name.

5 Grant that we all, both young and  
old, may prove  
True witnesses of thy redeeming  
love;  
Showing forth thy praises, may we  
adore thee,  
And humbly walk in grace and  
truth before thee,  
Till we go hence.

6 May'st thou with us thy gracious  
aim obtain;  
Grant that thy church may constant  
vict'ry gain;  
May we, truly conscious that we  
are needy,  
To look to thee in faith be always  
ready,  
And trust thy pow'r.

7 Might ev'ry one who knows us,  
clearly trace  
In all thy people unction, truth and  
grace:  
That whoe'er approacheth thy con-  
gregation,  
May feel, and own it from a clear  
persuasion,  
'The Lord is here.'

## 762. T. 227.

GRACIOUS Lord, who us hast  
called,

By thy gospel, out of sin's dark,  
dismal night,  
To our hearts thy love revealed,  
And in mercy brought us to thy  
saving light;

Thou hast by thy kind direction,  
Thanks be to thy free election!  
Form'd the Brethren's Unity,  
As a favor'd flock, to be  
In one cov'nant closely joined:  
To thy blessed will resigned,  
Pledged, wholly thee to follow,  
And to serve thee—spirit, soul and  
body hallow!

2 Bless, O Lord, thy congregation,  
As thy planting, as a work of  
thine own hand:

Visit her with thy salvation,  
Be the sacred bond of love therein  
maintain'd;

Grant that we, in thee remaining,  
And thy perfect aim attaining,  
Through thy faithful nursing care,  
Copious fruit to thee may bear:  
Thus, from this world separated,  
To thy service dedicated,  
We in our degree and measure,  
For the travail of thy soul, shall  
yield thee pleasure!

## 763.\* T. 26. (625.)

O LORD, lift up thy countenance  
Upon thy church, and own us thine;  
Impart to us thy peace divine,  
And blessings unto all dispense.

2 'Tis our desire to follow thee,  
And from experience to proclaim  
Salvation in thy blessed name:

O bless thy servants' ministry.

3 Thy mercy is our only stay,  
Direct us by thy holy word,  
Thy Spirit's light to us afford,  
Preserve us, lest we go astray.

4 O Well of life, we pant for thee;  
In copious streams thy thirsty  
flock

Desires to drink of thee, the Rock,  
And thirst no more eternally.

5 Thy grace thou freely dost be-  
stow,  
This is our only plea and claim:  
We blush 'fore thee with con-  
scious shame,  
Our many faults and wants we  
know.

6 To thee, O Lord our Righteous-  
ness,  
Who by thy blood hast wash'd  
us clean  
From ev'ry spot and stain of sin,  
We give unfeigned thanks and  
praise.

**764.\* T. 244. (626.)**

LORD, may the congregation,  
Establish'd on thy death,  
Enjoy thy great salvation,  
And daily live by faith!  
Believing in thy blood,  
That all-atoning flood;  
Grant we may cleave for ever  
To thee our highest Good!

2 Unfold thy grace's treasure,  
And all our hearts prepare,  
That we may in full measure  
In thy salvation share:  
O may thy looks of grace  
Insure our happiness;  
Uphold us, and for ever  
Set us before thy face.\*

3 Let us, 'fore thee abased,  
Be daily more and more  
To taste thy friendship raised;  
Prepare, we thee implore,  
Amidst thy chosen race  
Still many witnesses,  
Who can from heart's experience  
Proclaim redeeming grace.

4 We will of Jesus' passion  
And meritorious death  
Ne'er cease to make confession,  
Till we give up our breath,  
Till we in heav'nly light  
Shall see his face most bright,  
And with the saints in glory  
In songs of praise unite.

\* *Psalm xli. 12.*

**765.\* T. 30. (627.)**

LIFT up thy pierc'd hands, most  
gracious Saviour,  
O'er thy church, and pour out all  
that favor,  
Which in thy loving  
And kind heart for us is ever mov-  
ing.

2 To thy care ourselves we now  
surrender,  
Of our lives to thee we make a ten-  
der,  
Protect and lead us,  
As our faithful Shepherd daily feed  
us.

**766.\* T. 58. (628.)**

HOLD o'er thy church, Lord, thy  
protecting hand,  
And in thy truth O may she ever  
stand;  
May thy ransom'd people show  
forth thy praises,  
And be devoted to thy name, Lord  
Jesus,  
Until thou com'st.

2 Preserve thy church, Lord Jesus,  
ev'ry where,  
And grant that she rich fruit for  
thee may bear;  
Build her outward structure, fill her  
with glory,  
And let each member praise thee  
and adore thee,  
And serve thy name.

**767.\* T. 582. (629.)**

THE happy church of Christ  
Stands to this very day;  
Those who are chosen daily find  
To her an open way.

2 Lord Jesus, when we trace  
Thy gracious call and aim  
With us thy flock, we render praise  
Unto thy holy name.

3 'Thou open'st us a door,  
Our little strength thou know'st,  
Assist us, Lord, we thee implore,  
To call to thee the lost.

**768.\*** T. 583. (630.)

HOW bold and vain th' attempt to  
overthrow  
The blessed church of Jesus Christ  
below!  
For Salem's bulwarks, holy walls  
and tow'rs,  
Shall stand in spite of all opposing  
pow'rs.

**769.\*** T. 132. (632.)

THE Spirit of the witnesses  
Rests on the congregation,  
Excites her to proclaim free grace  
In Christ's propitiation;  
And teacheth her when to rejoice,  
When to lift up her cheerful voice,  
And when to weep in silence.

**770.\*** T. 56. (631.)

THOU whose name is :: in-ex-  
pressible,  
And whose counsels :: are un-  
searchable,  
Thou, who from eternity  
Didst the time and place decree,  
Where securely :: thy dear flock  
should dwell:

2 Spread thy blessing :: here and  
ev'ry where,  
Far surpassing :: all our thought  
and pray'r!

When we have performed all  
To fulfil thy gracious call,  
After labor :: we sweet rest shall  
share.

**771.\*** T. 590. (641. 642. 1092.)

O THOU, whose mercies far ex-  
ceed

All we can think or say,  
As in thy people thou indeed  
Dost daily more display:  
Let for our happiness, O God,  
On us while here below,  
By virtue of thy death and blood,  
Still thousand blessings flow.

2 Lord Jesus, let us be thine own,  
And ever thine remain,  
We now ourselves to thee commend,  
With thy whole chosen train:

Till thou shalt fully have obtain'd  
. With us thy thoughts of peace;  
When we, in joys which never end,  
Shall see thee face to face.

3 Shelter our souls most graciously  
Within thy open'd side;  
Move them from ev'ry harm away,  
And in thy safeguard hide:  
O let our names in life's blest rolls  
Inscrib'd be ever found,  
And in life's bundle may our souls  
Be fast and firmly bound!

4 Now may the very God of peace  
Us wholly sanctify,  
And grant us such a rich increase  
Of unction from on high,  
That spirit, soul and body may,  
Preserved free from stain,  
Be blameless until thy great day,  
Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen!

**772.\*** T. 79. (633.)

THOU know'st, the congregation  
Hath thee for her foundation,  
Whate'er the world may say;  
Grant us to cleave for ever  
To thee, our faithful Saviour,  
May love among us bear the  
sway.

**773.\*** T. 106. (634.)

LORD, may not one among us be  
Who trifles with his call of grace,  
None who believes not heartily  
In thee, the Lord our Righteous-  
ness;  
But grant, that, prompted by thy  
love,  
We all to thee may faithful prove.

**774.\*** T. 151. (635.)

O JESUS Christ, most holy!  
Head of the church, thy bride,  
Each day in us more fully  
Thy name be magnified;  
O may in each believer  
Thy love its pow'r display,  
And none among us ever  
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

775.\* T. 208. (637.)

LORD, thy body's Saviour,  
 Shepherd and Preserver,  
 If times numberless,  
 We, thy congregation,  
 Paid our adoration  
 For electing grace,  
 Yet should we—great debtors be:  
 Take us all as an oblation  
 For thy bitter passion!

776. T. 586. (640.)

HIGH-PRIEST of thy church dis-  
 pensation,  
 Lift up, we pray, thy pierced  
 hand,  
 And bless thy ransom'd congrega-  
 tion,  
 In ev'ry place, by sea or land;  
 Before thy Father's throne remem-  
 ber  
 By name each individual member;  
 Thy face upon us shine,  
 Grant us thy peace divine,  
 For we are thine!

777.\* T. 121. (643.)

IN Jesus' love and peace,  
 On earth's extended face,  
 Dwell our congregations;  
 Both here, and o'er the seas,  
 We raise our supplications,  
 That the God of grace  
 All of us may bless,  
 Till the end of days.

778.\* T. 161. (638.)

JESUS, hear our supplication,  
 'Tis thy pleasure  
 Those to bless, who to thee cleave:  
 Grant us stronger demonstration  
 Of thy favor,  
 Than our weak minds can conceive;  
 Help the feeble,—us enable,  
 In thy blest path of salvation,  
 Bold and joyful  
 To go thro' each faith's gradation.

779.\* T. 221. (639.)

O LORD, let thy countenance  
 friendly and gracious  
 Shine clearly on thy chosen race;  
 To thee we commend ourselves  
 jointly, to bless us,  
 Let ev'ry member feel thy peace:  
 Thy servants protect, O most gra-  
 cious Lord,  
 And always direct by thy holy  
 word,  
 Yea, grant them with boldness thy  
 death to proclaim,  
 And life and remission of sins  
 thro' thy name.

780.\* T. 121. (644.)

LORD Jesus, by thy death,  
 Whereon we trust by faith,  
 Thy wounds, thy pierced side,  
 Thy agony and sweat,  
 Preserve the church, thy bride,  
 Till thou com'st again,  
 Prince of life once slain! :|:

### XXXII. *For Solemn and Festal Occasions.*

781.\* T. 22. (682.)

LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,  
 And send the Spirit of thy grace,  
 To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,  
 To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2 Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,  
 And teach our lips to tell thy praise:  
 Revive our hope, our faith increase,  
 To taste the sweetness of thy grace.

3 Till we with angels join to sing  
 Eternal praise to thee, our King;  
 Till we behold thy face most bright,  
 In joy and everlasting light.

4 To God the Father, and the  
 Son,  
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honor, praise and glory giv'n  
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

## 782.\* T. 141. (683.)

OWN thy congregation,  
 O thou Lamb once slain!  
 We are here assembled  
 In thy holy name;  
 Look upon thy people,  
 Whom thou by thy blood  
 Hast in love redeemed,  
 And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us  
 For these many years,  
 Ah! accept our praises,  
 And our grateful tears;  
 Grant us all the favor  
 To obey thy voice,  
 Yea, what thou directest  
 Be our only choice.

3 Church, who art arrayed  
 In the glorious dress  
 Of thy Lord and Saviour's  
 Spotless righteousness,  
 Be both now and ever  
 By his blood kept clean,  
 And in all thy members  
 May his grace be seen.

## 783.\* T. 155. (684.)

LAMB once slain, Immanuel,  
 Who hast gained our salvation  
 By thy passion,  
 Ah! we give thee thanks and praise  
 For thy grace;  
 Grant that we may all inherit  
 The anointing of thy Spirit,  
 Which instructs us what to do.

2 Let thy spirit, which is truth,  
 Raise our grov'ling thoughts to  
 heaven;  
 Us enliven;  
 Thus adorn'd and beautified  
 As thy bride,  
 May our walk and conversation  
 Be a striking demonstration  
 That thou dwell'st and walk'st in  
 us.

3 Lord, for grace we thee entreat,  
 Grace, the anchor firm and stable  
 Of the feeble;

Grace, whereon we must depend  
 To the end;  
 Grace, the sinner's consolation,  
 Sure support in each temptation,  
 Confidence in life and death.

4 God with us, we vow to thee  
 Due allegiance now and ever;  
 Gracious Saviour,  
 We to serve thee ready stand,  
 Take the hand,  
 As a pledge and declaration  
 Of the grateful hearts' sensation,  
 Which thy dying love excites.

## 784.\* T. 341.

LORD, in thy name we meet  
 Before thy mercy-seat:  
 Sacred may each moment be,  
 Spent in solemn worship here:  
 May our incense rise to thee,  
 Songs of praise, the voice of  
 pray'r.

2 Here are we richly fed,  
 Refresh'd, and comforted:  
 Nourish'd with celestial food,  
 Bless'd with streams from thee,  
 the Rock,  
 We with humble gratitude  
 Praise thee, Shepherd of thy  
 flock.

3 O grant us new displays  
 Of glory and of grace:  
 Touch our lips with hallow'd  
 flame,  
 While, to sinners far and near,  
 Of salvation in thy name  
 Joyfully we witness bear.

4 O give us that good part,  
 A pure and holy heart:  
 Ev'ry needful gift and grace,  
 Faith, and hope, and charity;  
 Form us, Lord, unto thy praise,  
 That we pleasure yield to thee.

5 Thou Lamb of God once slain,  
 Thy people's strength remain:  
 O preserve us in thy love,  
 Us in thy pavilion hide;  
 Ne'er thy hand from us remove,  
 Be in life and death our Guide.

**785.** T. 583. (685.)

LORD Jesus, in thy presence we  
are blest,  
And thou art even now our wish'd-  
for Guest;  
Without thee all our meetings would  
be cold,  
And soon become a custom dead and  
old.

2 Thou canst alone to us true life  
impart,  
Canst comfort, bless and cheer each  
needy heart:  
We are assembled here before thy  
face  
To take out of thy fulness grace for  
grace.

3 Lord Jesus, be for evermore ador'd,  
We thee confess our Master, Head  
and Lord;  
Thy faithfulness and truth we daily  
prove,  
Grant us to live for thee, constrain'd  
by love.

**786.\*** T. 161. (686.)

CHOSEN souls, who now assem-  
ble

Under Christ's protecting care;  
Though you're weak, your foes  
must tremble,

If by him you guarded are.  
Of his goodness—bear ye witness:  
Know ye not your high vocation,  
As the Lord's own congregation?

2 To his name give thanks and  
praises,

Him with deepest awe adore;  
May his people in all places  
Join t' exalt him evermore;  
Christ, our Saviour,—be for ever  
Of your building the Foundation,  
And the God of your salvation.

3 Herrnhut,\* the Most High's own  
structure,

Built upon the grace of God,  
May thy walls be without fracture,  
Sprinkled be thy gates with blood!

\* The first congregation of the renewed  
Church of the United Brethren.

God's election—and protection  
Founded and maintain our union,  
Christ's the ground of our com-  
munion.

4 May this place exist no longer  
Than, Lord Jesus, thy own hand,  
Uncontroll'd, rules in its border,  
And be love our sacred band.  
May we by thee—be found worthy  
As a good salt to be used,  
That some fruit may be produced.

5 Bless our cov'nanting together;  
Make us like a burning torch,  
Kindled by our heav'nly Father,  
In these last days of the church.  
To thee joined—and resigned,  
May by each of us be further'd,  
What thy holy will hath order'd.

6 Now, dear Brethren, know ye Je-  
sus?

Happy who him truly knows:  
He's the Head, and we are mem-  
bers,

From him ev'ry blessing flows.  
Who believeth—to Christ cleaveth,  
Doth rejoice in ev'ry station,  
'Midst reproach and tribulation.

**787.\*** T. 114. (687.)

THOU Source of love, we pray,  
impart thy favor

Each day unto thy house and fa-  
mily,

Who as one man united are in thee;  
O grant that ev'ry one thy grace  
may savor,

And that thy church for ever may  
rejoice

In thee, and praise thy name with  
heart and voice.

2 O thou, whose love extends be-  
yond all measure,

Thou hearest us already, ere we cry,  
No soul that calls on thee thou  
passt by,

But to relieve thy children is thy  
pleasure;

Thou art our Light, our Strength,  
our Shield and Rock,

Our faithful Shepherd, and we are  
thy flock.

**788.** T. 341. (698.)

OUR souls with inmost shame  
 Address thy holy name:  
 Jesus! in our midst appear  
 Present to each waiting soul,  
 Ev'ry contrite sinner cheer,  
 Breathe thy Spirit through the  
 whole.

2 We sinners humbly crave  
 Thy presence here to have,  
 In this place to find thee true  
 To thy promises of grace,  
 Still to own the gather'd few,  
 Giving them thy life and peace.

3 From thy majestic throne  
 In mercy, Lord, look down;  
 View the souls athirst for thee,  
 Turn to them thy cheering face;  
 Each adores, with bended knee,  
 Thee, O Jesus! for thy grace.

**789.\*** T. 155. (688.)

MY soul waiteth on the Lord,  
 And shall never be ashamed;  
 He is named  
 God our Sun, our Shield and Rock,  
 By his flock;  
 He is merciful and gracious,  
 And his goodness doth refresh us,  
 When we long and pant for him.

2 His enliv'ning countenance  
 To lift up on all the needy  
 He is ready,  
 And enricheth evermore  
 All the poor;  
 In our peaceful habitations,  
 O how many demonstrations  
 Of his favor do we prove!

3 We reply Amen thereto,  
 For his bounty never ceaseth,  
 Yea increaseth,  
 And are filled with amaze  
 At his grace;  
 Each himself unworthy deemeth  
 Of his love; his goodness claimeth  
 Our unfeigned gratitude.

**790.\*** T. 9. (689.)

M. CHRIST our Saviour look on  
 thee,  
 Ransom'd congregation!  
 C. We to him belong, for he  
 Purchas'd our salvation.

M. 2 In electing grace rejoice,  
 Prize his love and favor;  
 Then his calling, gifts, and choice,  
 He'll maintain for ever.

C. 3 Yea, his sympathizing heart  
 Yields us consolation;  
 May we ne'er from Christ depart  
 Till our consummation.

M. 4 To his voice attentive be,  
 Thankfully adore him,  
 And with heart's fidelity  
 Humbly walk before him.

C 5. Thus in number and in grace  
 We shall be increasing,  
 Showing forth our Saviour's  
 praise,  
 And to him be pleasing.

**791.** T. 185. (690. 1169.)

GRACIOUS Lord, our Shepherd  
 and Salvation,  
 In thy presence we appear:  
 Own us as thy flock and congrega-  
 tion,  
 Let us feel that thou art near;  
 May we all enjoy thy grace and fa-  
 vor,  
 And obey thee as our Head and Sa-  
 viour;  
 Who, by thy most precious blood,  
 Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2 Lord, receive our thanks and ado-  
 ration,  
 Which to thee we humbly pay,  
 For our calling and predestination,  
 Gracious Saviour, on this day;  
 Give us grace to walk as thine  
 anointed,  
 In the path thou hast for us ap-  
 pointed;  
 We devote most heartily  
 Soul and body unto thee!

3 Chosen flock, thy faithful Shepherd follow,

Who laid down his life for thee:  
All thy days unto his service hallow,  
Each his true disciple be:

Evermore rejoice to do his pleasure;  
Be the fulness of his grace thy treasure;

Should success thy labor crown,  
Give the praise to him alone.

**792.\*** T. 166. (1170.)

O THOU, the church's Lord and Head,

Our only Refuge, Shield and Rock,  
The pilgrims' guide, support, and aid,

Thou faithful Shepherd of thy flock;

Vile as we are, we're surely thine,  
Thro' mercy we have life obtain'd,  
As monuments of grace divine,  
To our astonishment we stand.

2 As part of thy church militant,  
An emblem of the church above,  
To thy dear Father us present,  
Thou in the bosom of his love!

That us as children he may own,  
Since we're thy dearly earn'd reward,  
And send his holy Spirit down,  
To train us up for thee, our Lord.

3 We cast ourselves into thy arms,  
While we with inward rapture glow;

The flame, which thy pure bosom warms,

Thy never-failing love we know;  
Thou, who for us once tastedst death,

And wast restor'd to life again,  
Thy quick'ning Spirit on us breathe,  
Come, heav'nly Vine, each branch sustain!

4 We wish, (and what we wish is gain'd,

Since we thy chosen foll'wers are,  
And have thy pow'r divine obtain'd,)  
To thee well-pleasing fruit to bear;

X

Thy servants we will be through grace,

Thine handmaids, who look up to thee;

Set us, O Lord, unto thy praise,  
Grant we may serve thee faithfully.

**793.** T. 151. (691.)

HEAD of thy congregation,  
Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord!

Look on us with compassion,  
Met here with one accord;

Accept our thanks and praises  
For all thy love and care,  
Which we in various cases  
Repeatedly did share.

2 Our lips would gladly mention  
Thy patience, love and grace,

Our hearts with due attention  
Thy loving kindness trace,  
Which under thy protection  
'Midst trials we have prov'd;  
Thy fatherly correction  
Show'd us, that we're below'd.

**794.\*** T. 101. (695.)

BOW down, ye foll'wers of the Lamb!

These are your hours of consolation;

With awe adore his saving name!  
His cross and wounds are of salvation

The lasting source, for sinners who believe;

Come then, and grace for grace  
freely from him receive.

2 His mercy claims our highest praise,

'Tis by his grace we were elected;  
Freed from the world's deceitful ways,

We're to his chosen flock collected;

His faithful heart we know, and search it still:

May thousands more believe, and do his holy will.

3 Ourselves, dear Lord, we now to thee

Resign anew with soul and body;  
As thy redeemed property  
Accept of us, though poor and  
needy;

Out of the mouths of sucklings per-  
fect praise,  
And magnify in us thy name and  
saving grace.

4 O let thy love our hearts con-  
strain,

That, in one covenant united,  
The bond of peace we may main-  
tain,

And be to mutual love excited;  
To God and to the Lamb be praises  
giv'n

By sinners here below, and by the  
saints in heav'n!

**795.\* T. 9. (692.)**

JESUS CHRIST, who bled and  
died

For mankind's salvation,  
Shows his wounds and pierced side  
To his congregation.

2 Yea he, with uplifted hands,  
Mark'd with nail-prints bloody,  
'Midst his chosen people stands,  
Saviour of his body!

3 While he doth himself reveal,  
Oh, what consolation  
In his presence do we feel!  
'Tis beyond expression.

4 Teach us, Lord, to follow thee  
With entire devotion;  
As thy willing subjects, we  
Wait thy Spirit's motion.

5 Jesus, all-creating Word,  
King of ev'ry nation,  
But especially the Lord  
Of thy congregation!

6 To thy name be evermore  
Praise and glory given;  
Thee we worship and adore,  
Lord of earth and heaven!

**796.\* T. 10. (693.)**

WHEN we rejoice, that Jesus  
From year to year doth bless us,  
And that his grace and favor  
Towards us never waver:

2 Or he that consolation  
Grants to his congregation,  
That we shall rest for ever  
With him, our gracious Saviour:

3 Then we forget distresses,  
And what would else oppress us;  
Are we with Christ connected,  
We need not be dejected.

**797.\* T. 166. (694.)**

HEAD of thy church! behold us  
here,

Direct and rule us by thy grace;  
Hear thou each humble sinner's  
pray'r,  
Confirming thus thy promises;  
O help us, that we may fulfil  
What in thy name we take in  
hand,

Concordant with thy holy will,  
And may it to thy glory tend.

2 One suit in mercy to us grant:  
Let us from all divested be  
Which furthers not our covenant,  
Or is displeasing unto thee;  
All that whence hurt to souls ac-  
crued,

Whate'er thy doctrine doth dis-  
grace,  
Or counteracts thy blessed views,  
Root out and utterly erase.

**798.\* T. 15. (697.)**

LORD, when before the Father's  
face

Thou, in thy ministration,  
Presentest the redeemed race,  
Gather'd from ev'ry nation;

2 In love remember this thy flock  
Bought by thy bitter passion:  
To thee, who art the church's Rock,  
We pay our adoration.

3 We here unite in pray'r to thee,  
And praise thee, Lord Jehovah!  
We join to sighs for mercy free  
A joyful Hallelujah!

**799.\* T. 97. (696.)**

JESUS, O may we thee obey,  
Who art the Life, the Truth, the Way;  
Since thou didst for our sins atone,  
With right thou claim'st us as thine  
own:

Thou wast obedient unto death, that  
we

Might not be lost, but live eternally.

2 O let each member of thy fold  
Be in the book of life enroll'd;  
The Holy Ghost to us impart,  
To bear the sway in ev'ry heart;  
Us with thy gracious presence daily  
bless,  
And evermore vouchsafe to us thy  
grace.

**800. T. 167.**

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again:  
Keep no longer at a distance,  
Smile upon us from on high,  
Lest for want of thine assistance  
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
Ev'ry plant look'd fresh and green,  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd:  
Happy seasons we have seen!  
But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in pray'r:  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching  
snare:

Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh,  
And begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

**801. T. 22. (1172.)**

WHERE two or three, with sweet  
accord,  
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn pray'r and praise;

2 'There,' saith the Saviour, 'I  
will be,  
Amidst this little company;  
To them I will unveil my face,  
And shed my glories round the  
place.'

3 We meet at thy command, O  
Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heav'nly  
love.

**802.\* T. 185. (1169, 705.)**

GRACE and peace from God our  
blessed Saviour,  
Be with all, who love his name!  
Church of Christ, his service deem  
a favor,  
Joyfully his death proclaim:  
Be prepar'd for rest or for employ-  
ment,  
With activity combine enjoyment:  
Serve, with zeal and faithfulness,  
Love, enraptur'd with his grace.

2 Gracious Father, bless this con-  
gregation  
As the purchase of thy Son;  
For his sake behold us with com-  
passion,  
And us all thy children own;  
Jesus, grant to us thy peace and  
favor;  
Holy Ghost, abide with us for  
ever,  
And to us Christ's love explain;  
Hear us, Lord our God, Amen!

**803. T. 26.**

OUR lot of grace how truly bless'd!  
Since we are called to assemble,  
And daily worship in thy temple,  
Where thou dost cause thy name  
to rest:

2 To thee our Shepherd ever kind,  
We now ourselves anew surrender;  
O plead our cause, in love remem-  
ber  
Thy people, closely to thee join'd,

## 804. T. 136.

GOOD Shepherd, hear!  
Thou, who thine Israel leadest,  
And with thy word and sacrament  
us feedest:

Who us redeem'st,  
That thou might'st purify  
Unto thyself a people who might  
praise thee,  
And, both in word and deed, before  
the world confess thee;  
To us thy ransom'd flock appear,  
Good Shepherd, hear!

2 Turn us to thee,  
Thus, from the world estranged,  
Transform'd in mind, into thine  
image changed,  
We thee shall praise:  
Lord, as of old renew  
Our days, restore the joy of thy  
salvation  
To us: forsake us not, but with  
divine compassion  
Bear with, and tend us constantly:  
Turn us to thee!

## 805.\* T. 22. (1171.)

LORD, with thy glorious presence  
bless,  
Fill, and adorn this hallow'd place,  
Wherein is preach'd thy holy word,  
And sacramental grace conferr'd.

2 That this redeemed, happy flock  
Be firmly built on Christ the Rock,  
And of those blessings be possess'd,  
Which on the Spirit's union rest.

3 With power from on high endue  
Thy flock, O Lord, this day anew,  
That many souls with us may feel  
Thy pard'ning grace, the Spirit's  
seal:

4 That thousands by our ministry  
May to the truth converted be,  
And we may see them flock with us,  
Unto the standard of thy cross.

5 As long as we on earth remain,  
We will confess the Lamb once  
slain:

Until we for his victory  
Shall praise him in eternity.

## 806. T. 101.

BEFORE thy throne we now ap-  
pear,  
Head of thy ransom'd congrega-  
tion!

Unto our songs of praise give ear,  
And listen to our supplication:  
Hear from the heav'ns, thy lofty  
dwelling place,  
And when thou hear'st, forgive thy  
people's trespasses.

2 In heav'n and earth who is like  
thee?

Thou keepest covenant for ever:  
Maintain'st thy cause most glori-  
ously,

And to thy servants showest favor:  
In us, O Lord, thy word be verified,  
That thou the church's Head and  
Shepherd wilt abide.

3 Thine eyes be open on this house,  
This temple, unto thee devoted;  
O consecrate it for thy use,

Thy glory be by us promoted:  
And since thou chocest us, and  
dost ordain

That we should fruit produce, O  
may our fruit remain!

4 Now to the Lamb upon the  
throne,  
Who by his precious blood hath  
bought us,

That he may claim us as his own,  
And to his fold in mercy brought  
us,

All praise and honor evermore per-  
tain!

Let all who love his name, reply  
thereto, Amen.

## 807. T. 214.

PEACE be to thy ev'ry dwelling,  
City, by Jehovah bless'd!

Who, his grace to thee revealing,  
Thee preserves in peace and rest:  
May his presence still attend thee,  
May'st thou sit by day and night  
In his shadow with delight:

His all-pow'rful arm defend thee;  
Prize, O prize thy lot of grace!  
Live unto thy Saviour's praise.

2 Grant, we fervently implore thee,  
That, while pilgrims here below,  
We may walk in truth before thee,  
Lord, and in thy knowledge grow,  
Showing forth thy matchless  
praises;

Thou who out of sin's dark night,  
Hast to thine own mar'v'lous light  
Call'd thy people: O Lord Jesus,  
Keep and seal us ever thine,  
Leave with us thy peace divine.

**808.** T. 167. (699.)

PEACE be to this congregation,  
Peace to ev'ry soul therein;  
Peace, which flows from Christ's  
salvation,

Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin;  
Peace, that speaks its heav'nly  
Giver,

Peace, to earthly minds unknown;  
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,  
Here erect its glorious throne!

**809.** T. 230.

FROM thy holy habitation,  
O God of grace and consolation,

Behold us, met before thy throne:  
Saviour, to believers precious,  
With sanctified delights refresh us,  
And us, as thine, in mercy own:

We humbly cry to thee,  
Send now prosperity!

Let thy beauty  
On us appear,  
Establish here

Our work, the work of praise and  
pray'r.

**810.** T. 71. (1177.)

'FORE thee, Lord, we appear,  
Thou list'nest to our pray'r,

Wait'st to be gracious,  
Thy goodness to display  
Unto thy church this day,  
To own and bless us.

2 Thy pierced hands, for us  
Once nailed to the cross,  
Give benediction;

Thy blood from sin us cleanse,  
And pard'ning grace dispense,  
Without restriction.

**811.\*** T. 69. (700.)

THIS habitation,  
And all who dwell therein,  
Fill with salvation;  
O may in each be seen  
True grace,  
And lovely childlikeness.

**812.\*** T. 37.

O CHURCH, thy strength abide  
Joy in thy Saviour!

Thy Friend himself draws near,  
Come, taste his favor!

Await, devout and still,  
The grace he giveth:  
With all who seek his face,  
His peace he leaveth.

**813.\*** T. 185. (1179.)

JOY divine, and heav'nly peace  
with unction,

Church of Christ, thy portion be!  
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep com-  
punction

Flowing from Christ's agony:  
Father, bless and keep without ces-  
sation

Thy Son's dearly purchas'd congrega-  
tion;

Lamb once slain, thy peace divine  
Seal our cov'nant, we are thine.

**814.** T. 159. (1176, 709.)

THIS day is holy to the Lord,

This day the Lord hath made,  
We will rejoice with one accord,  
And in his name be glad:

Come, let us worship and bow down,  
With thanks appear before his  
throne:

He to our songs of praise and  
pray'r

Will lend a gracious ear.

2 We now return, each to his tent,  
Joyful and glad of heart,

And from our solemn covenant

Through grace will ne'er depart;  
Once more we pledge both heart  
and hand,

As in God's presence here we stand,  
To live to him, and him alone,  
Till we surround his throne.

**815.\*** T. 166. (701.)

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,  
 To praise thy name in fellow-  
 ship,  
 We're humbly met before thy face,  
 And in thy presence love-feast  
 keep;  
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,  
 Thy Spirit's unction now impart;  
 Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,  
 In thee be truly one in heart.

**816.** T. 14.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and  
 bless

Thy chosen pilgrim flock,  
 With manna in the wilderness,  
 With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and  
 weak,

As thou when here below,  
 Our souls the joys celestial seek,  
 That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread  
 alone,

But by that word of grace,  
 In strength of which we travel on  
 To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,  
 But do not then depart:

Saviour, abide with us! and spread  
 A table for the heart;

5 Then sup with us, in love divine:  
 Thy body and thy blood,

That living bread, that heav'nly  
 wine,

Be our immortal food!

**817.\*** T. 159. (702.)

THE Sabbath is for man, that he  
 Therein may find repose,

And that the soul refreshed be

By Christ, the church's Spouse:  
 Now doth his ransom'd, happy  
 bride,

Fruit of his anguish when he died,

Enjoy a true sabbatic rest,  
 In his communion blest.

**818.** T. 205. (703.)

GRACIOUS Lord,—with one ac-  
 cord

We're assembled in thy name;  
 Deign to hear—our fervent pray'r,  
 Mercy is our only claim,  
 While with tears and blushing face  
 We our sins to thee confess,  
 And our hearts with thanks o'erflow  
 For the grace thou dost bestow.

**819.** T. 590. (704.)

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,  
 Unite us all in one,

And in our meetings ev'ry where  
 Be thou our aim alone;  
 Reign thou sole Monarch of our  
 hearts,

Without a rival reign;  
 Till we with angels join above  
 To praise the Lamb once slain.

**820.\*** T. 79. (706.)

O KING of peace, our Sov'reign!  
 Thou shalt alone us govern,  
 Come form us soon to be  
 To others an example,  
 The Holy Spirit's temple,  
 The Father's pleasure constantly.

2 O thou our first-born Brother,  
 Thou Master at the rudder,  
 Who guid'st thy church, to thee  
 We hearts and hands deliver,  
 And promise thee for ever,  
 That we thy faithful souls will be.

**821.\*** T. 185. (707.)

WE who here together are assem-  
 bled,

Joining hearts and hands in one,  
 Bind ourselves, with love that's un-  
 dissembled,

Christ to love and serve alone.  
 O may our imperfect songs and  
 praises

Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord  
 Jesus!

Say, ' My peace I leave with you,'  
 Amen, Amen! Be it so!

## 822.\* T. 166. (710.)

WELCOME among thy flock of  
grace

With joyful acclamation!

Thou, whom our Shepherd we con-  
fess,

Come, feed thy congregation;

We own the doctrine of thy cross

To be our sole foundation;

Accept from ev'ry one of us

The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal

Thy grace and love unceasing;

Thy hand, once pierced with the nail,

Bestow on us a blessing;

That hand, which to thy family,

With tender love's affection,

Ere thou ascendedst up on high,

Imparted benediction.

3 Though thou'rt unseen, yet we  
by sight

Should scarce be more assured;

As yet thy glorious heav'nly light

Can't be by man endured:

The time will come, when these  
our eyes

Shall see thy face for ever;

Faith here the want of sight supplies

In ev'ry true believer.

4 Ye who from Jesus Christ have  
stray'd,

And his communion slighted,

To him return, be not afraid,

You're graciously invited;

Come all, whatever be your case,

Come without hesitation,

He'll now impart to you, thro' grace,

Peace, pardon and salvation.

5 O thou, who always dost abide

Thy body's Head and Saviour,

Who art the pilgrims' constant

Guide,

Direct thy servants ever:

O may they an example be

Unto thy congregation,

And in thy temple faithfully

Perform their ministration.

6 Thy statutes to thy church de-  
clare,

Thy truth be our confession;

Take of each member special care,

Bless pilgrims in their station:

In danger constantly defend,

And aid thy chosen people;

Of all contention make an end;

Support the weak and feeble.

7 O thou, the church's Head and  
Lord,

Who as a shepherd ledest

Thy flock, and richly with thy word

And sacrament them feedest:

What shall we say? we can't ex-  
press

In words our hearts' sensation;

None thee sufficiently can praise,

Thou God of our salvation.

8 Our heav'nly Father, hear our  
pray'r:

By virtue of Christ's passion,

In whom we all accepted are,

O bring into completion

The hidden counsel of thy love,

Its depths still more unravel;

May we, without exception, prove

The fruit of thy Son's travail.

9 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,

Accept our adoration;

Thou ever didst attend the Son,

And aid his ministration;

Thou teachest us the way to bliss,

Keep under thy protection

That church of which he Ruler is;

We'll follow thy direction.

## 823.\* T. 230. (711.)

JESUS, God of our salvation!

Behold thy church with supplication

Humbly appear before thy face;

We, by fervent love constrained,

Since from thy death we life ob-  
tained,

To thee give glory, thanks and  
praise.

O listen to our pray'r,

To meet thee us prepare,

With due rev'rence;

No tongue can tell

What joy we feel,

When thou, Lord, dost thyself re-  
veal,

- 2 Thee t'approach with awe we  
venture,  
Entreating thee our gates to enter,  
Our souls and bodies are thine own.  
Speak to ev'ry church division,  
We'll hear thy voice with deep im-  
pression,  
For we are bound to thee alone.  
To thee in each concern  
We'll always humbly turn;  
Want we insight,  
May we by thee  
Instructed be,  
Then in thy light the light we see.
- 3 Be especially entreated  
To own thy servants, who are seated  
Before thy face, tho' poor they are;  
And in all their conferences  
Grant them thy Spirit's influences,  
Be present with them ev'ry where;  
This we request of thee,  
O let us constantly  
Do thy pleasure;  
All our distress,  
O Lord, redress,  
For without thee there's no success.
- 4 Ruler of the congregations,  
Which thou hast gather'd from all  
nations,  
We thee implore thy church to lead;  
Shepherd, who so kindly guidest  
Thy flock, and over them presidest,  
Thy sheep for ever tend and feed:  
What joy, what matchless grace  
Will still in future days  
Be displayed,  
When our good Lord,  
Who keeps his word,  
To the stray'd sheep will help afford!
- 5 In the dust we sink before thee,  
And for thy boundless love adore  
thee,  
Thee, Lord, our All in all we own;  
We, thy people, make confession,  
Thy love is great, beyond expression,  
Tho' to the world it be unknown;  
The pow'r which doth abound  
In thee, we've always found  
Efficacious;  
We will proclaim  
Thy saving name,  
O Lord, who ever art the same.
- 6 Thus our bliss will last for ever;  
While we enjoy thy love and favor,  
By thee our Shepherd led, we're  
blest;  
We with joyful acclamation  
Adore thee in the congregation,  
Whose Head and Lord thou art  
confest:  
To th' Ancient of all days  
Might, honor, pow'r and praise  
Be for ever!  
Lord, grant that we  
Eternally  
May place our confidence in thee.
- 824. T. 341. (1180.)**  
TO Christ we homage pay,  
We covenant this day,  
Him to serve with all our strength,  
Him to love with all our heart,  
Him to follow, till at length  
We obtain in heav'n our part.
- 825.\* T. 79. (708.)**  
INCLINE thine ear in favor  
To us, most gracious Saviour,  
Accept our promises:  
Thy death, thy wounds and passion  
Abide our hearts' confession,  
Till we shall see thee face to face.
- 826.\* T. 185. (712.)**  
HEAD and Ruler of thy congre-  
gation,  
Whom thou lov'st unspeakably,  
And to whom thou often a sensation  
Giv'st of thy complacency,  
Graciously regard the inward glow-  
ing  
Of our hearts, and tears our cheeks  
bedewing;  
Lord, we blush with humble shame,  
And adore thy holy name.
- 2 Jesus, great High-Priest of our  
profession,  
We in confidence draw near,  
Condescend in mercy the confession  
Of our grateful hearts to hear!  
Thee we gladly own in ev'ry nation  
Head and Master of thy congrega-  
tion,  
Conscious, that in ev'ry place  
Thou dispensest life and grace.

3 Thy blest people trusting in thy merit,

On the earth's extended face,  
From each other far, but one in spirit,

Sound with one accord thy praise!  
May we never cease to make confession,

That thy death's the cause of our salvation;

We to thee, our Head and King,  
Joyful Hallelujahs sing!

**827. T. 97. (713.)**

THOU, who so graciously didst lead

Israel of old, from bondage freed,  
And by thy own almighty hand  
Didst guide them to the promis'd land,

A cloud thy brightness veiling in the day,

At night thy pillar'd fire did mark their way;

2 That mighty pow'r thou then didst show,

We are assur'd attends us now,  
We still thy tender, watchful care,  
Though undeserving, richly share,  
If we thy leadings faithfully pursue,

Foll'wing thy Spirit's teaching, as 'tis due.

3 May we to thee, our Shepherd, cleave,

Thy Holy Spirit never grieve,  
And love each other heartily;

Thereby the scorning world will see,  
That we're the temple of the living God,

A chosen people bought with Jesus' blood.

**828.\* T. 146. (714.)**

O MAKER of my soul,  
My ev'ry hair's Creator,

Who turn'st my tears to joy,  
And heal'st my sin-sick nature;

Chief Shepherd of thy flock,  
Thy servants' only Guide;

The church's Lord and Head  
Thou ever dost abide.

**829. T. 230. (1174.)**

O THOU God of our salvation,  
Behold thy blood-bought congregation

Assembled here before thy face,  
Pond'ring on thy gracious dealing,  
We would express our grateful feeling,

And joyful Hallelujahs raise:

But when we in thy light

Discern, how we requite

Thee, O Jesus,

We blush for shame,

Our's is the blame,

But praise is due unto thy name.

2 Deeply conscious of transgression,

To thee we turn, hear our confession,

Assure us of thy pard'ning love:

O root out whate'er impedeth

Thy Spirit's work or discord breedeth,

Each stumbling-block from us remove;

Those who have gone astray

Cause to return, we pray,

Faithful Shepherd!

With thee our Guide may we abide,  
Preserve us, lest we turn aside.

**830. T. 68. (715.)**

LORD, thy church's Rock,

Who dost rule thy flock,

Elder of this congregation,

We with humble adoration,

Thee, and thee alone,

Our chief Shepherd own.

**831.\* T. 166. (716.)**

WHEN our great Sov'reign from on high,

Our Lord and Saviour, was aware  
That he his chosen family,

O'er whom he watch'd with tender care,

Would be constrained soon to leave,  
He, fill'd with love and grief intense,

To them his farewell blessing gave,  
Before his suff'rings did commence.

2 Feeling beforehand all the weight,  
Of those dire scenes of pain and  
woe,  
Which he well knew did him await,  
His love towards his own to show,  
He water in a bason pour'd,  
And washed his disciples' feet;  
Their souls already by his word,  
Save one, were cleansed ev'ry  
whit.

3 Lord Jesus Christ, we pray, be  
near,  
Forgive us all our trespasses;  
With joy divine our spirits cheer,  
Impart to us thy pard'ning grace!  
As our High-Priest lift up thy hand,  
That hand the nail once pierced  
through,  
Thy mercy unto us extend,  
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

4 Inspire our hearts with mutual  
love,  
O may we truly humble be,  
Thy faithful servants ever prove,  
Who yield in all things joy to thee:  
In due obedience to thy word  
We now have wash'd each other's  
feet,  
Thy blest example, gracious Lord,  
To follow, we find always meet.

5 Sure as thou art the church's  
Head,  
Sure as we dust and ashes are,  
So sure we, by thy blood once shed,  
Are now, through grace, absolv'd  
and clear:  
Sure as thy cross's church remains  
To the blind world a spectacle,  
So sure in her thy Spirit reigns,  
And thou dost in thy temple  
dwell.

**832.\*** T. 22. (717.)

(RECEPTION LITURGY. A.)

IN Jesus' name, by us ador'd  
The church's Head, our gracious  
Lord,  
His brethren's congregation now  
Into her fold receiveth you;

2 With us in Jesus to be one,  
To follow him, and him alone,  
T' enjoy his faithful shepherd-care,  
And his reproach and joy to share.

3 O may our Lord, the God of grace,  
While you receive the kiss of peace,  
Own you his blood-bought property;  
And lead, and bless you constantly.

4 With heart and hand you now we  
own;  
The Lord, to whom your heart is  
known,  
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us  
to be,  
His joy and your felicity.

5 The God of peace you sanctify,  
With us to yield him praise and joy;  
That spirit, soul, and body may  
Be blameless, till his perfect day.

**833.\*** T. 22. (718.)

(RECEPTION LITURGY. B.)

THIS flock of Christ receiveth thee:  
While conscious of her poverty,  
She weepeth often contrite tears,  
When 'fore her Saviour she appears.

2 But yet she can in truth rejoice,  
Because she hears the Shepherd's  
voice,  
And owns, that by her Lord and  
Head,  
She's gently govern'd, train'd and  
led.

3 While we the kiss of peace impart,  
We own thee one with us in heart,  
In Christ, who is the only ground  
That in one cov'nant we are found.

4 Enjoy then, with the church,  
Christ's spouse,  
The privileges of his house;  
And in our joy, and grief, and care,  
With us take thy allotted share.

5 As his redeem'd from this world's  
thrall,  
With us make sure thy blessed call:  
That when the Bridegroom comes,  
we may  
Be found wise virgins in that day.

XXXIII. *The Servants of Christ.*

834.\* T. 166. (645.)

HIGH on his everlasting throne,  
The Lord of hosts his work surveys,

He marks the souls which are his own,

And smiles on his peculiar race;  
He rests well pleas'd their toil to see,  
Beneath his easy yoke they move,  
With all their heart and strength agree

In the sweet labour of his love.

2 See, where the servants of their God,

A busy multitude appear,  
For Jesus day and night employ'd,  
The ground for him they toil to clear;

The love of Christ their hearts constrains,

And strengthens their unwearied hands:

They spend their blood, and sweat,  
and pains,

To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

3 Where'er these faithful lab'ers are,

The steps of industry we view,  
They Satan's seed root up with care,  
And in its stead the gospel sow;

This seed they water with their tears,  
Then long for the returning word,

Happy, if all their pains and cares  
Produce some fruit to please their Lord.

4 Jesus their work delighted sees,  
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;

He kindly gives the wish'd increase,  
And sends the promis'd blessing down:

Then plenteous show'rs of grace bedew

And fructify the parched ground,  
The plants spring up, they thrive

and grow,  
The earth looks fruitful all around.

5 He prospers all his servants' toils,  
And us his flock in mercy chose;

Yea on us undeserved smiles,  
And choicest blessings he bestows:

As humble foll'wers of the Lamb,  
We firmly to his word adhere,

Of him, amidst reproach and shame,  
With joy our testimony bear.

6 Here many faithful souls are found,

With genuine love to Christ endow'd,

Led by the Holy Ghost, and crown'd,  
As kings and priests to serve their God;

Burning with zeal, by love divine  
Constrain'd, themselves they freely give,

Their wealth and life for Christ resign,

For him they gladly die or live.

7 What can we offer thee, O Lord?  
How worthily set forth thy praise?

Fain would we preach thy saving word

And dying love in ev'ry place;

In thee believe, thee love and serve;  
To thee our life, our all we owe,

Who dost 'midst danger us preserve,

And mercies numberless bestow.

8 O may our lives thy pow'r proclaim,

Thy grace for ev'ry sinner free,

That thousands still may know thy name,

Humbly adore and worship thee;

Open a door, which earth and hell  
Striving to shut, may strive in vain;

Grant that thy word may richly dwell

Among us, and our fruit remain.

**835.\*** T. 90. (647.)

PRAISE be to God the Holy Ghost,  
 Who Jesus in the heart displays,  
 That he the num'rous faithful host  
 Of blest departed witnesses,  
 Who now in heav'n are perfected,  
 To Christ by his instruction led.

2 Christ crucified we own as God,  
 Though we were scorn'd by all  
 mankind,

He is our Motto most avow'd;  
 To such in spirit we are join'd,  
 And them as brethren gladly own,  
 Who by this Shibboleth are known.

3 He, who was scorned on the tree,  
 He, whom his nation still disown,  
 Who marks with glorious infamy  
 All who are as his foll'wers  
 known,

He is the church's Lord and Head,  
 By whom we graciously are led.

4 We stand unto this very hour  
 In one firm bond of peace and  
 love;

We are at enmity no more,  
 But reconcil'd to God above:  
 As children we by him are own'd,  
 Since Christ for all our sins aton'd.

5 All ye who gospel-preachers are,  
 Adhere to Jesus crucified,  
 And watch with unremitting care,  
 That you in your first love abide;  
 Whoe'er forsakes it can't but feel  
 A want of apostolic zeal.

6 Heralds of grace, would ye com-  
 mence,  
 Of grace first self-experienc'd be;  
 And by the gospel you dispense  
 Yourselves be reconcil'd and free:  
 When pardon, grace and life you  
 find,  
 Then publish it to all mankind.

7 We join the ransom'd church of  
 God,  
 His blood-bought, blood-besprink-  
 led train,  
 To publish the good news abroad,

'That only through the Lamb once  
 slain

The world may gain a full release  
 From all their sins, and endless  
 grace.'

8 Christ's ransom'd people rest en-  
 joy,

Upon his arm they lean in peace;  
 To follow him is their employ,  
 In this most blessed time of grace:  
 They preach their Saviour crucified,  
 Determin'd nought to know beside.

9 In life they witness this, with  
 pow'r  
 That strikes and fastens in the  
 heart,

And when this mortal period's o'er,  
 And they in peace to Christ de-  
 part,  
 Their dying looks, serene and fair,  
 Bear witness that they christians  
 are.

**836.\*** T. 582. (1135.)

A MESSENGER of peace  
 No higher pleasure knows,  
 Than to direct the human race  
 To flee to Jesus' cross,  
 To Jesus' healing wounds,  
 And precious cleansing blood:  
 The source, whence life to us re-  
 dounds,  
 The fountain of all good.

2 Servant of God, be fill'd  
 With Jesus' love alone,  
 Upon a sure foundation build,  
 On Christ the Corner-stone;  
 By faith in him abide,  
 Rejoicing with his saints,  
 To him with confidence, when tried,  
 Make known all thy complaints.

3 A cheerful life enjoy,  
 A life of faith in God,  
 An int'rest, nothing can destroy,  
 In Christ's atoning blood;  
 Then though the heathen rage,  
 And devils envious roar,  
 The Saviour's grace in ev'ry age  
 Extol for evermore.

**837.** T. 90. (648.)

THE doctrine of our dying Lord,  
The faith he on mount Calv'ry  
seal'd,

We sign, asserting ev'ry word  
Which in his gospel is reveal'd,  
As truth divine, and curs'd are  
they

Who add thereto or take away.

2 We stedfastly this truth maintain,  
That none is righteous, no not  
one;

That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
We're justified by faith alone;  
And all who in his name believe,  
Christ and his righteousness re-  
ceive.

3 Our works and merits we dis-  
claim,

Opposing all self-righteousness,  
Ev'n our best actions we condemn  
As ineffectual, and confess,  
Whoe'er thereon doth place his  
trust,  
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

4 He is our Master, Lord and God,  
The fulness of the Three in One;  
His life, death, righteousness and  
blood,

Our faith's foundation is alone,  
His Godhead and his death shall be  
Our theme to all eternity.

5 On him we'll venture all we  
have,

Our lives, our all to him we owe;  
None else is able us to save,  
Nought but the Saviour will we  
know;

This we subscribe with heart and  
hand,  
Resolv'd through grace thereby to  
stand.

6 This now with heav'n's resplen-  
dent host

We echo thro' the church of God,  
Among the heathen make our boast  
Of Jesus' saving death and blood;  
We loud, like many waters, join,  
In showing forth his love divine.

Y

**838.\*** T. 82. (1137.)

PREACHERS of the gospel-word,  
Seek ye first to know the Lord,  
And to live in the enjoyment  
Of his grace, then your employment  
Rays of light will shed abroad  
In the family of God:

2 Not for your own worthiness,  
(All you are, you are through grace)  
But because your Lord and Saviour,  
Whose bless'd purposes ne'er wa-  
ver,

Is your sure support and aid,  
Counsellor and friend in need.

3 Leaders, would ye faithful prove,  
Ev'ry other gift above,  
Of obedience be possessed:  
With this duty unimpressed,  
How could ye at home preside?  
How the flocks of Jesus guide?

**839.\*** T. 22. (650.)

SHALL I, through fear of feeble  
man,  
The Spirit's fire in me restrain?  
Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most  
High?

2 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy  
throng,  
Soften thy truth, and smooth my  
tongue?

To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross endur'd, my God, by thee?

3 No, fearless I'll in deed and  
word

Witness of thee, my gracious Lord;  
My life and blood I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent.

4 For this let men revile my name,  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;  
I no reproach nor suff'rings dread,  
Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of  
pow'r,

Then let winds blow, or thunders  
roar,

I need not fear by sea or land,  
For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.

**840.\*** T. 166. (651.)

WE often, in our course through  
time,

Have rugged roads to travel;  
Faith's fortitude must sometimes  
climb,

And paths uneven level;  
But Jesus, through his tender care,  
Which is at all times present,  
Revives the weary traveller  
Again by ways more pleasant.

2 O thou, the sole defence and aid  
Of all the weak and feeble,  
Thou strong support in time of  
need,

And Saviour of thy people:  
Uphold us, Lord, most pow'rfully,  
With thy divine assistance,  
And grant us constant victory  
When meeting with resistance.

3 We offer gladly unto thee  
Our spirit, soul and body;  
We promise thee fidelity  
And loyalty most steady:  
Thou surely wilt thy cause main-  
tain,

Nor leave thy work unfinish'd;  
Thy servants many conquests gain,  
Tho' in appearance vanquish'd.

**841.** T. 56. (654.)

YE who called :: to Christ's ser-  
vice are,

Join together :: both in work and  
pray'r;

Venture all on him our Lord,  
Who assures us in his word,  
That we're constant :: objects of  
his care.

2 Show'rs of blessing :: from the  
Lord proceed,  
Strength supplying :: in the time  
of need;

For no servant of our King  
Ever lacked any thing;  
He will never :: break the bruised  
reed.

3 Lord have mercy :: on each land  
and place

Where thy servants :: preach the  
word of peace,

Life and pow'r on them bestow,  
Them with needful strength endow,  
That with boldness :: they may  
thee confess.

4 May we faithful :: in our service  
be,

Truly careful :: in our ministry;  
Keep us to thy church fast bound,  
In the faith preserve us sound,  
Often weeping :: grateful tears  
'fore thee.

**842.\*** T. 14. (653.)

LORD JESUS, who hast called us  
To magnify thy name,  
And preach the doctrine of thy cross  
Amidst reproach and shame;

2 We thee entreat with one accord:  
Thy ministers prepare  
To lead thy flock, and preach thy  
word,  
With meekness, zeal and care.

3 Without thy aid we nought can do,  
But by thy pow'r we know,  
Weak as we are, we're heroes too,  
Who conquer where we go.

**843.\*** T. 583. (658.)

SINNERS' Redeemer, gracious  
Lamb of God,

We thy poor children, purchas'd by  
thy blood,

With gratitude acknowledge, that  
we share

Thy boundless favor and protecting  
care.

2 From day to day may we with  
rapture feel

Thy life, thy unction, and thy Spi-  
rit's seal,

The pow'ful drawings of thy love  
and grace,

And zeal to serve thy cause with  
faithfulness.

3 With each of us obtain thy gracious aim,  
That we, thy servants, may exalt thy name;  
Enabled by thy grace, may we declare  
The greatness of thy ransom ev'ry where.

4 We feel our insufficiency, to bear  
The weighty charge committed to our care;  
To thee, who dost thy people's cause defend,  
We the concerns of thy whole church commend.

**844.** T. 166. (649.)

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,  
Thou know'st the thoughts of ev'ry breast,  
To thee each servant gladly goes,  
Like Noah's dove, for peace and rest.  
Indeed the waters overflow  
The world all o'er, and us withstand;  
Few will our mind and purpose know,  
Few comprehend thy blest command.

2 But we can hope thy word and grace  
Will soften many a heart of stone;  
What means can help the human race?  
The same which our poor hearts have won.  
Though carnal reason stand to faith  
Oppos'd, the wounded conscience flies  
To the blest doctrine of thy death,  
And all-atoning sacrifice.

3 Thy pow'rful presence, Lord, display,  
Or else in vain the sun we see;  
Thou art our life, our truth, our way,  
We have no comfort, but in thee:

Vouchsafe to us thy unction, Lord,  
Where'er obedient to thy call  
We go, thy help to us afford,  
And ever be our All in all.

**845.\*** T. 58. (652.)

REDEEMER of mankind, God of all grace,  
Pour fire and Spirit on thy witnesses,  
Preaching thy salvation, by love constrained:  
Thus thousands more for thee shall still be gained,  
By thy blest word.

2 O may thy ransom'd people ev'ry where  
Of this great truth for ever witness bear,  
That whoe'er believeth in Christ's redemption,  
May find free grace, and a complete exemption From serving sin.

3 Our elders and all other servants bless,  
To all their undertakings give success;  
Gracious Lord, afford them thy Spirit's unction,  
That they may faithfully fulfil the function,  
To which they're call'd.

4 Grant, none amongst us may inactive be,  
Enable us to serve thee cheerfully,  
Render thou successful each step and action,  
Which we perform, Lord, under thy direction, And in thy name.

5 'Let more unto thy church collected be  
In ev'ry quarter, to yield joy to thee,  
Here, and o'er the ocean, in all her stations;  
And, O impart to the most savage nations Thy saving grace!

**846.** T. 22. (656.)

BE present with thy servants, Lord,  
We look to thee with one accord;  
Refresh and strengthen us anew,  
And bless what in thy name we do!

2 O teach us all thy perfect will  
To understand, and to fulfil;  
When human insight fails, give  
light,  
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength  
and stay  
In our employ from day to day;  
Our thoughts and our activity  
Thro' Jesus' merits hallow'd be.

**847.\* T. 146. (655.)**

LORD, grant thy servants grace,  
The needful gifts and unction,  
That with due faithfulness  
They may discharge their func-  
tion;  
That all things as they ought  
May punctually be done;  
And with success, when wrought,  
Their work vouchsafe to crown.

2 We pray thee, bless them all,  
And prosper their endeavor,  
In their important call,  
To serve thee, gracious Saviour;  
Thou list'nest to our pray'rs,  
And surely wilt uphold  
The faithful ministers  
Of thy redeemed fold.

**848.\* T. 26. (657.)**

MOST faithful Lord, thyself re-  
veal;  
My eyes with contrite tears o'er-  
flow,  
My heart with gratitude doth glow,  
But adequate expressions fail.

2 Give me what thy own mind de-  
crees,  
And what thy children must pos-  
sess,  
If they shall serve thee with suc-  
cess:  
A neck which with thy yoke agrees.

3 Give me a lowly, faithful mind,  
With patience and undauntedness;  
If thou my poor endeavors bless,  
Action and rest may be combin'd.

4 Give me an inly cheerful heart,  
Besprinkled with thy blood, made  
clean:

O may it in my works be seen  
That thou its sole Possessor art!

5 Grant me to know thy blessed  
ways;  
With all both joy and grief to share;  
And lips thy mercy to declare  
To all that mourning seek thy face.

**849.\* T. 185. (659.)**

SINCE our Saviour call'd us to  
inherit  
Everlasting happiness,  
And without the unction of the  
Spirit

We the way to him can't trace,  
Grant us therefore, Holy Ghost, the  
favor,  
Both in doctrine and in our beha-  
vior

By thee to be taught and led,  
Till in Christ we're perfected.

2 Faithful Lord, my only joy and  
pleasure  
Shall remain, while here I stay,  
Thee, my matchless Friend and  
highest Treasure,  
To adore, serve and obey;  
Though I in myself am weak and  
feeble,  
Yet I trust thy grace will me enable,  
By obedience to thy will  
All thy purpose to fulfil.

**850.\* T. 228. (660.)**

BODY and soul's at thy command,  
And we with gladness ready stand  
To serve thy name, Lord Jesus!  
Since thy blest Spirit did explain  
Unto our hearts, why thou wast  
slain,  
Nought else on earth can please  
us:

O no,—although  
We are feeble—and unstable,  
Thou'rt our Treasure,  
And to serve thee is our pleasure!

2 Unto ourselves no praise is due;  
 And should we even something do,  
 That in thy sight were pleasing,  
 To thee we render all the praise,  
 Thou giv'st thereto enabling grace,  
 And grantest us thy blessing:  
 Unless—thy grace  
 Sway our nature,—ev'ry creature  
 Is unwilling  
 Aught that's good to be fulfilling.

**851.\*** T. 166. (661.)

TAKE me into thy hands anew,  
 Out of which none is plucked,  
 By which thy children are brought  
 through,  
 And servants are conducted:  
 Lord Jesus, lead and bless thou me  
 In ev'ry future station,  
 That I may serve thee faithfully  
 Until my consummation.

2 With mouth and hand I give to  
 thee  
 Myself as thy own booty,  
 T'increase each talent thou gav'st  
 me  
 Shall be my pleasant duty;  
 O let my soul ne'er moved be  
 From thee, my faithful Saviour;  
 Both late and early show to me  
 Thy mercy and thy favor.

**852.** T. 39. (662.)

LORD, grant us, though deeply  
 abased with shame,  
 With true christian courage to act  
 in thy name;  
 May we in thy blessed work always  
 abound,  
 And may with success all our labor  
 be crown'd.

2 Give grace, that as brethren we  
 join hands in love,  
 Engaging to thee ever faithful to  
 prove,  
 Whene'er to thy service appointed  
 we stand,  
 To sow, or to reap, at thy call and  
 command.

**853.\*** T. 4. (1138.)

O JESUS, my Lord,  
 For ever ador'd,  
 My Portion, my All,  
 At thy holy feet with abasement I  
 fall.

2 As sure as I prove  
 Thy mercy and love  
 To me, thy poor child,  
 As sure as thou art my Reward and  
 my Shield,

3 So sure will I be  
 Devoted to thee,  
 And cheerfully stand,  
 Prepared to follow thy ev'ry com-  
 mand.

4 Keep me through thy grace  
 So minded always,  
 That I nought beside  
 May know but thee only, and thee  
 crucified.

5 Whene'er I survey  
 In stillness, and weigh  
 The proofs of thy grace,  
 Experienc'd by me in so manifold  
 ways,

6 I then at thy throne  
 Adoring sink down,  
 With joy and deep shame;  
 Thy love to my grateful return hath  
 a claim.

7 For ever be blest,  
 Thou source of true rest;  
 Thanks be to thy hand,  
 Which led me, and safely will lead  
 to the end.

8 Now am I, though dust,  
 Thy property just,  
 With thee one in heart,  
 May nought from thy love me, poor  
 sinner, e'er part.

9 Soul, spirit and mind  
 To thee be resign'd,  
 Thy throne there erect,  
 Till thou thy whole purpose in me  
 canst effect.

10 Whatever I do,  
With thy blood bedew,  
May ev'ry thought be  
Intent on enjoying communion with  
thee.

11 Make me thine abode,  
A temple of God,  
A vessel of grace,  
Prepar'd for thy service, and form'd  
to thy praise.

12 The cov'nant is made  
With thee, as my Head;  
Lord, grant my request,  
To love and to serve thee, till with  
thee I rest.

**854.\* T. 97. (1139.)**

ATTEND, Lord Jesus, to my pray'r,  
Unto thyself O draw me near;  
Thou know'st the frailty of my  
heart,  
Thy unction unto me impart,  
For vain were all my zeal and  
faithfulness,  
Unless supported by thy aiding  
grace.

2 May I, in thy communion blest,  
Enjoy an undisturbed rest,  
Make soul and body thine abode,  
A temple of the living God:  
Thus, Lord, for thy appearing may  
I wait,  
Then will my joy in thee be quite  
complete.

**855.\* T. 14. (1140.)**

O GRANT thy servant, through  
thy grace,  
An understanding heart,  
Thy dealings with thy church to  
trace,  
And counsel to impart.

2 With heav'nly wisdom me endow,  
Thy peace O may I feel,  
Presence of mind on me bestow,  
To execute thy will.

3 Thus strengthen'd in the inner  
man,  
Supported by thy aid,  
I shall thy gracious aim obtain,  
And in thy path proceed.

**856. T. 9. (1147.)**

SHEPHERD, help thy chosen  
few,  
Thee in truth to follow;  
With thy blood, whate'er we do,  
Be thou pleas'd to hallow.

2 Show us daily more and more  
Of thy church's beauty:  
Give the impulse and the pow'r  
For each sacred duty.

3 Thus shall we with willing feet  
On thy service venture;  
Thy hard labor makes all sweet,  
When on toil we enter.

**857.\* T. 22. (663.)**

IN mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,  
That in thy service we may do,  
With gladness and a willing mind,  
Whatever is for us assign'd.

2 Grant we, impelled by thy love,  
In smallest things may faithful  
prove;  
Till we depart, we wish to be,  
Devoted wholly unto thee.

**858.\* T. 155. (664.)**

FIT us for thy service, Lord,  
Each one in thy congregation,  
In his station;  
Set us in th' appointed place  
To thy praise;  
Make us in thy service stable,  
Willing, lively, faithful, able,  
Till in thee we end our race.

**859.\* T. 166. (665.)**

O MAY the witness-spirit rest,  
Lord, on thy congregation,  
May godly zeal inspire each breast  
To publish thy salvation;  
We gladly promise faithfulness  
To do what we are able;  
Sufficient is for us thy grace,  
Which doth support the feeble.

**860.\*** T. 79. (1141.)

WITH gladness we will follow thee,  
 We vow allegiance, bend the knee  
 To thee, our Lord and Head;  
 We'll venture freely ev'ry thing,  
 At thy command, O Christ our King,  
 By thee alone we will be led.

**861.** T. 590. (1142.)

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,  
 Thy chosen flock's defence,  
 Upon thee stay'd, my mind is kept  
 At ease, though in suspense!  
 Most graciously I'm onward led,  
 Beneath thy tender care;  
 Thy arm prepares my way, thine eye  
 Looks out before me far.

**862.** T. 146. (1144.)

O BLESS the ministry,  
 To which I am appointed,  
 'Midst weakness may I be  
 With pow'r divine anointed;  
 A lowly mind bestow,  
 Obedient, sway'd by grace;  
 Give me thy will to know,  
 Then will my works thee praise.

**863.\*** T. 97. (1145.)

THOU Master of thy family,  
 In humble faith we look to thee;  
 Dispose our hearts, thy blessed will  
 With resignation to fulfil;  
 Call forth thy servants: grant them  
 needful grace,  
 And say to each: 'I leave with  
 thee my peace.'

**864.\*** T. 232. (1148.)

JESUS, who died upon the cross,  
 And shed his precious blood for us,  
 (To God a pure oblation!)  
 Is the bless'd object of our faith;  
 We show the virtue of his death,  
 Of him we make confession:  
 O may his love our hearts inspire,  
 And touch our lips with hallow'd  
 fire;  
 Led by his Spirit and his grace,  
 May we set forth his matchless  
 praise;  
 Thus will the Lord, his due reward,  
 Well-pleas'd regard,  
 Receiving honor through our word.

**865.\*** T. 205. (1143.)

LET thy presence go with me,  
 Saviour, else I dare not move;  
 With thy aid and led by thee,  
 I will go, constrain'd by love;  
 Serve thy cause with all my might,  
 Deeming ev'ry burden light,  
 And, if favor'd with success,  
 To thee render all the praise.

**866.\*** T. 14. (1149.)

THE day will come, when Jesus  
 Christ,  
 The righteous Judge declar'd,  
 Will be his servants' crown of joy,  
 Their endless, great reward.  
 2 Meanwhile they tread the narrow  
 path,  
 From worldly fetters freed,  
 Obedient to their Lord, in hope  
 They sow the gospel-seed.

### XXXIV. *The Spread of the Gospel.*

**867.\*** T. 22. (1150.)

ALL is the Lord's: the spacious  
 earth  
 Sets his creative wisdom forth:  
 What man of all the human race  
 Is not an object of his grace?

2 Gladly we spend our life and  
 blood,  
 To serve our Lord, the living God;  
 Ourselves to Christ an off'ring  
 give,  
 Who died, that we through him  
 might live.

3 What true disciple e'er would  
choose,

At home to follow selfish views,  
If, though with hardship and with  
pain,

One soul for Jesus he might gain?

4 God sends you forth—his will be  
done,

Your destin'd race with patience  
run,

To all mankind his word declare,  
Christ's ransom publish ev'ry  
where.

5 But lay your own foundation  
sure,

Be clean in heart, in spirit poor,  
Devoted wholly to the Lord,  
Then will he needful strength af-  
ford.

6 Fall down in faith beneath his  
cross,

Cry: 'God be merciful to us!'  
Lord, let us hear thy cheering voice,  
And ever in thy name rejoice.

**868.\* T. 590. (646.)**

IS this indeed our happy lot,  
T' exalt thee, Lamb once slain!  
Who art thou! who can right de-  
scribe

Thy great and glorious name!  
And who are we, that we should  
take

This mighty task in hand!  
We helpless sinners, base and vile,  
Sure we must blushing stand.

2 There hast thou us, most gra-  
cious King!

To thee our hearts are bound;  
Our knowledge yet extends not far,  
O grant us deeper ground,  
That each beholder may in us  
Thy image clearly trace,  
And in our words and walk discern  
That we are led by grace.

3 Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,  
Thy blessing on us show'r,  
Lift up thy gracious countenance  
Upon us evermore;

O may we fully know thy mind,  
Thy saving word proclaim,  
That many heathen tribes may find  
Salvation in thy name.

4 In these our days exalt thy grace,  
Thy precious gospel spread,  
That for the travail of thy soul,  
Thou may'st behold thy seed;  
O may thy knowledge fill the earth,  
Increase the number still  
Of those who in thy word believe,  
And do thy holy will.

5 Thanks, Jesus, for thy sacred  
blood,  
That precious healing stream,  
All without this is cold and dead,  
However good it seem;  
That virtue is of no avail,  
Which takes not hence its rise:  
Thy blood were else of no effect,  
That blood of so great price.

6 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare  
To follow thy command;  
To execute thy utmost aim,  
And in thy presence stand,  
As servants willing to be us'd,  
Who in thy work delight,  
And offer freely praise and pray'r,  
As incense, day and night.

7 Hereto we cheerful say Amen!  
We have this truth avow'd,  
That we in spirit, body, soul,  
Are bound to serve our God,  
Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd  
our hearts,  
And conquer'd us by love;  
To him we have engag'd ourselves,  
O may we faithful prove!

**869.\* T. 166. (666.)**

O LORD, we highly magnify  
And bless thy saving Jesus-name:  
The love that prompted thee to die  
We will to all mankind proclaim;  
Thou bidst the sparks of grace  
arise,  
Which kindle many a lifeless  
heart;  
Thou hear'st the needy sinner's  
cries,  
And pardon freely dost impart.

2 If we are to thy cause but true,  
 Upright, obedient to thy will,  
 Enabling grace thou wilt bestow,  
 Thy thoughts of peace in us fulfil.  
 In all things we may trust thy  
 grace,  
 And rest on thy almighty arm;  
 Keep thou our souls in constant  
 peace,  
 And shelter us from ev'ry harm.

870.\* T. 22. (667.)

IN our short warfare here below,  
 May our experience daily show,  
 That in our weakness, through thy  
 aid,  
 Thy strength divine is perfected.

2 Without thy blessing how could  
 we  
 Be servants pleasing unto thee?  
 But we can by experience sing,  
 Thy word hath pow'r and fruit doth  
 bring.

3 Ah, could we preach in ev'ry place  
 Our Saviour's boundless love and  
 grace,  
 That thousands who are yet en-  
 slav'd,  
 Might in these gospel-times be  
 sav'd!

4 There's but a small beginning  
 made,  
 The earth is still o'ercast with  
 shade:  
 Break forth, thou Sun of righteous-  
 ness,  
 And spread thy all-enliv'ning rays!

5 Whene'er we to mankind pro-  
 claim  
 Thy dying love and precious name,  
 Support thy servants' weakness,  
 Lord,  
 By thy blest Spirit, grace and  
 word.

6 Lord of the harvest! lab'ers send,  
 Who willing are their lives to spend  
 In scorching heat and chilling cold,  
 To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7 When all our labor here is o'er,  
 And when our light shall burn no  
 more,  
 When our endeavors have an end,  
 Then let our souls to thee ascend.

871.\* T. 114. (668.)

THOU Saviour of the world, great  
 Mediator,  
 O may'st thou for the travail of thy  
 soul

Behold thy seed extend from pole  
 to pole:

Thy boundless mercy show to ev'ry  
 creature;

With old and young thy gracious  
 aim obtain;

Thy pray'rs and tears can never  
 plead in vain.

2 Thy glorious gospel spread  
 through ev'ry nation,  
 Give us an open door, thy saving  
 name

In the most distant regions to pro-  
 claim,

With pow'r and with the Spirit's  
 demonstration;

And grant us joyfully to feed by  
 faith

In peace upon the merits of thy  
 death.

872. T. 74. (669.)

THINK on our brethren, Lord,  
 Who preach the gospel-word  
 In spirit free and bold,  
 In hunger, heat, and cold;  
 Thou art their Strength and Shield,  
 Help them to win the field.

2 Give us an open door,  
 And spirit, grace and pow'r,  
 To tell what thou hast done  
 For mankind to atone,  
 That thus in ev'ry place  
 We may declare thy grace.

3 O Lord, before us go;  
 To ev'ry sinner show  
 What need he hath of thee,  
 And then most pow'rfully  
 Convince each human heart,  
 That thou our Saviour art.

4 O let thy strength and might  
Subdue the en'my's spite:  
Our weakness well thou know'st,  
Of nothing we can boast,  
But that we trust thy word,  
And know, thou art our Lord!

5 Our weak endeavors bless,  
And crown them with success.  
Thou Workman great and wise!  
Who shall thy work despise?  
A tool that's us'd by thee  
Can wonders do, we see.

**873.\*** T. 97. (670. 1119.)

THE Lord himself gave forth the  
word,  
We preach most gladly Christ the  
Lord;  
May thousands, Lord, thy voice  
obey,  
And turn to thee without delay;  
To those who hear us grant an  
open ear,  
And when we point thee out, do  
thou appear.

2 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,  
That, in the earth's remotest parts,  
The love of God to all mankind  
Be preach'd to heathen base and  
blind;  
For Jesus saves from sin all who  
believe,  
And th' offer'd pardon in his blood  
receive.

3 Thanks, adoration, glory, praise,  
To Christ we render for his grace,  
With ev'ry breath may we proclaim  
His goodness, and extol his name;  
O Lord, thy knowledge spread both  
far and near,  
May all in thy redemption have a  
share.

**874.** T. 97. (671.)

AS 'twas of old, we now may trace,  
In these most blessed times of grace,  
How the reviving gospel-sound  
Of blood-bought grace is spreading  
round;  
We see with joy the work of God  
increase,

And thousands who through Jesus  
find release.

2 We see in hearts as cold as ice  
The Sun of righteousness arise,  
And that his all-enliv'ning rays  
Of Satan's slaves makes sons of  
grace,  
Who are increasing daily more and  
more,  
And who the Lamb once slain with  
us adore.

3 Great is the harvest, truly great,  
Saviour of all! we thee entreat,  
To send forth lab'ers, who with joy  
Of thy atonement testify,  
And to prepare still many wit-  
nesses,  
Who from experience may pro-  
claim thy grace.

**875.\*** T. 22. (672.)

LORD, at thy feet amaz'd we sink,  
When on thy wondrous grace we  
think,  
Which now so strikingly appears:  
The glory of this vale of tears.

2 The gospel in these blessed days,  
Throughout the earth its beams  
displays;

Nations, that never heard of thee,  
Thy great salvation shout to see.

3 That mystery from ages seal'd,  
God, by his Spirit, hath reveal'd,  
That heav'nly thrones and pow'rs  
might know

God's wisdom by the church be-  
low.

4 Though hated, though despis'd  
and mean,

Yet while we on thy mercy lean,  
Let nations rage, let devils roar,  
We will confess thee evermore.

**876.\*** T. 121. (673.)

YE people of the Lord,  
Be still, and trust his word:

Bring your supplications  
'Fore him with one accord,  
That many heathen nations

May his word receive,  
And in him believe. ::|:

2 O might we clearly trace,  
In these blest times of grace,  
'Mongst the Brethren's people  
In each a willingness  
To be the Lord's disciple,  
To spend life and blood  
In the cause of God. :||

**877.\*** T. 206. (674.)

LET the world hear! :||  
God's Son and Heir,  
Who to us came,  
And bore :||: our sin and shame,  
Who liv'd among his own :||:  
Unknown,  
Despis'd and mean,—and then was  
slain,

The ransom HE :||:  
For all the world and me. :||:

2 Hereby we stand, :||:  
With life in hand,  
Us help afford  
To bear :||: this witness, Lord:  
That thousands may embrace :||:  
Thy grace:  
We will diffuse—the gospel-news  
In ev'ry land; :||:  
The Lord will by us stand. :||:

**878.** T. 221.

THE springs of salvation from  
Christ the rock bursting,  
And flowing thro' the wilderness,  
Refresh and enliven his heritage  
thirsting,

Abundant are the show'rs of  
grace.  
As rain overstreaming the parched  
ground,  
With plenty now teeming, spreads  
verdure round,  
The promised blessing its influence  
diffuses,  
And fruit, to the husbandman grate-  
ful, produces.

2 'I'll bless thee and thou shalt be  
set for a blessing;'

Thus saith the Lord, 'to all  
around;'

O may we in grace and in number  
increasing,  
In faith which works by love  
abound:

Upon thy grace founded immov-  
ably,  
And rooted and grounded in love  
to thee,  
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word,  
and behavior,  
To others of life unto life prove a  
savor.

**879.\*** T. 583. (1165. 675.)

THE earth's the Lord's! to culti-  
vate the land,  
And sow the gospel-seed we ready  
stand;  
In hope, that for his travail Christ  
may see  
A rich reward, and reap abun-  
dantly.

2 O Lord, command us what we  
are to do,  
Where thou wilt call us we desire  
to go,  
Because thy orders do imply suc-  
cess,  
To break through roads we else  
could never pass.

3 May many wild uncultivated  
parts,  
Where Satan bears the sway in  
heathen's hearts,  
Bear fruit abundantly to thee, O  
Lord,  
And thousands be converted by thy  
word.

**880.\*** T. 205. (1152.)

WOULD the world our passport see,  
By which we free entrance gain,  
Or ask our authority,  
We reply: 'the Lamb was slain!'  
This is ev'ry where our boast,  
He that higher soars is lost;  
For that pow'ful word we raise,  
Christ, to thee eternal praise.

2 Ev'ry where with shoutings loud,  
Shouts, that shake the gates of hell,  
Thy anointed witness cloud  
Of thy great redemption tell;  
Are our door-posts, Lamb of God,  
Sprinkled with atoning blood,  
By its virtue we shall be  
From the dread destroyer free.

**881.\* T. 136. (1153.)**

GOD'S boundless grace  
 Preserves each faithful servant:  
 All share his aid, in cold and heat  
 most fervent,  
 'Midst ice and rocks,  
 Or on the stormy seas,  
 Are soul and body under his direc-  
 tion:

The shadow of his wings affords  
 complete protection;  
 The Lord will be about our ways,  
 O boundless grace!

2 Our life, our death,  
 Be to thy joy and honor,  
 Who art of life, and each good gift  
 the donor;

We say, Amen!

Thou Author of our faith,  
 Thy name be glorified in our beha-  
 vior,

Whether our pilgrimage be rough  
 or smooth, dear Saviour;

Be thou our strength, while we have  
 breath,  
 Our life in death.

**882.\* T. 221. (679.)**

WITH fire and with spirit endow'd  
 ev'ry moment,

Ye ministers of Christ confest,  
 Go forth, and proclaim ye the word  
 of atonement

Both far and near, and when op-  
 prest

By hardships and trials, be bold in  
 God,

And gladly for him spend your life  
 and blood.

'Midst tempests and billows, and  
 through deserts go,

The seed of the gospel 'mongst  
 heathen to sow.

**883.\* T. 205. (1154.)**

GROUNDLED on th' eternal Rock

Jesus Christ, his church's stay,  
 Strong and firm 'midst ev'ry shock,

Humble, but without dismay;

Such the pilgrim, who in faith  
 Safely walks the narrow path:

He proceeds from grace to grace,  
 Till with joy he ends his race.

2 More and more our joys increase,  
 As we humbly travel on,

Jesus gives abundant grace,

While we lean on him alone;

Through the virtue of his blood,

Source of life and ev'ry good,

We preserve a cheerful mind,

His bless'd will to do inclin'd.

3 Then we suit ourselves to those,

Who with us yoke-fellows are,

Glad to soften all their woes,

Glad their ev'ry joy to share;

If to Christ the Vine we cleave,

Daily strength from him receive,

Thro' his pow'r we shall produce

Goodly fruit, matur'd for use.

**884.\* T. 582. (1156.)**

AMBASSADORS of Christ,

Know ye the way you go?

It is a path not strew'd with flow'rs,

But yielding thorns and wo;

All who Christ crucified

Their only Saviour own,

Meet oftentimes with treatment base,

Unto their Master shown.

2 Only against offence

With circumspection guard;

By craft or force, in ev'ry place

The fiend is striving hard

God's work to overthrow,

That in the trying hour,

The servants of the Lord may fall,

Bereft of faith and pow'r.

3 But see, the fields are white,

Go therefore, lab'ers, go,

The Lord leads on to victory,

His pow'r and grace ye know;

Christ, whom we Saviour call,

Of all is sov'reign Lord,

He is the Captain of the host,

We conquer through his word.

**885. T. 11. (1158.)**

BRETHREN, what do you desire?

After what do you aspire?

Whither do your labors tend?—

To preach Christ, the sinners'  
 Friend.

2 Seems this subject ever new?  
Can you give it praises due?  
Ne'er be weary to proclaim  
Jesus' lovely, saving name.

3 Never, never will we cease  
To proclaim the news of peace,  
Never, till our latest breath;  
Fervent, faithful unto death.

886.\* T. 79. (677.)

GO, witness of the suff'ring  
Of Christ, who as our off'ring  
Our guilt and curse did bear;  
Proclaim his great salvation  
To many a heathen nation,  
And spread his gospel far and  
near.

887.\* T. 205. (1161.)

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,  
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,  
With the shield of faith in hand,  
Fearless, let what may befall;  
Nothing fill thee with dismay,  
Hunger, toil, or length of way;  
In the strength of Jesus boast,  
Never, never quit thy post.

888.\* T. 185. (1162.)

WHAT affords the christian war-  
rior vigor,  
Who climbs rocks, or sinks in  
sands,  
Braving now of northern storms the  
rigor,  
Scorched then in southern lands?  
Here no care avails, no circumspec-  
tion,  
But depending on his Lord's pro-  
tection,  
In his heav'nly armour clad,  
He moves on, serene and glad.

889. T. 14.

HOW are thy servants blest, O  
Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their shield Omnipotence.

Z

2 In foreign realms, and lands re-  
mote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass  
unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,  
Makes ev'ry region please,  
Where on the mountains they pro-  
claim  
Thy reign, O Prince of Peace!

4 The love of Christ constraining  
them,  
They plant sweet Sharon's rose  
Successfully, on icy plains,  
And in eternal snows.

5 In midst of dangers, fears and  
deaths,  
Thy goodness they adore;  
And praise thee for thy mercies  
past,  
And humbly hope for more.

890.\* T. 161. (1159.)

URG'D by love, on ev'ry station,  
To the fallen human race  
We will publish Christ's salvation,  
And declare his blood-bought  
grace:  
To display him—and pourtray him  
In his suff'ring form and beauty,  
Be our aim and pleasing duty.

891.\* T. 155. (1168.)

O WHAT songs in highest strain  
Will the ransom'd sing in heaven,  
With thanksgiving,  
To him who brought us to God  
By his blood,  
When of ev'ry tongue and nation,  
There will be with exultation  
But one flock and Shepherd known.  
2 Amen, Jesus' words are true,  
Surely he his gracious promise  
Will accomplish;  
Ye his servants, ready stand,  
In each land,  
Yea in the most distant places,  
Till he comes, to sound his praises,  
And make known his saving name.

**892.** T. 590. (680.)

LORD, to thy people aid dispense,  
Their Shield and Portion be,  
And let their lives the world convince

That they belong to thee:  
Extend thy help to distant parts,  
Thy servants send to call,  
Reveal thy grace to heathens' hearts  
Thy grace extend to all.

**893.** T. 22.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 Enter his gates with thankful songs,  
And in his courts your voices raise;

Let earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
Sound forth, O gracious Lord,  
thy praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When fleeting years shall cease to move.

**894.** T. 195. (681.)

LORD God, our Salvation!  
Let thy grace and favor  
Rest upon thy church for ever:  
Jesus, thee to follow  
Be our blessed function;  
Grant us all thy Spirit's unction,  
To declare—every where  
The complete salvation,  
Purchas'd by thy passion.

**895.** T. 22.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,

And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,

Inhabitest the humble mind;

Such ever bring thee where they come,

And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,

To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;

To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring thy cross before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord:\*

O rend the heavens, and come down,

And make each rebel heart thy own!

**896.** T. 22.

WITH joy we hasten to the place  
Where we our Saviour oft have met,

And while we feast upon his grace,  
Our burdens and our griefs forget.

2 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,

Or with affliction daily fed,

It makes amends, if we can come  
To God's own house for heav'nly bread!

3 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord:

Here we thy promis'd presence seek;

Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,

And give us manna for the week.

\* *Isaiah liv. 2.*

## 897. T. 11.

JESUS is become at length  
My salvation and my strength;  
And his praises shall prolong,  
While I live, my pleasant song.

2 Praise ye, then, his glorious  
name,  
Publish his exalted fame!  
Still his worth your praise exceeds,  
Excellent are all his deeds.

3 Raise again the joyful sound,  
Let the nations spread it round;  
Zion, sing, thy Monarch see!  
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

## 898. T. 14.

ZION, where God records his name,  
In our esteem is dear;  
Tasting his goodness, we exclaim:  
'Tis good to sojourn here!

2 We see his beauty, and admire  
The glories of his house;  
Into his will we here inquire,  
And here we pay our vows.

3 Now, Saviour, bless us from on  
high,  
Infuse thy love and fear;  
And let our lives exemplify  
The precious truths we hear.

4 And as successively we quit  
This mortal, dying frame,  
May others here before thee meet  
To bless thy holy name.

## 899. T. 11.

SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought  
sheep!

Teach the stony heart to weep;  
Let the blind have eyes to see,  
See themselves and look on thee.

2 Let the minds of all our youth  
Feel the force of sacred truth;  
While the gospel-call they hear,  
May they learn to love and fear.

3 Show them what their ways have  
been,  
Show them the desert of sin;  
Then thy dying love reveal,  
This shall melt a heart of steel.

4 Where thou hast thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run;  
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,  
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

5 Bless us all, both old and young;  
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;  
Let the whole assembly prove  
Thy rich grace and dying love.

## 900.\* T. 90. (676.)

CHRIST Jesus is that precious  
grain,  
Which fell into the ground and  
died;  
Now since he for our sins was  
slain,  
He doth no more alone abide,  
But, for the travail of his soul,  
His seed appears from pole to pole.

## 901. T. 22.

FROM all that dwell below the  
skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore  
to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## 902. T. 585.

LORD, dismiss us with thy bless-  
ing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and  
peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
O refresh us, :::  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
King of Glory! :::  
Sway thy sceptre all around,

XXXV. *Holy Baptism.*

903. T. 58. (719.)

WHEN we baptize a sinner in  
Christ's death,  
Then is the blood and water his  
true bath:  
Not with water only came the  
Lord Jesus:  
He came with water and with  
blood to bless us.

Praise be to God!

2 The water is in baptism seen by  
eyes;  
On Jesus' blood not seen our faith  
relies;  
We are well persuaded this foun-  
tain cleanseth  
Polluted sinners, and true grace  
dispenseth

To live to him.

3 This precious blood is full of  
energy,  
It washes clean, and cures effec-  
tually;  
And the Holy Spirit, unto us ten-  
der'd,  
Bears witness pow'rfully that we  
are render'd

Children of God.

4 O come then, Father, Son, and  
Holy Ghost!  
While we of Jesus' bitter passion  
boast;  
While on him relying, we are bap-  
tizing  
This sinner in Christ's death, that  
he be rising

With Jesus too.

5 Besprinkle him, O Jesus, Son of  
God,  
Now with thy precious all-atoning  
blood;  
Cleanse both soul and body from  
all pollution,  
And grant to him the seal of abso-  
lution,

Thy peace divine.

904. T. 590. (720.)

HEAV'N'S kingdom none shall  
enter in

But he who is a child:

Therefore are children by our God  
Heirs of his kingdom styl'd.

Is heaven theirs? none shall for-  
bid

A child to come to him;

Who shall forbid the water-flood  
A babe to overstream?

2 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be present with us here:

We trust in Jesus' saving name,  
To us his words are dear.

We now baptize a little child  
Into the Saviour's death;

'Tis his command, and we perform  
This solemn act in faith.

905. T. 590. (721.)

LORD Jesus, from thy pierced side  
Both blood and water stream'd,

A cleansing laver to provide

For man, from sin redeem'd;

Thou saidst, 'Preach pardon to the  
lost,

Baptize them in the name

Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;'

We now will do the same.

2 Be present with us, Lord our God!

Though water fails from sin

To cleanse, yet thy atoning blood

Can wash this infant clean:

Accept this child we now baptize

And here present to thee;

His soul be precious in thine eyes,

Now and eternally!

906. T. 22. (722.)

BURIED in baptism with our  
Lord,

We rise with him, to life restor'd:

Not the bare life in Adam lost,

But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Christ by his blood aton'd for sin,  
This precious blood can wash us  
clean,  
And he arrays us in the dress  
Of his unspotted righteousness.

907. T. 582. (723.)

OUR baptism first declares  
That we must cleansed be,  
Then shows that Christ to all God's  
heirs

Dispenseth purity.

2 Water the body laves;  
And, if 'tis done by faith,  
The blood of Jesus surely saves  
The sinful soul from death.

3 Baptiz'd into his death,  
We rise to life divine;  
The Holy Spirit works the faith,  
And water is the sign.

908. T. 14. (724.)

FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord!  
(In him our Father too)

O bless, we pray with one accord,  
The work we have to do.

2 Jesus! as water well applied  
Will make the body clean;  
So in the fountain of thy side  
Wash thou this soul from sin.

3 O Holy Ghost! with pow'r apply  
The Saviour's cleansing blood;  
Own thou this babe, and testify:  
'This is a child of God.'

909. T. 39. (725.)

THOU who in the days of thy flesh  
didst receive

The children, and to them thy  
blessing didst give,  
Most gracious Redeemer, thy favor  
bestow

On him we present thee, we pray,  
bless him now.

2 Receive him, O Christ, as a lamb  
thou hadst lost,  
And think what a price his redemp-  
tion hath cost!

Thy name on his forehead, thy seal  
on his breast,

Be by thee, our Shepherd and  
Bishop, impress'd.

Z 2

3 Vouchsafe to be present, thou  
Father ador'd;

And thou our Redeemer, and mer-  
ciful Lord;

O Holy Ghost, come with thy unc-  
tion and fire,

And all with thy love and salva-  
tion inspire.

910.\* T. 201.

THE eye sees water, nothing more,  
As it is pour'd out by men,

But faith alone conceives the pow'r  
Of Jesus' blood to make us clean:

Faith sees it as a cleansing flood,  
Which overstreams the soul with

grace,  
Heals ev'ry wound and makes all

good,  
That Adam brought on us his race,

And all that we ourselves have done.

911. T. 22. (726.)

O BLEST Redeemer! in thy side  
Upon the cross was made a wound,

The fount in which we're purified,  
Wherein our sin and guilt are

drown'd.

2 Water and blood in streams ran  
hence,

And on the earth were freely spilt;  
Water to sanctify and cleanse;

Blood to atone for heinous guilt.

3 This wondrous grace to place in  
view,

Baptismal waters were design'd,  
In which thou, Lord, wast buried

too,  
To thy great Father's will re-  
sign'd.

4 Thus penitents who die to sin,  
With thee are buried in thy grave,

Thus quicken'd to a life divine,  
Their souls a resurrection have.

5 And though their bodies turn to  
dust,

This holy symbol doth assure,  
The resurrection of the just

Shall render them once bright  
and pure.

**912.** T. 582. (727.)

COME, lowly souls, that mourn,  
Depress'd with grief and shame,  
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing  
blood,  
And call upon his name.

2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,  
The blood which Jesus spilt,  
While we with water you baptize,  
Will wash away your guilt.

3 While with repenting tears  
Your sins you now deplore,  
Christ with his blood will blot  
them out,  
Remember them no more.

4 Ye who in Christ believe,  
And to his sceptre bow,  
Sing your Redeemer's love and  
tell  
What he hath done for you.

5 Unspotted robes you wear,  
Your sighs to songs are turn'd:  
Garments of praise adorn you  
now,  
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6 Ye with your Lord are ris'n;  
Aspire to things above,  
Mansions for you your Lord pre-  
pares,  
In realms of light and love.

**XXXVI.** *The Holy Communion.***913.\*** T. 599. (1181.)

LORD Jesus, who before thy pas-  
sion,

Distress'd and sorrowful to death,  
To us the fruits of thy oblation  
In thy last supper didst bequeath,  
Accept our praise, thou bounteous  
Giver

Of life to ev'ry true believer.

2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,  
Each sacred token doth declare  
Thy dying love, all thoughts sur-  
passing,

And while we thee in mem'ry bear,  
At each returning celebration,  
We show thy death for our salva-  
tion.

3 Assurance of our pardon sealed  
Is in this sacrament renew'd,  
The soul with peace and joy is filled,  
With thy atoning blood bedew'd,  
This from unrighteousness us  
cleanseth,  
And life abundantly dispenseth.

4 That bond of love, that mystic  
union,  
By which to thee, our Head,  
we're join'd,

Is closer drawn at each commu-  
nion,  
By love inspir'd we know thy  
mind,  
And feeding on thy death and me-  
rit  
Are render'd one with thee in spi-  
rit.

5 Lord, by thy flesh the soul is  
nourish'd,  
When faint, thy blood doth us re-  
vive,  
And while our faith thereby is  
cherish'd,  
To serve thee and thy house we  
strive;

We, by this food invigorated,  
Are to good works anew created.

6 While thus thou feed'st the poor  
and needy,  
Life from thy death pervades the  
whole:

And the true members of thy body  
In thee, their Head, one heart  
and soul,

For whom one bread and cup suf-  
ficed,  
Into one spirit are baptized.

7 Thy flesh to us a pledge is given,  
That ev'n our flesh, corrupt and  
vile,  
Shall from the dust be rais'd to  
heaven,  
And with unfading glories smile,  
And soul and body be for ever  
At home with thee our Lord and  
Saviour.

8 O what a striking exhibition  
Of love divine is here bestow'd;  
Our hungry souls in this fruition,  
Find here on earth our highest  
good:  
It proves amidst all tribulation,  
Of heav'nly bliss th' anticipation.

**914.\* T. 69. (1182.)**

WITH deep devotion  
We in Christ's suff'rings trace  
Th' unfathom'd ocean  
Of his unbounded grace:  
He gave—Himself, our souls to  
save.

2 His body broken  
Upon the shameful cross,  
As he hath spoken,  
Was giv'n to death for us;  
We feed—On everlasting bread.

3 That precious fountain  
Of blood, which from him flow'd  
On Calv'ry's mountain,  
Is now on us bestow'd;  
Here we—Life's well-spring open  
see.

4 O well-spring flowing  
Unto eternal life,  
Our souls bedewing,  
By thee alone we thrive,  
And are—Enabled fruit to bear.

5 The Lord draws near us,  
Let us to meet him haste,  
He comes to cheer us,  
His flesh is our repast,  
His blood—Our drink and highest  
good.

6 In sweet communion  
With Christ our paschal Lamb,  
And holy union  
With all who love his name,  
May we—Abide continually.

**915. T. 160. (728.)**

SEE Jesus seated 'midst his own,  
With pensive mind oppressed,  
Foreboding pangs and griefs un-  
known,  
Amazed and distressed;  
Strong fears beset—but stronger yet  
Love's pow'r his soul then moved,  
And love the conqu'ror proved.

2 With great desire he long'd be-  
fore  
His final, bitter suff'ring,  
To eat the passover once more,  
Type of his body's off'ring;  
And in a last—farewell repast,  
To give a sacred token  
Of his love's bond unbroken.

3 In that most dark and doleful  
night,  
When Jesus was betrayed,  
And, viewing hell's collected might,  
As man felt sore dismayed,  
Yet see his face—with matchless  
grace  
Shine on his flock with healing,  
Pardon and peace revealing.

4 In bread and wine to them he gave  
His sacred body broken,  
His blood, shed guilty souls to save;  
For thus the Lord hath spoken,  
And we believe,—adore, receive,  
Yea, feel the pow'r mysterious  
To heal, revive and cheer us.

5 Lord Christ, I thank thee for thy  
grace,  
Since by thy invitation,  
Here at thy table I take place,  
And taste of thy oblation;  
Now seal me thine—and be thou  
mine,  
That nought on earth me ever  
From thy communion sever.

6 'Tis here my needy soul is fed,  
But not with food terrestrial;  
Thy body is my living bread,  
Thy blood my drink celestial:  
And at thy feet—my rest how sweet!  
Here may I have my station,  
A trophy of thy passion.

7 And when I once, of heav'nly bliss  
 And perfect love possessed,  
 Shall see my Saviour as he is,  
 The Lamb for ever blessed,  
 Still shall each breath—show forth  
 his death:  
 My voice shall swell the chorus,  
 To sing that song most glorious.

**916.** T. 166. (729.)

IN that most dark, and doleful  
 night,  
 In which our Saviour was betray'd,  
 Before his suff'rings, he took bread,  
 Blessed, and brake it, and then said:  
 'Take, eat; this is my body giv'n  
 For you, and offer'd on the tree;  
 Perform this ord'nance as I do,  
 And doing it, remember ME.'

2 Then after supper took the cup,  
 And having given thanks, he said:  
 'Tis the New Test'ment in my  
 blood,  
 The blood for you and many shed;  
 Take this, and drink ye all of it,  
 Your sins' remission here you see;  
 Oft as this ord'nance ye perform,  
 It in remembrance do of ME.'

3 Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,  
 We'll ne'er forget thy love divine:  
 Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,  
 Which made thee ours, and made  
 us thine.  
 We thus commemorate thy death,  
 Till thou shalt once again appear:  
 Meanwhile remember, gracious  
 Lord,  
 Us thy unworthy foll'wers here.

**917.\*** T. 205. (730.)

HAPPY race—of witnesses!  
 Whom God's Spirit doth ordain  
 To make known—what God hath  
 done;  
 Ye can only vict'ry gain  
 By that sacred cov'nant blood,  
 Which the Fathers, bold in God,  
 Wrote in faith on ev'ry door,  
 That the slayer might pass o'er.

2 Israel's seed—from slav'ry freed,  
 Eat with joy their Paschal Lamb;  
 But the bride—of Christ, who died  
 Her from bondage to redeem,  
 Hath another passover;  
 (There the shadow, substance here:)  
 She enjoys the flesh and blood  
 Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

3 Here we now—most humbly bow,  
 Being met in Jesus' name,  
 Who for us—died on the cross,  
 Bearing our reproach and shame;  
 'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,  
 And the Spirit, Three in One,  
 With the countless heav'nly host,  
 And the assembly of the just.

4 Ere we taste—the rich repast,  
 Which he offers graciously,  
 On our food,—his flesh and blood,  
 Feasting in the sanctuary,  
 Ere the sacrament t'enjoy,  
 We with awe to him draw nigh,  
 We in love and fellowship  
 This communion love-feast keep.

5 Eat and rest—at this great feast;  
 Then to serve him freely go,  
 As it is—for pilgrims fit,  
 As disciples ought to do;  
 We, when Jesus we shall see  
 Coming in his majesty,  
 Shall the marriage-supper share,  
 If we his true foll'wers are.

6 Then will be—of ransom'd souls  
 An innumerable throng:  
 'Lamb once slain,—to thee pertain  
 Thanks and praise' will be their  
 song:  
 'Hallelujah' will they cry,  
 Singing in sweet harmony,  
 'Midst all trials we o'ercome  
 Only by thy blood, O Lamb!'

**918.\*** T. 594. (731.)

JESUS, how great was thy desire,  
 Once more to eat the paschal  
 lamb  
 With thy dear flock! O what love's  
 fire,  
 Did here thy sorr'wing soul in-  
 flame!

Each precious word thy kindness  
showeth,

Thereby we are divinely blest:  
The love that in thy bosom gloweth  
Is herein render'd manifest.

2 Thy love is great beyond all  
measure,

Thence we derive eternal good;  
Thou grantest us, O what a treasure!  
Thy holy body, and thy blood;  
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient  
That thou should'st die for our  
offence,

But, out of love, thou ev'ry patient  
Wouldst heal, and make thy resi-  
dence!

3 O love divine! how strong, how  
ardent!

More strong than death! our life to  
gain,

Th' incarnate God, through love  
most fervent,

Was as a Lamb for sinners slain.  
Love urg'd the sov'reign great  
Creator,

'Fore whom the universe doth  
shake,

By whom all things subsist in na-  
ture,

Once in the earth his grave to  
make!

**919.** T. 590. (732.)

THAT doleful night before his  
death,

The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Did almost with his latest breath  
This solemn feast ordain.

To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,  
And to remember thee:

Help each poor sinner to repeat,  
'For me he died, for me.'

2 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred  
sign

To our remembrance brings;  
We feed upon thy love divine,  
Forget all earthly things.

O tune our voices, and inflame  
Our hearts with love to thee,

That each may gratefully proclaim,  
'My Saviour died for me!'

**920.** T. 166. (1187.)

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,  
Show forth thy death, and praise  
thy name,

Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage-supper of the Lamb;

In mem'ry of our dying Lord,  
The church on earth, till time  
shall end,

Meets at his table to record  
The love of her departed Friend.

**921.** T. 9. (737.)

SUFF'RING Saviour, Lamb of  
God,

How hast thou been used!  
With God's sin-avenging rod  
Soul and body bruised!

2 We, for whom thou once wast  
slain,

We, whose sins did pierce thee,  
Now commemorate thy pain,  
And implore thy mercy.

3 What can we poor sinners do,  
When temptations seize us!

Nought have we to look unto  
But the blood of Jesus.

4 Pardon all our sins, O Lord;  
All our weakness pity;

Guide us safely by thy word  
To the heav'nly city.

5 O sustain us on the road  
Through this desert dreary;

Feed us with thy flesh and blood  
When we're faint and weary.

6 Bid us call to mind thy cross,  
Our hard hearts to soften;

Often, Saviour, feast us thus,  
For we need it often.

**922.\*** T. 581. (738.)

TO avert from men God's wrath  
Jesus suffer'd in our stead;

By an ignominious death  
He a full atonement made:

And by his most precious blood  
Brought us sinners nigh to God.

2 That we never should forget  
 This great love on us bestow'd,  
 He gave us his flesh to eat,  
 And to drink his precious blood:  
 All who sick and needy are  
 May receive in him a share.

3 Hither each afflicted soul  
 May repair, tho' fill'd with grief;  
 To the sick, not to the whole,  
 The Physician brings relief:  
 Fear not therefore, but draw nigh,  
 He will all your wants supply.

4 He who in self-righteousness  
 Fixeth any hope or stay,  
 Hath not on a wedding dress,  
 And with shame is sent away;  
 To the hungry, weary heart,  
 He will food and rest impart.

5 But examine first your case,  
 Whether you be in the faith;  
 Do you mourn for pard'ning grace?  
 Is your only hope his death?  
 Then, howe'er your soul's opprest,  
 Come, you are a worthy guest.

6 He who Jesus' mercy knows,  
 Is from wrath and envy freed;  
 Love unto our neighbor shows  
 That we are his flock indeed:  
 Thus we may in all our ways  
 Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

**923.\* T. 58. (739.)**

CHRIST was revealed in the flesh  
 for us,  
 To suffer death upon the shameful  
 cross;  
 Now his holy body, for sinners  
 given,  
 Is our soul's food, until we shall in  
 heaven Adore his name.

2 With thirsty souls we drink the  
 sacred blood,  
 Which flow'd from Jesus Christ,  
 the Lamb of God,  
 To procure for sinners complete  
 salvation,  
 When he became the full propitia-  
 tion For all our sins.

3 While we partake thereof in hum-  
 ble faith,  
 We show forth Jesus' sin-aton-  
 ing death,  
 And with deep abasement the con-  
 gregation  
 Gives glory, honor, praise and ado-  
 ration Unto the Lamb.

**924.\* T. 126. (741.)**

IS that my dearest Brother,  
 (Saith one of low degree,)  
 Who, though the Father's equal,  
 Became a man like me,  
 And on the ignominious tree  
 Aton'd for my transgressions?—  
 'Tis he most certainly!

2 Ye who believe on Jesus,  
 And on account of sin  
 Have mourn'd with pungent sorrow,  
 But now feel joy within,  
 What think ye, that to him on high,  
 'Fore whom ev'n John did trem-  
 ble,  
 Ye dare approach so nigh?

3 He show'rs his choicest blessings  
 This day upon each heart,  
 And thus to soul and body  
 Salvation doth impart.  
 That blood which on the cross he  
 shed  
 Our drink is, and his body  
 Is our true heav'nly bread.

4 He said, 'My flesh is truly  
 Meat, and my blood is drink:'  
 So did, unto his glory,  
 The Lord's disciples think.  
 We with the heart believe it too,  
 And can with full assurance  
 Declare it to be true.

5 In spirit we behold him  
 As dying in our stead;  
 We may approach with boldness  
 To him in all our need.  
 Th' enjoyment of this heav'nly  
 feast  
 Makes us, his congregation,  
 In soul and body chaste.

6 Thou ransom'd church of Jesus,  
 Increase in love and faith,  
 United to thy Saviour;  
 Be faithful unto death,  
 And own him God for evermore,  
 Who took our human nature;  
 Him in the dust adore.

**925.** T. 232. (740.)

THE holy bread which now we  
 break,

The cup of which we all partake,  
 Is the participation

Of Jesus' flesh and blood, for us  
 A ransom giv'n upon the cross,

To purchase our salvation.  
 He said, 'My flesh is truly meat;  
 This is my body, take and eat.'  
 He also took the cup, and said,  
 'This is my blood, for you 'tis shed.'

Lord, we draw near

Thy table here

With childlike fear:

Dear Jesus, to our hearts appear.

2 Most holy Lord, thou know'st  
 our wants,

And how each needy sinner pants  
 For thee, our Lord and Saviour:

O may our hungry souls be fed  
 With thee, the true life-giving  
 Bread,

And taste thy matchless favor:  
 O may thy blood, the stream of life,  
 Our thirst assuage, our souls revive.

Thou living Vine, each branch  
 supply;

Our souls and bodies sanctify:

And grant that we

Abide in thee

Continually;

Yea, bear such fruit as pleaseth thee.

3 O Lord, who dost thyself impart  
 In mercy to each contrite heart,

Enjoying the communion:  
 Grant that we may be one in thee,  
 May love each other heartily,

And thus abide in union.  
 Let nothing 'mongst thy flock take  
 place

Which tends thy doctrine to dis-  
 grace;

By faith and love in all we do,

O may we, to thy honor, show

In all our ways

The boundless grace

Thy love displays,

Which in the sacrament we trace.

4 Now bless and praise the slaugh-  
 ter'd Lamb,

Extol his saving Jesus' name,

Thou favor'd congregation!

Which at the table of our Lord

Hast ate and drank with one ac-  
 cord;

Thou know'st thy destination

Is to abide in Christ by faith,

And to show forth our Saviour's  
 death:

Walk then as children of the light,  
 Live to his praise by day and night;

O Lamb once slain,

We vow again

Thine to remain:

Confirm our promises. Amen!

**926.\*** T. 9. (742.)

TILL the hour shall come, with  
 tears

By the church desired,  
 When our Lord again appears,  
 Now from sight retired:

2 He hath with a pledge of grace  
 His dear flock supplied,

Whereby his own witness race  
 Shows forth that he died.

3 'Tis his body and his blood  
 Which the soul refreshes;

Church of Christ, this highest good  
 Claims thy thanks and praises!

4 By this sacrament we are  
 To our Lord united;

To due watchfulness and pray'r,  
 And good works excited.

5 With deep rev'rence we draw nigh,  
 Falling down before thee;

While we this repast enjoy,  
 We with awe adore thee.

6 Us thy congregation own,  
 Let us taste thy favor,

And by faith recline, like John,  
 On thy breast, dear Saviour.

**927.\* T. 23. (743.)**

SOUL, at this most awful season,  
Soar above thy scanty reason;  
To the light approach, where clear-  
est;

Duly mind what dress thou wear-  
est.

2 Jesus, Lord of the creation,  
Gives thee now an invitation;  
His unbounded love revealing,  
He'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3 Hasten, as for brides is fitting,  
Give thy bridegroom soon the meet-  
ing,

Say, 'Dear Lord, let me receive  
thee,

Hold thee fast, and never leave  
thee.'

4 Heav'nly joy and holy trembling  
I feel in me, past dissembling;  
Since by sharing this communion  
I'm with God in closest union.

5 Human reason is too shallow  
In this myst'ry thee to follow,  
How thou hast unto us given  
Thy own flesh, the bread of heaven:

6 How the blood which from thee  
flowed,

Is in wine on us bestowed:  
O the myst'ry deep and blessed,  
By God's Spirit here expressed!

7 Thy communion's celebration;  
Bows me down to deep prostration;  
May I never unprepared,  
To my condemnation share it.

**928.\* T. 23. (744.)**

COME, approach to Jesus' table,  
Taste that food incomparable,  
Which to us is freely given,  
As an antepast of heaven.

2 Jesus' bride, his congregation,  
Calls to mind her Saviour's passion,  
With his body she is nourish'd,  
With his blood refresh'd and  
cherish'd.

3 Far be gone all carnal reason,  
At this awful blessed season;  
Lamb once slain! we now desire it  
By thy love to be inspired.

4 This mysterious, heav'nly bless-  
ing

Is all thought by far surpassing;  
Deeply bow'd may we adore thee,  
Soul and body sink before thee.

5 Now is come our time sabbatic,  
Lord, we feel thy pow'r emphatic;  
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,  
Let us taste thy grace and favor!

**929.\* T. 71. (745.)**

MY soul, prepare to meet  
Thy Saviour; at his feet  
Fall down adoring;  
The Lord of earth and skies  
A feast for thee supplies,  
Past thy exploring.

2 How vast is here display'd,  
In brightest form array'd,  
His love's dimension!  
O grace! beyond the ken  
Of angels or of men,  
Past comprehension!

3 How should I, holy Lamb,  
Who dust and ashes am,  
A worm, and earthy,  
To taste such boundless grace,  
And have so high a place  
Be counted worthy!

4 Ah, why am I thus blest,  
That such a heav'nly Guest  
My house will enter!  
Dare I, thou highest Good,  
To taste thy flesh and blood,  
A sinner, venture?

5 Upon thy call I'm here,  
I venture to draw near,  
Because thou'rt gracious:  
I on thy word rely,  
Thou wilt my soul supply  
With food delicious.

6 Grant me but this firm faith,  
That with thee, by thy death,  
I am united.

To cure and make me whole,  
Thou hast my sin-sick soul  
Freely invited.

7 Thy body slain for me,  
My food, my foretaste be  
Of heav'n's fruition!  
And by its pow'r may I,  
While I the world deny,  
Gain there admission.

8 Pervade, thou precious flood  
Of Christ's all-healing blood,  
My soul and senses:  
And to my needy heart  
Life, peace, and health impart,  
Thus heav'n commences.

9 Lord, of thy wondrous love  
That brought thee from above  
Thou gav'st this token:  
O may it constantly  
Unite my heart to thee  
In bonds unbroken.

10 Didst thou thyself devise  
To be my sacrifice,  
My Lord, my 'Treasure!  
Grant that continually  
To live alone for thee  
May be my pleasure.

11 Cause me, who now am thine,  
As branch to thee the Vine  
To cleave unceasing;  
Receiving strength and juice,  
That I may fruit produce  
To thee well pleasing.

12 Such grace on me is spent,  
That none hath its extent  
Aright explained:  
Grant now that I may show  
To fellow-sinners too  
A love unfeigned.

13 May ev'ry drop of blood  
In me, O Lord my God,  
Be sanctified:  
Oft as my heart doth beat,  
May I his praise repeat,  
Who for me died.

A a

930.\* T. 22. (746.)

THE congregation while below,  
Being imperfect, tears must sow;  
But we expect once joy to reap,  
Since we for Jesus' mercy weep.

2 Meanwhile that we might bear in  
mind

His dying love to lost mankind,  
He hath, as his last testament,  
To us bequeath'd the sacrament.

3 He, when this feast was first or-  
dain'd,

Its solemn import thus explain'd:  
'This is my body, take and eat,  
That you may never me forget.'

4 'This is my blood, of which  
whene'er

Ye drink, my death in mem'ry bear.'  
The church believes, and thus in  
faith

Partakes, and showeth forth Christ's  
death.

5 But words can never fully tell  
What in our melted hearts we feel:  
We taste, experience, and possess  
True joy, and weep for thankful-  
ness.

931.\* T. 242. (733.)

AS oft as we expect the favor,  
That in the sacrament our Saviour  
Himself will unto his people give,  
We weep for joy and grief:

For joy, that we're thus brought  
nigh to God

By Jesus' blood;

For grief, that we so little honor  
Afford to him in word and in de-  
meanor;

Yea, sometimes frustrate his gra-  
cious views

And purposes with us:

Ah, then in faith we sigh,

And to our Saviour cry:

O that thy hand, for us once pierced  
through,

Might bless all of us now,

And give absolving grace:

Lord, leave with us thy peace!

**932.** T. 211. (1188.)

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,  
 Hear thy people's fervent pray'r,  
 Us to meet thee now prepare,  
 We with awe appear before thee;  
 Longing to enjoy thy favor,  
 In this consecrated place,  
 We approach the throne of grace:  
 Lord, Lord God,

Thee we own our only Saviour. :||:  
 Blessed, truly blessed they,  
 Who to thee have found the way,  
 Who of thy body and thy blood ev'n  
 here partakers are,  
 And of the supper of the Lamb in  
 heav'nly realms above shall  
 share.

**933.** T. 151. (734.)

DEAR Lord! this congregation  
 Is poor, despise her not;  
 She's taken with thy passion,  
 As were she on the spot,  
 When, earning her election,  
 Thy heart-strings broke in death;  
 That stirs up her affection,  
 And gives her life and breath.

2 Shouldst thou desire her beauty,  
 For shame she hides her face;  
 And shouldst thou look for duty,  
 Her only plea is grace:  
 Though we are poor and needy,  
 Yet we're thy property;  
 When we enjoy thy body  
 And blood, how blest are we!

**934.\*** T. 15. (1186.)

AH! come, thou most beloved guest,  
 My joy and delectation,  
 With whose indwelling I am blest,  
 Source of all consolation.

2 O keep thy banquet, Lord, with  
 me,  
 A sinner poor and needy,  
 Since thou invit'st me graciously,  
 'Come, all things now are ready.'

3 I open heart and soul to thee,  
 Lord Jesus, to receive thee,  
 For thee I long most ardently,  
 O may I never leave thee.

**935.\*** T. 146. (735.)

WHERE my Redeemer's blood  
 And sweat the earth did cover,  
 May ev'ry sinful thought  
 Be now interr'd for ever;  
 Lord Jesus, grant my wish,  
 That I may thine abide,  
 And by thy holy flesh  
 And blood be sanctified.

**936.\*** T. 4. (736.)

O GLORIFIED Head,  
 Since mortals may tread  
 The holiest of all,  
 And deeply abas'd 'fore the mercy-  
 seat fall;

2 Admit us, we pray,  
 On this solemn day,  
 To thee to draw nigh,  
 And thy holy body and blood to en-  
 joy.

**937.** T. 14. (747.)

WHEN we before our Saviour's  
 face  
 Appear with contrite hearts,  
 He soothes our griefs, and pard'-  
 ning grace  
 To ev'ry one imparts.

2 When we commemorate his love,  
 He saith, 'For you I died:  
 Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
 And view my wounded side.'

3 'These are the wounds I bore for  
 you,  
 The tokens of my pain:  
 By which I for your guilty souls  
 Eternal life did gain.'

4 We eat his body, slain for us,  
 And giv'n a sacrifice;  
 Thirsting we drink his sacred blood,  
 That precious ransom-price.

5 Ah then we feel, that life divine  
 From Jesus' death redounds,  
 Eternal blessings from his cross,  
 And healing from his wounds.

**938. T. 14. (748.)**

LORD, how divine thy comforts  
are!

How heav'nly is the place  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred  
feast  
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our  
God,

And heav'nly glories shine;  
There Jesus saith, that I am his,  
And my Beloved's mine.

3 'Here,' saith our kind redeeming  
Lord,

And shows his wounded side,  
'Behold the spring of all your joys,  
That open'd when I died.'

4 What shall we pay our heav'nly  
King

For grace so vast as this!  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.

**939. T. 14. (749.)**

TOGETHER with these symbols,  
Lord,

Thy blessed self impart;  
And let thy holy flesh and blood  
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd  
In thy atoning blood;

And let thy Spirit be the seal  
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus'  
love

Prepare us for this feast;  
O let us banquet with our Lord,  
And lean upon his breast.

**940.\* T. 141. (750.)**

CHRIST, thy flock doth hunger  
For thy flesh, our food,

Thirsts with ardent longing  
For thy precious blood,  
Which thou hast bequeathed,  
As thy testament,  
To thy congregation  
In the sacrament.

2 Like the king of Salem,  
Thou with wine and bread  
Com'st to meet thy people,  
Them to cheer and feed.  
O preserve th' enjoyment  
Of thy blood and death  
To thy congregation,  
While we live by faith.

**941. T. 56.**

THEY who hunger :||: after Christ,  
are fed,

All the thirsty :||: to life's fountain  
led;

He the needy doth supply,  
With good things abundantly,  
From his fulness :||: they are nour-  
ished.

2 Since he welcomes :||: ev'ry soul  
distress'd,

And hath promis'd :||: to the weary  
rest,

At his call we now draw nigh,  
He invites each graciously,  
Come poor sinner, :||: come and  
share my feast.

**942.\* T. 151. (753.)**

THOSE souls are truly blessed,  
Who to our Saviour cleave,

Of living faith possessed,  
And in his name believe;

For what is still denied  
To sight, while here below,  
Is by our faith enjoyed,  
And makes our hearts to glow.

2 Faith on Christ's declaration  
With confidence relies:

He now his congregation  
With heav'nly food supplies;  
Would we as branches flourish  
On Jesus the true Vine,  
His blood our souls must nourish,  
Else they would droop and pine.

3 Draw near to Jesus' table,  
Ye contrite souls, draw near;

The hungry, sick and feeble  
His choicest dainties share.

Let Jesus' death engraven  
Upon your hearts remain;  
Thus here, and there in heaven,  
Eternal life you gain.

**943.\* T. 22. (752.)**

O CHURCH of Jesus, now draw  
near

With humble joy, and filial fear;  
According to his testament,  
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2 Here all our wants are well sup-  
plied,

And we show forth that Jesus died:  
May we abide in him by faith,  
And cleave to him in life and death.

3 Th' enjoyment of the flesh and  
blood

Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,  
Endoweth us with strength and  
grace

To love and serve him all our days.

**944.\* T. 99. (754.)**

ACT full of godlike majesty!

O Love's abyss! I'm lost in thee,  
O myst'ry, all our thoughts sur-  
passing!

Now all our wants are well supplied,  
And we show forth that Jesus died,  
As oft as we enjoy this blessing.

**945. T. 185. (751.)**

GREAT the feast, to which thou,  
Lord, hast bidden

Such a worthless guest as me;  
'Tis an awful myst'ry, deep and  
hidden,

'Tis a heav'nly legacy:  
Contrite souls, howe'er by sin in-  
fected,

Are made welcome, not one is re-  
jected,

Else this grace to sinful me  
Never could extended be.

2 Thou thy table spreadest for the  
needy,

Who may feast and take their fill;  
Thou to grant thy heav'nly gifts art  
ready,

And thy goodness to reveal;  
Soul and body in this rich fruition  
Gain from thee, the Bread of life,  
nutrition;

And we, as thy flesh and bone,  
Lord, with thee are render'd one.

**946.\* T. 119. (755.)**

BREAD of life, :||:

Christ, by whom alone we live,  
Bread, that came to us from heaven!

My poor soul can never thrive  
Unless thou appease its craving;  
Lord, I hunger only after thee,  
Feed thou me. :||:

**947.\* T. 22. (757.)**

O THAT in Jesus' church, his  
bride,

Sin might henceforth be mortified  
By him, who us to save was slain,  
And underwent such racking pain!

2 O might our souls and bodies be  
From sinful influences free,  
Might we, while still on earth we  
live,

To him the Vine as branches cleave.

3 O were we free from strange de-  
sire,

And from depraved nature's fire,  
As dead to all corruption base,  
As formerly to righteousness!

4 Lord, by the power of thy death,  
Renew in us a living faith,  
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,  
And sanctify us by thy grace.

5 O church, rejoice, though trem-  
blingly,

The Lord's death now pervadeth  
thee;

O may his sacred body cure,  
And make our souls and bodies pure.

**948. T. 26. (772.)**

AH! who are we, thou God of love!  
That we should hear, through grace  
abounding,

The solemn invitation sounding:  
'Prepare for the Lamb's feast  
above.'

2 Prostrate before the mercy-seat  
We sinners lie, with holy trem-  
bling,

The elders' blissful choir resem-  
bling,

Who cast their crowns before thy  
feet.

3 Here more than 'Tabor's glories  
shine:  
Heart-captivating meditation!  
Ev'n here thou feed'st thy congrega-  
tion  
With heav'nly manna, food divine!

4 Here it is good for us to be!  
Our souls imbibe, while here we  
tarry,  
The breezes of the sanctuary,  
The atmosphere of Calvary.

5 Rise, and your pilgrim-path pur-  
sue,  
Revived by this rich fruition;  
Soon shall the beatific vision,  
The Lamb in glory, meet your  
view.

**949.\*** T. 97. (758.)

THE breath which can the dead  
bones raise,  
And to Christ's members life con-  
veys,  
Pervadeth thee, thou church of  
God,  
And Jesus' sanctifying blood  
Is now imparted to each thirsty  
soul;  
It cheers the mourners, makes the  
wounded whole.

2 O church of God, lift up thy  
heart,  
The Vine its power doth impart;  
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt  
For thine and ev'ry sinner's guilt;  
Take, drink the blood, the blood so  
freely spilt  
For mine, for thine, and ev'ry sin-  
ner's guilt.

**950.\*** T. 152 or 9. (87.)

WHEN the Lord of glory died,  
Not a bone was broken;  
But a soldier pierc'd his side,  
For a lasting token:  
From thence stream'd a double flood,  
Of a cleansing nature;  
Both the water and the blood  
Wash the guilty creature.

A a 2

**951.** T. 582. (759.)

MY Saviour's pierced side  
Pour'd forth a double flood;  
By water we are purified,  
And pardon'd by his blood.  
Look up, my soul, to him,  
Whose death was thy desert,  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from his wounded heart.

**952.** T. 166. (760.)

YE foll'wers of the Lamb once  
slain!  
Draw near, and take the cup of  
God:  
Approach unto the healing stream,  
And drink of the atoning blood;  
That blood for our redemption spilt,  
Assuring us of purchas'd grace;  
That blood, which takes away all  
guilt,  
And speaketh to the conscience  
peace.

**953.\*** T. 146. (761.)

BY thy sweat mix'd with blood,  
Which flow'd in thy soul's an-  
guish  
From thee, O Lamb of God,  
When thou for us didst languish  
In sad Gethsemane,  
And with our sins oppress'd,  
Didst weep, and groan, and pray,  
That sinners might be bless'd;  
2 Yea, by thy blood once shed  
For us, when scourges wounded  
Thy back, and when thy head  
A thorny crown surrounded;  
Oh, by that blood which flow'd  
When nails thy body tore,  
Bless us, O Lord our God,  
Who humbly thee adore!  
3 Lord Jesus, may the blood  
Thou shedst for our salvation,  
Which is our highest good,  
Refresh this congregation,  
When in the sacrament  
We drink of it in faith,  
And by this testament  
Show forth thy bitter death.

**954.\*** T. 149. (762.)

O WHAT happiness divine!  
 What a lot most precious,  
 Confidently to recline  
 On the breast of Jesus!  
 Where who will—Takes his fill,  
 And yet longs for ever  
 For more grace and favor.

2 Jesus cometh to fulfil  
 All thy heart desireth,  
 Doth himself to thee reveal,  
 Thee with love inspireth;  
 His blood spilt—All thy guilt  
 Will erase for ever,  
 And thy sins will cover.

**955.** T. 184.

SEE from the rock the waters  
 bursting,  
 In copious streams, at God's  
 command,  
 His people to refresh, when thirst-  
 ing  
 With drought, parch'd in a bar-  
 ren land:  
 Thus plenteous flow'd on Calv'ry's  
 mountain,  
 The blood from Jesus' healing  
 wounds:  
 Here is for sin an open fountain,  
 Here everlasting life abounds.

**956.** T. 97. (764.)

JESUS, thou Source of life, impart  
 Thy blood unto my thirsting heart,  
 Panting I seek that fountain-head,  
 Whence waters so divine proceed;  
 Still near this living stream may I  
 abide,  
 By which my needy soul is satisfied.

**957.** T. 124. (765.)

MAY the stream from thee, the  
 Rock,  
 Gracious Jesus,  
 Richly bless thy thirsting flock,  
 And refresh us!  
 'Tis the source of pow'r, of life,  
 And salvation,  
 To thy congregation.

**958.\*** T. 79. (766.)

THY precious, all-atoning blood  
 Is to this hour, O Lamb of God,  
 An ocean of free grace.  
 All those, who venture to draw nigh  
 To thee, can witness bear with joy,  
 They ne'er go empty from thy  
 face.

**959.\*** T. 23. (767.)

FLOCK of Christ, with exultation,  
 View the well-springs of salvation!  
 Drink and live,—with an emotion  
 Of unfeigned heart's devotion!

2 May to Jesus, while we're living,  
 From our works redound thanks-  
 giving,  
 And our lowly, meek behaviour  
 Clearly show we love our Saviour.

**960.** T. 581.

ROCK of ages, rent for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee!  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy riven side which flow'd,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and  
 pow'r.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling,  
 Naked, come to thee for dress,  
 Helpless, look to thee for grace,  
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,—  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyes shall close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy judgment throne,  
 Rock of ages, rent for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

**961.\*** T. 82. (768.)

JESUS makes my heart rejoice,  
 I'm his sheep, and know his voice:  
 He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,  
 And his pastures are delicious,  
 Constant love to me he shows,  
 Yea, my worthless name he knows!

2 Trusting his mild staff always,  
I go in and out in peace;  
He will feed me with the treasure  
Of his grace in richest measure;  
When athirst to him I cry,  
Living water he'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,  
Led by Jesus as his sheep;  
For when these blest days are  
over,

To the arms of my dear Saviour  
I shall be convey'd to rest:  
Amen, yea, my lot is blest!

**962.\*** T. 83. (769.)

MORE than shepherd's faithful-  
ness

To his flock our Saviour show-  
eth;

From the treasures of his grace  
He the choicest gifts bestoweth:  
As his sheep by him we're own'd,  
Since his blood for us aton'd.

2 They who feel their want and  
need,

Thirsting for his great salvation,  
On the richest pastures feed,

With true joy and delectation;  
Till they shall, when perfected,

With celestial joys be fed.

**963.** T. 582. (770.)

MY Shepherd is the Lamb,  
The living Lord, who died;  
With all that's truly good I am  
Most plenteously supplied;  
He richly feeds my soul  
With manna from above,  
And leads me where the rivers roll  
Of everlasting love.

2 My table he doth spread  
With choicest fare, and I  
Behold the Lamb, the living Bread,  
And eat most joyfully;  
He makes my cup run o'er,  
Anointeth me with oil,  
I shall enjoy for evermore  
The merits of his toil,

3 When faith and hope shall  
cease,

And love prevail alone,  
I then shall see him face to face,  
And know as I am known;  
Then I my Shepherd's care  
Shall praise, and him adore,  
And in his Father's house shall  
share  
True bliss for evermore.

**964.\*** T. 583. (771.)

HOW blest are we, when we enjoy  
thy love,

And in the sacrament thy bounty  
prove!

When we with humble shame, O  
Lamb of God,

Feed on thy body and thy precious  
blood.

2 Whenever we this highest good  
enjoy,

We promise thee anew fidelity;  
Pow'r to perform thou hast for us  
obtain'd,

When, by thy death, life was for  
man regain'd.

3 Make thou us monuments of  
grace to show

What wonders thou on sinners vile  
canst do;

O were in our whole walk this to  
be seen,

That of thy feast we have partakers  
been.

4 We humbly pray that, with thy  
chosen train,

From this repast we may new  
strength obtain;

O deaden all that would thy grace  
withstand,

Or to its influence refuse to bend.

5 We have nought good in us to  
bring 'fore thee,

Yet thou art ours, and we're thy  
property,

Preserve to us this grace, we thee  
implore,

To have our part in thee for ever-  
more.

**965.\* T. 11. (773.)**

COULD we sinners fully tell,  
How our hearts with rapture swell,  
Gladly then we would declare  
Ev'n to angels what we share.

2 But since words the happiness  
Which we feel, can ne'er express,  
We adoring 'fore him lie,  
And what he bestows enjoy.

3 Angels sing before his throne,  
While we at his feet sink down;  
Gracious Jesus, Man and God,  
What hast thou on us bestow'd!

**966.\* T. 583. (774.)**

SINCE Jesus died, my guilty soul  
to save,  
Heav'n's foretaste I may here al-  
ready have:

O how unutterably blest am I,  
Partaking of him sacramentally!

2 When heav'nly bread he gives  
my soul to eat,  
That I may henceforth never him  
forget;

When I, a needy sheep of his blest  
flock,  
Drink of the stream that flows from  
Christ, the Rock!

3 I live now, and to God myself  
will give,  
But yet not I, but Christ in me shall  
live;

His mercy and his goodness I shall  
taste

Both here below, and when with  
him at rest.

**967\*. T. 11. (775.)**

JESUS, who to save hast pow'r,  
And who livest evermore  
For thy flock to intercede,  
Helping us in time of need;

2 Thou, who a divine repast  
For the poor prepared hast,  
Giving thy own flesh and blood  
As the needy sinner's food;

3 Let thy pow'r divine, we pray,  
Be our strength and only stay,  
Till we drop this mortal vest,  
And the spirit goes to rest.

**968.\* T. 22. (776.)**

FOR that amazing love and grace,  
Which doth our thoughts by far  
surpass,

To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,  
Thanks be to thee, O Lamb of  
God!

2 Thy sacred body thou didst give  
For us, that we thereby might live;  
No pledge of love could be so great:  
O may we ne'er thy love forget.

3 Thy precious blood, for sinners  
spilt,  
Cleanseth our hearts, removes our  
guilt,

The debt is paid which we incurr'd,  
And we're to happiness restor'd.

4 Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,  
So that we rightly may conceive,  
What thou for all believers hast  
Prepared in this blest repast.

**969.\* T. 151. (777.)**

LORD Christ! I give thee praises,  
Thy hand ne'er intermits  
To show'r, as each day passes,  
On me thy benefits;  
Thy name, all names exceeding,  
I'll praise, for thou art good,  
Art with thy flesh me feeding,  
To drink giv'st me thy blood.

**970.\* T. 185. (778.)**

PRAISE be giv'n to Christ our  
soul's Beloved,  
By us sinners; what are we?  
Feeble human creatures, far re-  
moved

From angelic purity:  
Yet when he to his rich pastures  
leads us,  
Where he with his sacred body  
feeds us,  
And we drink his blood once shed,  
We are richly comforted.

**971.\*** T. 590. (782.)

THOU, who art present with thy church,

According to thy word,  
When, to enjoy thy flesh and blood,  
We meet with one accord;  
O grant us to show forth thy death,  
Until thou shalt appear;  
And may it in our walk be seen,  
That we thy foll'wers are.

2 May we so captivated be  
By thy redeeming love,  
As to be wean'd from earthly things,  
And fix our thoughts above;  
May all that's carnal be subdu'd,  
And mortified in us,  
That we may glory in thy name,  
And count all else but loss.

**972.\*** T. 96. (783.)

SINCE Jesus' body I have ate,  
And drank the blood he shed for me,

O may I never him forget!  
I know he will remember me;  
And I shall, when this life is o'er,  
Live in his presence evermore!

**973.\*** T. 83.

CHRIST, how are thy people blest,  
With thee, as their Head, united:  
Though of thee by faith possess'd,  
Still we, by thy love excited,  
Tears of ardent longing shed;  
Thou'rt our highest Good indeed!

**974.** T. 582. (779.)

COME, O my soul, and sing  
How Jesus thee hath fed;  
How Jesus gave himself to thee,  
The true and living Bread.

2 For food he gives his flesh;  
He bids us drink his blood;  
Amazing favor, matchless grace  
Of our incarnate God!

3 This holy bread and wine  
Confirms us in the faith,  
In love and union with our Lord,  
And we show forth his death.

**975.\*** T. 14. (1184.)

NO words can ever fully tell,  
What blessings Christ bestows  
On us, when we on Calv'ry dwell,  
And weep beneath his cross.

2 He, who unto his flesh and blood  
Can ne'er himself deny,  
Saith unto us: 'Take courage good,  
Your Brother, lo! am I.'

3 His loving heart we open see,  
Replete with tenderness;  
He as his blood-bought property  
Doth even us confess.

4 We are forgiv'n and reconcil'd,  
Our happiness renew'd,  
Our hearts with deep abasement  
fill'd,  
And with his blood bedew'd.

5 From all anxiety and dread,  
Which else our souls oppress'd,  
Thanks be to him, we now are freed,  
Our cares are sooth'd to rest.

**976.\*** T. 26. (780.)

THOU Lamb once slain, thy flesh  
and blood,

Which thou didst sacrifice for us,  
Upon the altar of the cross,  
Are to our souls delicious food.

2 This makes us all with one ac-  
cord  
To love each other fervently,  
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,  
And all that love thee, gracious  
Lord.

**977.\*** T. 22. (781.)

HAPPY, thrice happy hour of  
grace!

I've seen by faith my Saviour's face,  
He did himself to me impart,  
And made a cov'nant with my  
heart.

2 Ah, might in my behavior shine  
The pow'r of Jesus' love divine,  
His conflict and his victory,  
His seeking, and his finding me!

XXXVII. *For different Ages and Stations in Life.*

978. T. 83. (784.)

EACH division of thy fold,  
Freed from this world's vain tra-  
dition,

Male or female, young or old,  
In thee hath true joy's fruition;  
All, in their allotted place,  
Should walk worthy of thy grace.

2 Grant us a contented mind,  
That, in his peculiar station,  
Each may be to thee resign'd,  
Seeking only thy salvation.  
By thy staff we're safely led,  
Till in thee we're perfected.

## A. FOR CHILDREN.

979. T. 22. (785.)

THOUGH but a little child I am,  
Yet I may praise the slaughter'd  
Lamb:

He loveth children tenderly,  
He also loveth sinful me.

2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe  
Thou wilt a little child receive;  
For thou didst bless them formerly,  
And say, 'Let children come to  
me.'

3 Lord Jesus, unto me impart  
An humble, meek and docile heart;  
O cleanse me in thy precious blood,  
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4 Save me from liking what is ill,  
Teach me to do thy holy will;  
Each day prepare me, through thy  
grace,  
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

980. T. 14. (786.)

THOUGH Christ was God and all  
things made,  
Himself he humbled thus:  
That he, a Servant in our stead,  
Might minister to us.

2 Our Saviour was a lovely child,  
His parents' chief delight,  
In his behavior meek and mild,  
And always acted right.

3 A blessed pattern Christ our Lord  
Himself to children gave,  
That they to him might joy afford,  
And never misbehave.

4 A child true happiness may find,  
And humbly ought to pray:  
'Lord Jesus, make my heart in-  
clin'd  
To love, and to obey.'

5 'I'm often stubborn, vain and  
wild,  
Self-will'd and hard in heart;  
O Lord, to me thy chaste, thy mild,  
Thy holy mind impart.'

981. T. 14. (787.)

O WHAT a wretched heart have I,  
How full of sin and shame,  
How obstinate continually,  
How day by day to blame!

2 Lord, look on me 'midst all my  
faults;  
And, when thou seest my guilt,  
My wicked words and foolish  
thoughts,  
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3 In that most precious river cleanse,  
And wash my crimes away,  
My selfishness, and that offence  
Which I have done to-day.

4 When thou, dear Jesus, wast a  
child,  
Thou hadst no sin like me;  
No wicked words thy lips defil'd,  
No fault appear'd in thee.

5 Thou wast more spotless than a  
dove,  
More harmless than a lamb,  
Obedient, humble, full of love,  
And never once to blame.

CHILDREN.

6 But I am proud, and headstrong  
too,  
Oft sadly misbehave;  
I am not meek, like thee, and low;  
Me, Lord, in mercy save!

7 O might I but resemble thee,  
That ev'ry one might know,  
I love the Saviour, and will be  
His foll'wer here below.

8 Imprint thine image in my heart,  
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,  
And an obedient mind impart;  
Then I shall not be lost.

982. T. 14. (788.)

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,  
Whose heart is all unclean;  
How bad am I, and how defil'd,  
How prone to ev'ry sin!

2 O change my vile, and stubborn  
heart,  
Like thee, O make me pure;  
To me thy love divine impart,  
Keep me from sin secure.

3 Self-will, that cruel enemy,  
No more I would obey;  
Thy Spirit shall my Teacher be,  
And guide me in thy way.

4 O may I never speak a word  
But what I truly mean,  
Nor lie to thee, most gracious Lord,  
By whom each thought is seen.

5 I'll make thy wondrous, dying  
love,  
Dear Lord, my daily song!  
And joys like theirs who sing above,  
Shall tune my infant tongue.

983. T. 11. (789.)

LAMB of God, I look to thee,  
Thou shalt my example be;  
When thou wast a little child,  
Thou wast gentle, meek and mild.

2 Due obedience thou didst show,  
O make me obedient too;  
Thou wast merciful and kind,  
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil  
God my heav'nly Father's will,  
Never his good Spirit grieve,  
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,  
In thy hands secure I am;  
Fix thy temple in my heart,  
Never from thy child depart.

5 Teach me to show forth thy  
praise,  
Love and serve thee all my days;  
O might all around me see  
Christ, the holy child, in me!

984.\* T. 14. (790.)

THOU, gracious Saviour, for my  
good  
Wast pleas'd a child to be,  
And thou didst shed thy precious  
blood  
Upon the cross for me.

2 O take me as thy property,  
Take me just as I am,  
I know that I belong to thee,  
Thy love my heart doth claim.

3 Low at thy feet O may I bow,  
Be thine, my Saviour, still;  
In nothing bad myself allow,  
Nor ever show self-will.

4 Preserve, I pray, my heart se-  
cure  
From ev'ry hurt and stain;  
First make it, and then keep it  
pure,  
And shut to all that's vain.

5 If early thou wilt take me hence,  
O that no harm will be!  
Since endless bliss will then com-  
mence,  
When I shall live with thee.

6 If thou wilt have me longer stay,  
In years and stature grow;  
Help me to serve thee night and  
day,  
While I am here below.

7 Then, after walking in thy ways,  
And serving thee in love,  
Receive me to thyself in peace,  
To sing thy praise above!

**985. T. 11. (791.)**

OUT of love and boundless grace,  
Thou hast brought us to a place,  
Jesus, where we oft may hear  
Of the suff'rings thou didst bear.

2 Be our Shepherd ev'ry day,  
That we little lambs ne'er stray;  
Whensoever we hear thy voice,  
To obey may we rejoice.

3 Thanks to thee for all the care  
That's bestow'd upon us here;  
May we evermore to thee  
For thy goodness grateful be.

**986. T. 22. (792.)**

THOU Guardian of thy lambs, be-  
hold  
Us little ones of thy dear fold;  
Take us into thy special care,  
Secure our souls from ev'ry snare.

2 Let nothing in our minds take  
place,  
But what is sanctified by grace;  
May that sink deep into each heart,  
And may nought else have any  
part.

3 Set on our breasts thy Spirit's  
seal,  
Within our hearts thy love reveal,  
And our poor souls securely keep  
Among thy flock, thy chosen sheep.

**987. T. 14. (793.)**

LOVER of little children! thee,  
O Jesus, we adore;  
Our kind and loving Saviour be,  
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thy arms,  
Then we are truly blest;  
Thy new-born babes are safe from  
harms,  
While leaning on thy breast.

3 Still as we grow in years, in grace  
And wisdom let us grow,  
That daily more we thee may praise,  
More of thy mercy know.

4 Strong let us in thy grace abide,  
But ignorant of ill;  
From malice, subtlety and pride,  
O Lord, preserve us still.

**988. T. 14. (794, 811.)**

JESUS, the Lord, our Shepherd is,  
And did our souls redeem;  
Our present and eternal bliss  
Were both procur'd by him.

2 His mercy ev'ry sinner claims;  
For all his flock he cares;  
The sheep he gently leads, the  
lambs  
He in his bosom bears.

3 If unto us our friends are good,  
'Twas he their hearts inclin'd;  
He bids our fathers give us food,  
And makes our mothers kind.

4 Then let us thank him for his  
grace,  
He will not disapprove  
Our meanest sacrifice of praise,  
For his unbounded love.

5 When children honor Jesus thus,  
And thank him for his grace,  
Out of the mouths of babes, like us,  
His wisdom perfects praise.

6 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Ourselves we now resign:  
'Twill please us to look back, and  
see  
We were in childhood thine.

7 Let the sweet work of pray'r and  
praise  
Employ our infant breath;  
Thus we're prepar'd for length of  
days,  
Or fit for early death.

**989.\* T. 22. (795.)**

JESUS! the children's dearest  
Friend,  
Who dost to all our wants attend,  
Thou wast a child, and knowest  
well,  
How we, thy helpless children,  
feel.

2 Grant unto us continually  
The blessings of thy infancy;  
Let us, thro' each succeeding year,  
The merits of thy childhood share.

3 Thee, gracious Lord, we now im-  
plore,  
To manifest thyself still more,  
And thus to teach us by degrees  
To live a life of happiness.

4 May we thy mind still better know:  
May we in grace and knowledge  
grow,  
And learn all that whereby we may  
Adorn thy doctrine ev'ry way.

5 O may we ever feel thee near,  
And be employ'd in praise and  
pray'r,

May we in thy blest fellowship  
Wake, do our daily work, and sleep.

6 Thus will our infant tongues re-  
cord  
Thy birth and passion, gracious  
Lord,  
That thou, who diedst in our stead,  
Art God, by whom all things were  
made.

**990.\*** T. 22. (796.)

EMBRACE us in thy tender way,  
Dear Lord, and bless us all, we pray,  
As thou on earth didst formerly,  
When children once were brought  
to thee.

2 We are baptiz'd into thy death,  
And call'd to praise thee with each  
breath;

Thou bought'st us with thy blood  
divine,

O take and keep us ever thine!

3 Thy youth unspotted, full of  
grace,

Teach us all virtue and all praise;  
Thou art our Pattern, grant that we  
In all things may resemble thee.

4 From year to year, while we in-  
crease

In stature, may we grow in grace;  
In learning and obedience too,  
May we thy blessed path pursue.

B b

5 By day and night our steps direct,  
And soul and body, Lord, protect  
From ev'ry thing that grieveth thee,  
Or unto us might hurtful be.

6 Impart to us that needful good,  
A heart besprinkled with thy blood,  
Wholly devoted unto thee,  
For thy soul's bitter agony.

7 That grace upon us all bestow,  
Thee more and more by faith to  
know,

We then the glories of thy name  
In grateful accents shall proclaim.

**991.\*** T. 22. (797.)

HERE are we children poor and  
mean,

Corrupt throughout, defil'd by sin,  
But by Christ's purifying blood  
We're made acceptable to God.

2 May none of us, while we abide  
On earth, be weaned from thy side;  
But grant that we be found in thee,  
And thou in us eternally.

**992.** T. 22. (798.)

I LOVE the Lord, who died for me,  
I love his grace divine and free;  
I love the scriptures, there I read  
Christ loved me, and for me bled.

2 I love his tears and suff'rings  
great,

I love his precious bloody sweat,  
I love his blood, were that not spilt  
I could not have been freed from  
guilt.

3 I love to hear that he was slain,  
I love his ev'ry grief and pain,  
I love to meditate by faith  
Upon his meritorious death.

4 I love Mount Calv'ry, where his  
love

Stronger than death itself did prove;  
I love to walk his dol'rous way,  
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5 I love his people and their ways,  
I love with them to pray and praise;  
I love the Father and the Son,  
I love the Spirit he sent down.

6 I love to think the time will  
come,

When I shall be with him at home,  
And praise him in eternity:  
Then shall my love completed be.

**993.** T. 22. (799.)

I WILL a little pilgrim be,  
Resolv'd alone to follow thee,  
Thou Lamb of God, who now art  
gone,

Up to thy everlasting throne.

2 I will my heart to thee resign,  
Thine only be, O be thou mine!  
The world I leave and foolish play,  
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employ'd to  
bless  
The Lord, who is my Righteous-  
ness;

My pleasure only to pursue  
His mind, and him my Saviour  
know.

4 So long I'll pray below to live,  
Till I my pardon seal'd receive;  
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,  
Or rather live eternally.

**994.** T. 14. (800.)

JESUS, to thee our souls we raise,  
And for a blessing look;  
May we, assisted by thy grace,  
With pleasure learn our book.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,  
From sloth and folly free;  
Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd  
To useful industry.

3 A faithful memory bestow,  
With solid learning's store;  
And still, O Lord, as more we  
know,  
Let us obey thee more,

4 Let us things excellent discern,  
Hold fast what we approve;  
But more than all delight to learn  
The lessons of thy love.

**995.** T. 14. (801.)

STILL may we keep the aim in  
mind,

For which we hither came,  
In search of useful learning join'd,  
As foll'wers of the Lamb.

2 Daily to Jesus we'll look up,  
As soon as we awake,  
And for his constant blessing hope  
In all we undertake.

3 His meritorious industry,  
His labor, toil and sweat,  
Shall our support and pattern be,  
Him we will imitate.

4 If he his grace on us confer,  
We then shall learn apace,  
Live to his glory, and declare  
Our heav'nly Father's praise.

**996.** T. 14.

O JESUS, Lord of heav'n and  
earth,

How sweet thy mercies are!  
How rich to those of lowly birth,  
The children of thy care!

2 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious  
God!

Thy little flock behold:  
And guide us by thy staff and rod,  
The children of thy fold.

3 We praise thy name that we were  
brought

To this delightful place,  
Where we are wisdom's lessons  
taught,  
The children of thy grace.

4 O may our friends, thy servants  
here,

Meet all our souls above;  
And they and we in heav'n appear,  
The children of thy love!

**997. T. 590. (802.)**

O THOU, before whose Father's  
face

The children's angels stand,  
Grant me, a helpless child, the  
grace

That thy angelic band  
May watch my ways, and guard  
my bed,

And minister to me,  
Till I in death shall bow my head,  
And go to live with thee.

**998. T. 159. (803.)**

HOW heart-affecting Christ to see,  
Some days before he bled,  
Go to Jerus'lem willingly  
To suffer in our stead!

When he approach'd, the multitude  
Their garments spread and branches  
strew'd,

Crying 'Hosanna' to his praise,  
With joy and thankfulness.

2 'Twas then the children join'd  
the rest,

And hail'd him with a song;  
With one accord his name confess'd,  
Amidst the joyful throng;

With them may we unite our lays,  
And, though in feeble accents, raise  
Our Hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
Who died us to redeem.

**999. T. 243. (804.)**

THE holy child Jesus,  
Our God and our Saviour,  
Who died to release us,  
We'll worship for ever,  
God's holy Lamb,—the Lord's his  
name.

2 In liveliest manner  
O let us before him  
With joy sing Hosanna,  
And praise and adore him;  
Our childlike cries—he'll not de-  
spise.

3 Come then, let us follow  
Our Master with praises;  
His name let us hallow,  
Whose blood us releases:  
O Christ, to thee—all glory be!

4 Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Thou Son of king David:  
Hosanna! Hosanna!

For thou hast us saved:  
For ever reign—thou Lamb once  
slain!

**1000. T. 39. (805.)**

LORD Jesus, we bless thee that  
thou wast a child,  
And hast us thereby unto God re-  
concil'd:

We thank thee for suff'ring, and  
dying in pain,  
For thy being buried, and rising  
again.

2 We thank thee, that thou wilt the  
children permit  
To offer their praises and songs at  
thy feet;

That thou, Lord, dost deign their  
petitions to hear,  
And always to help them and save  
them art near.

3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, Re-  
deemer, and Friend,  
Grant we may abide in thy love to  
the end;

O render us truly obedient to thee,  
That we thy dear children for ever  
may be.

**1001. T. 39. (806.)**

WHEREIN is for children true  
bliss to be found?—

When by Jesus Christ as his sheep  
they are own'd,

In him they find pasture while here  
they remain,

And joys everlasting in heaven ob-  
tain.

2 We sing and we hear, how our  
Maker came down

To earth, and for us left his hea-  
venly throne,

Assuming our nature, became a  
poor child,

And us by his suff'rings to God re-  
concil'd.

3 O myst'ry of godliness! wonder  
of grace!

May we without ceasing adore him  
and praise;

May all of us know what a Saviour  
we have,

Yea love him sincerely, and in him  
believe.

4 We now, with the angels, unite  
to declare

The praises of him, who our sor-  
rows did bear,

With hearts and with voices exalt-  
ing the Lamb,

Who died on the cross our poor  
souls to redeem.

**1002.** T. 39. (807.)

DEAR children, assembled to hear  
of the Lord,

You're here to be taught by his  
Spirit and word;

O think what great favors on you  
are conferr'd!

A.—For this may his name by us  
all be rever'd.

2 The Father in heav'n us as chil-  
dren will own,

And we are beloved by Jesus, his  
Son,

The Spirit of truth will instruct us  
to pray,

And he will direct us throughout  
our whole way.

3 Ah! should not the mercies, which  
daily you prove,

Excite you our Saviour to praise  
and to love?

A.—Yes, we are desirous to value  
his grace,

To love and adore him, and live to  
his praise.

4 O merciful Saviour, so grant it to  
be,

Nor suffer us ever to wander from  
thee;

We're poor little children, preserve  
us, we pray,

And may we our love by obedience  
display.

**1003.** T. 14. (808.)

HAPPY the children who betimes  
Have learn'd to know the Lord!

Who, through his grace, escape the  
crimes

Forbidden in his word;

2 Who early, by a living faith,  
Have deep foundation laid

In Jesus' meritorious death;  
Such need not be afraid.

3 Should they be early hence re-  
mov'd,

He will their souls receive;  
For they, who Jesus here have lov'd,  
With him shall ever live.

**1004.** T. 14. (809.)

HAPPY the children who are gone  
To Jesus Christ in peace!

Who stand around his glorious  
throne,

Clad in his righteousness.

2 The Saviour, whom they lov'd  
when here,

Hath wip'd their tears away;  
They never more can grieve or fear,  
Or sin, or go astray.

3 In ceaseless happiness they view  
Our Saviour's smiling face;

That face once bruis'd, in which be-  
low

Men saw no comeliness.

4 Methinks I hear them joyful sing,  
(Ten thousands do the same:)

Salvation to th' immortal King!  
To God and to the Lamb!

5 O that I may so favor'd be,  
With them above to join:

O that, like them, I Christ may see,  
And he be ever mine.

6 Grant me but this, thou great  
High-Priest;

And when I'm here no more,  
Convey me safe to endless rest,

Where thou art gone before.

**1005.** T. 587. (810.)

THE child sweetly rests,  
Whom nothing molests,  
Received in mercy among the  
Lamb's guests.

2 He ne'er shall weep more,  
His sighing is o'er,  
His travels and dangers, he's got  
safe on shore.

3 His body is dead,  
And in the grave laid,  
But shall, again raised, to life be  
convey'd.

4 The spirit is gone  
In peace to God's throne,  
To praise God our Saviour, where  
we shall be soon.

5 He sings now above,  
Made perfect in love,  
And never, O never, he thence shall  
remove.

6 He rests now in peace,  
Beholds the Lord's face,  
Hath happily finish'd thus early his  
race.

7 For that blessed day  
We earnestly pray,  
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and  
make no delay!

**1006.** T. 586. (857.)

MOST holy Lord, mankind's Crea-  
tor,

Who, to redeem us by thy death,  
Assum'dst feeble human nature,

We call on thee in humble faith:  
O hear our fervent supplication,  
Let all our children thy salvation,  
Thy tender love and care,  
In largest measure share;  
For thine they are.

## B. FOR BOYS.

**1007.\*** T. 164. (812.)

BELOVED youths, if 'tis your aim  
To be like Christ, your Saviour,  
And to extol his saving name  
In word and in behavior,

B b 2

With an obedient mind  
Be to his will resign'd,  
He by his blood will wash you  
clean,  
And free you from the pow'r of sin.

2 O might it be our hearts' delight,  
Amidst his flock with pleasure  
T' obey him, walk as in his sight,  
And serve him in our measure;  
For ev'ry thing that's good  
And just flows from his blood;  
A virtuous mind, chaste and un-  
stain'd,  
May be by faith in him obtain'd.

3 Yea, an obedient, simple mind,  
Faithful in ev'ry station,  
To true humility inclin'd,  
And perfect resignation,  
The blest effect will prove  
Of that unfeigned love  
To Christ, which is produc'd by  
faith  
In him, and his atoning death.

**1008.\*** T. 37. (813.)

WOULD our youth grow in grace,  
Wisdom, and favor;  
As truly was the case  
With Christ, our Saviour;  
Let them continually  
View him in spirit,  
To them he will apply  
His precious merit.

2 He who without delay  
To Jesus turneth,  
With confidence doth pray,  
And humbly mourneth,  
Doth certainly receive  
(O boundless favor!)  
Forgiveness of his sins  
From Christ our Saviour.

3 If we, with uprightness,  
'Fore him discover  
Our wants, then our distress  
Will soon be over;  
He'll cure most graciously  
Our worst diseases,  
And fill us constantly  
With thanks and praises.

**1009.** T. 23. (814.)

JESUS hath procur'd salvation  
For mankind in ev'ry station:  
Ev'ry youth that loves our Saviour  
Imitates his chaste behavior.

2 If we, when by guilt oppress'd,  
Look to Christ, our Pattern blessed;  
He will graciously direct us,  
And from ev'ry sin protect us.

**1010.** T. 79. (817.)

MIGHT we unto our Saviour  
Lift up our hearts with fervor,  
Each day, and pray for grace  
T' obtain a true sensation  
Of Jesus' great salvation,  
And of our fall and sinfulness!

**1011.\*** T. 166. (818.)

O MIGHT we all Christ's name  
confess  
In our whole conversation,  
And each one, through our Sa-  
viour's grace,  
Be faithful in his station;  
Might in our very looks be seen  
That we, through Jesus' merit,  
Are humble, steady, chaste, and  
clean,  
And guided by his Spirit!

**1012.\*** T. 58. (819.)

WHAT glorious pattern for the heart  
and mind,  
O Jesus, doth each true believer find  
In thy words and actions, and whole  
behavior!  
We pray thee, grant unto our youth  
the favor To follow thee.

## C. FOR UNMARRIED MEN.

**1013.** T. 590. (820.)

HOW shall a young man cleanse  
his way?

By foll'wing close his word  
Who once on earth a young man  
was,

Jesus, our God and Lord:  
His word is spirit, and is pow'r;  
True life doth flow from him;  
Our food his sacred flesh, our drink  
His blood, that healing stream.

2 We now no longer need remain  
Fast bound in chains of sin;  
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,  
And by his word made clean:  
Since Jesus on th' accursed cross  
The pow'r of sin did quell,  
When sin assaileth us, we look  
To him, and soon grow well.

3 Ye chosen people of the Lord,  
Which Jesus' pow'r displays,  
If in obedience to his word  
You're render'd clean through  
grace;

His dying love be yet impress'd  
More clearly on each heart!  
And whether you're at work or rest,  
To love him be your part!

4 Ye purchas'd souls, Christ's hap-  
py flock,  
Be to his will resign'd,  
And gladly offer up to him  
Your body, soul and mind.  
O! if the bleeding Lamb of God,  
Who died us to redeem,  
But call, who can his call with-  
stand!  
Who would not follow him!

**1014.** T. 185. (822.)

BRETHREN, 'tis but meet to ren-  
der praises  
To Immanuel, our Lord;  
Who to bless his children never  
ceases,  
Since to favor they're restor'd;  
'Midst a sense of our own imper-  
fection,  
We can magnify that free election  
Of his grace, by which we stand  
'Mongst his flock, his chosen band.

2 Yes, we feel indeed our own de-  
merit,  
And our imperfections great;  
Had we not been led by Jesus' Spi-  
rit,

Never could we thus have met:  
We deserv'd eternal condemnation,  
But his death procur'd our salva-  
tion:

And since we've experienc'd this,  
We're determin'd to be his.

**1015.\* T. 166. (823.)**

DEAR brethren, let us take to heart

The teaching of the Spirit;  
He'll ev'ry grace to us impart,  
Which Jesus Christ did merit:  
Who, by all he hath done and said  
In his humiliation,  
Hath boundless blessings merited,  
And sanctified our station.

**1016. T. 45. (824.)**

THEE God's own Son—with joy  
we own

To be our dearest Brother;  
Heav'n and earth do not afford  
Like to thee another.

2 But, Oh! might we—such brethren be,  
Of whom thou'rt not ashamed;  
Might, by all we do, thy grace  
Loudly be proclaimed.

**1017.\* T. 166. (825.)**

JESUS, we now devote to thee  
Our body, soul, and spirit,  
Since thou to us prosperity  
Impartest through thy merit.

In thought and deed we wish to be  
Like thee, that each who sees us  
May in us some resemblance see  
Of our great Pattern, Jesus.

**1018. T. 56. (826.)**

BLESSED Saviour :||: with love's  
sacred fire,

We entreat thee :||: all our souls  
inspire:

By thy death O set us free  
From sin's cruel slavery:  
Then to serve thee :||: will be our  
desire.

2 Chains of darkness, :||: wherewith  
men are bound,  
Now are broken, :||: and a help is  
found;

They who gladly would be free,  
May by Christ deliver'd be;  
This to sinners :||: is a joyful sound.

3 Nought but blessings :||: he for  
us intends,  
And his mercy :||: never, never ends;  
Let us look unto the cross,  
Where he died to ransom us,  
On that off'ring :||: faith alone de-  
pends.

4 As thy chosen, :||: blood-bought  
property,  
We'll know nothing, :||: Lamb once  
slain, but thee;

Thou shalt be our Lord and God,  
Of redemption in thy blood  
To all nations :||: we will testify.

**1019. T. 97. (827.)**

YE brethren, sav'd by Jesus' blood,  
Let us prepare to serve our God,  
Remember our Redeemer's toil,  
Supply our lamps of faith with oil;  
To him devote ourselves each day  
anew  
With soul and body, for they are  
his due.

2 Then let us rise and serve the  
Lord,  
Go when he calls, proclaim the  
word  
Of his atonement far and near,  
Count not our lives for him too  
dear,  
Declare to negroes, savages, and  
slaves,  
That Jesus' blood the vilest sinners  
saves.

**1020. T. 185. (828.)**

TO thy brethren ever be propi-  
tious,

In our hearts thy love reveal;  
Grant that we may follow thee,  
Lord Jesus;

Fill our souls with ardent zeal,  
To proclaim to many a heathen  
nation

Thy atoning death for our salva-  
tion:

Grant us, Jesus, to increase  
Both in number and in grace.

## D. FOR GIRLS.

## 1021.\* T. 14. (829.)

OUR Lord and Saviour doth attend  
To all our tears and sighs,  
And us his maidens will defend  
From vain perplexities.

2 Blest Mary, with a cheerful voice,  
To all around declar'd:  
'In God my Saviour I rejoice,  
For he my pray'r hath heard.

3 'The Lord hath highly favor'd  
me;  
His handmaid's low estate  
He hath regarded graciously,  
The poor he doth elate.'

4 Thus all who wait upon the Lord,  
And seek for peace and rest,  
In him, according to his word,  
Shall be consol'd and blest.

5 We're poor and needy; but,  
through grace,  
His Spirit teacheth us  
To look, with all our sinfulness,  
In faith to Jesus' cross.

6 When simply we obey his voice,  
And to our Lord appeal,  
In God our Saviour we rejoice,  
Since pard'ning grace we feel.

7 Most gracious Saviour! to confide  
In thee, O grant us grace:  
Preserve us all from self and pride,  
That bane of happiness.

8 Meekness, and true humility  
Unto us all impart;  
Yea, by thy merits sanctify  
And render pure each heart.

## 1022. T. 16. (830.)

BLESS'D are they whose medita-  
tion  
Is directed oft by faith  
To their Saviour's incarnation,  
Human life and painful death.

2 Bless'd are they, who as poor  
sinners  
Gain from Jesus life and grace;

Tho' they be but young beginners,  
And by nature vile and base.

3 Blessed they, who live to Jesus,  
Who to him their hearts devote,  
Wishing to show forth his praises:  
Truly blessed is their lot!

## 1023.\* T. 168. (831.)

UNTO thee, most gracious Saviour,  
We ourselves anew commend!  
Look on us in grace and favor,  
To our pray'rs and wants attend;  
Grant us all a tender feeling  
Of thy love and gracious dealing,  
That our hearts may truly be  
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

2 This alone can keep us steady  
In the simple path of grace,  
And when any thing seems ready  
To disturb our happiness,  
Lord, in mercy us deliver,  
Yea, protect and keep us ever  
From the world and sin secure,  
And in soul and body pure!

## 1024.\* T. 185. (832.)

WHEN bemoaning our undone  
condition,  
Weeping for redeeming grace,  
We with heart-felt and sincere con-  
trition,  
Pant for peace and happiness,  
Found alone by living faith in  
Jesus,  
Who was slain, from sorrow to re-  
lease us,  
We find then most certainly  
Life, and true felicity.

2 Then, renew'd by grace, the heart  
desireth  
To be Jesus' property;  
Yea his dying love our souls in-  
spireth  
Him to love most fervently;  
Though we feel, that we are poor  
and needy,  
Yet to yield him joy we're ever  
ready,  
Thinking always how we may  
Love unfeign'd to him display.

**1025.** T. 56. (833.)

O BE mindful :: of us, gracious  
Lord,

'Midst our weakness :: aid to us  
afford;

Human frailty well thou know'st;

We of nothing else can boast

But the blessings :: which thy  
death procur'd.

2 Lord, assist us :: in the needful  
hour,

In temptation :: grant us help and  
pow'r:

We in thee alone confide,

In this world be thou our Guide,

Keep us humble, :: and in spirit  
poor.

3 From each idol :: O deliver us,  
Make us willing :: to take up our  
cross;

Our diseases kindly heal,

To our hearts thy love reveal;

All besides thee :: may we count  
but loss.

**1026.\*** T. 168. (834.)

BLESSED are we, if believing

In the Lord our Righteousness,

And in lowliness receiving

From his fulness grace for grace;

When we find in him salvation,

Happiness and consolation,

And obey the Shepherd's voice,

Then we truly can rejoice.

2 Though we feel that soul and body  
Are corrupt and void of good,

Yet the Lord is ever ready

To apply his cleansing blood;

With our weaknesses he beareth,

All our pray'rs he kindly heareth,

And we daily may increase

In his knowledge and in grace.

## E. FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN.

**1027.\*** T. 185. (835.)

WOULD you know the grace and  
peace enjoyed

By a child of God, through faith;

See a virgin, who alone employed

With her Saviour and his death,

Vanity and worldly ways despiseth,  
While the converse with her Lord  
she prizeth,

And thus, on this side the grave,  
Foretaste sweet of heav'n may  
have.

2 Therefore, this be our concern  
for ever,

Since we're with this knowledge  
blest,

To have our eternal Bridegroom's  
favor,

Then we find true peace and  
rest;

But indeed it is from each ex-  
pected,

That the heart be by his grace  
directed,

Nor have any other aim,

Than to love the Lamb once slain.

3 Happy they who feel the healing  
power

Of Christ's blood in ev'ry case!

May we follow him, and seek each  
hour

To preserve ourselves through  
grace;

May the virtue of our Saviour's  
passion

Sanctify our walk and conversa-  
tion;

We ourselves to him commend,

May his aim with us be gain'd.

**1028.\*** T. 583. (836.)

WE virgins, who enjoy our Sa-  
viour's grace,

Are happier far than words can e'er  
express;

Jesus, the Bridegroom of our souls,  
supplies

Our wants, and soul and body  
sanctifies.

2 His love produceth love; con-  
strain'd thereby,

Our sole intention is to yield him  
joy.

When in our hearts his love is shed  
abroad,

We then, like Mary, favor find with  
God.

- 3 Lord, may thy love with gratitude inspire  
Our souls, and to thy name be our desire!  
We thee entreat to form us to thy praise,  
And all that's carnal wholly to erase.
- 4 If we thy rich forgiveness daily prove,  
This will unite us, Lord, to thee in love,  
O make us all devoted unto thee;  
Let us thy chaste and faithful virgins be.
- 4 Blest are they, who through his favor,  
Here in heart are purified;  
They shall there behold their Saviour  
Who by faith in him abide.
- 5 Blest are they, who in his merits  
Have a share, tho' here despis'd,  
All is theirs; what flesh inherits  
They renounce, he's only priz'd.
- 6 Blest are they, who, foll'wing Jesus,  
Virgins are in deed and truth;  
They have cause to give him praises;  
Both the aged and the youth.

## 1029. T. 16. (837.)

HAPPY they, who oft for Jesus  
Weep, from need as well as love,  
They experience him propitious,  
And his favor richly prove.

2 Happy they, who are excited  
Him to follow ev'ry where,  
And are with his ways delighted,  
He to such is truly dear.

3 Happy is each virgin's station,  
Whom he kindly owns as his,  
And who counts his great salvation  
As her highest good and bliss.

4 Happy, who thus find in Jesus  
All their wishes satisfied:  
Ah! to them how dear and precious  
Is that Friend, who for us died!

## 1030. T. 16. (838.)

BLEST are they, who human nature

Feel as vile, corrupt and base,  
But that ev'ry fallen creature  
May be heal'd by Jesus' grace.

2 Mourning souls are truly blessed,  
They that seek will surely find;  
Jesus comforts the distressed,  
To the contrite he is kind.

3 Christ the Bread, that came from heaven,  
Doth the hungry soul revive,  
Unto those who thirst, is given  
Water from the well of life.

## 1031. T. 79.

THE Bridegroom of our souls we praise,

To him our grateful songs we raise,  
That, freed from this world's thrall,

His purpose is, that sanctified  
Throughout, we may in him abide,  
With joy to him devote our all.

2 Would we for those things only care,

Which are the Lord's, O let us bear  
In mind the promise giv'n:

'Bless'd are the pure in heart, for they

Shall live with me in endless day,  
And shall behold my face in heav'n.'

3 The purity our God requires,  
Prompts us to shun all vain desires,  
And ev'ry subtle wile,

By which the world the soul ensnares;

Or those the tempter's art prepares,  
The weak and careless to beguile.

4 May happy Mary's better part  
Be the fix'd choice of ev'ry heart,  
At Jesus' feet to dwell,  
To ponder there upon his love,  
And in that meditation prove,  
Joy, heav'nly, great, unspeakable.

5 Let us stand ready, let each light,  
Trimm'd carefully, burn clear and  
bright,

Each lamp be well supplied;  
May we, by faith, so walk below,  
That all the friends of Christ may  
know,

We live to Him, who for us died.

**1032.** T. 56. (840.)

WE, O Jesus, :: claim thy special  
care,

Lord, preserve us :: from each  
hurtful snare;

May our hearts and senses be  
Fix'd, in true simplicity,  
On the suff'rings :: thou for us  
didst bear.

2 Us deliver :: from the world and  
sin,

Let thy Spirit :: rule alone within,  
Ev'ry vain desire control,  
And in spirit, body, soul,  
Sanctify us :: by thy grace divine.

3 In temptation :: may we firmly  
stand,

Ever watchful :: as thou dost com-  
mand;

Without thee we nought can do,  
Strengthen and support us too  
In all trials :: by thy mighty hand.

4 Fix thy temple :: Saviour! in  
each breast,

Undisturbed :: be our peace and  
rest!

Let us on thy merits feed,  
In the path of grace proceed,  
Be, in union :: with thee, ever  
blest.

**1033.** T. 585.

JOIN to render thanks and praises  
To your faithful cov'nant God,  
For the undeserved mercies,  
Freely upon you bestow'd:

Salem's daughters ::  
In your happy lot rejoice.

2 He the mighty, He the holy,  
From their seats puts down the  
proud,

While he lifts on high the lowly,

Fills the hungry soul with good;

He regardeth ::

His handmaidens' low estate.

3 He his mercy doth remember,  
This all they who fear him prove:

Are we not of that blest number,  
Who are objects of his love?

Hallelujah! ::

He for us great things hath done.

**1034.** T. 22. (843.)

THOU Bridegroom of the soul!  
behold

This part of thy beloved fold,  
Thy virgins, who before thee met,  
Here to perceive thy presence wait.

2 Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,  
And let the sanctifying grace  
Which flows from thy humanity,  
Make us well-pleasing unto thee.

3 O may we feel thy healing pow'r  
And influence, ev'ry day and hour;  
Thus all thy mercies which we  
prove,

Will us excite to praise and love.

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F. FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

**1035.** T. 71.

O PRECIOUS thoughts of peace!

O undeserved grace,  
That our Creator,  
By love constrained, gave  
Himself, that he might save  
His rebel creature.

2 The church, his ransom'd bride,  
By him who for her died

Is much esteemed:  
Unfeigned love in her,  
Doth to that Friend appear,  
Who her redeemed.

3 O might this myst'ry great  
Be in our marriage state

By our behavior  
Exemplified; and we  
Be truly one in thee,  
Our Head and Saviour.

**1036.** T. 22. (844.)

LORD, who ordain'dst the marriage  
state,

When thou didst man at first create,  
Thou, who thy body's Saviour art,  
To all of us thy grace impart.

2 The husbands sanctify and bless,  
Thy mind upon their hearts impress,

Teach them thy Spirit to obey  
In all they do, we humbly pray.

3 Unto the wives that grace dis-  
pense,

To cleave to thee with confidence,  
Grant they may love thee fervently,  
And walk in true humility.

4 Wisdom and faithfulness afford,  
To train our children, gracious Lord,  
That in thy knowledge they may  
grow,

Themselves and thee, their Saviour,  
know.

5 Lord Jesus, may each married  
pair

In all their walk thy praise declare;  
O may their rule in all things be,  
The union of thy church with thee.

**1037.** T. 159. (845.)

THE love which Jesus Christ dis-  
plays

Towards the church his bride,  
None can describe, it far outweighs  
All other love beside:

Believing husbands are to prove,  
By holy and unfeigned love  
Towards their wives, that they in-  
deed

Resemble Christ our Head.

2 The Church submits to Christ,  
her Lord;

'Thy will be done,' we pray:

This teacheth wives, who love  
God's word,

With meekness to obey;

Adorned with humility

They aid their husbands willingly;  
Are clothed with the beautiful  
dress

Of Jesus' righteousness.

3 To thee our vows with sweet ac-  
cord,

Head of thy church, we pay:

We and our house will serve thee,  
Lord,

Thy word we will obey:

Grant us and all our children grace,  
In word and deed thy name to  
praise,

Yea, in each family, thy will,  
And purpose to fulfil.

**1038.** T. 590. (846.)

WE humbly thee adore, O Lord,  
For thy unbounded grace;

Astonish'd, in thy sacred word

Thy love divine we trace:

Thou hast the Church in love re-  
deem'd,

Thou gav'st thyself for us;

We know we are by thee esteem'd,  
When we behold thy cross.

2 The Holy Spirit hath reveal'd  
To us this myst'ry great,

That Christ hath chosen, hallow'd,  
seal'd

Himself the marriage state,

Him and his church to represent,  
By love and unity;

Lord, may we ever be intent

On wholly follow'ing thee!

3 Grant unto ev'ry married pair,  
By chaste, unfeigned love,

By meekness, patience, faith and  
pray'r,

And all we do, to prove

That we, united unto thee,

Are truly one in heart;

Thus we shall live eternally

With thee, and never part.

**1039.** T. 205.

JESUS, lead each married pair

In the paths of righteousness:

For thy service us prepare,

May we walk in truth and grace:

By the virtue of thy blood

Consecrate us priests to God,

That our marriage covenant

Thee and thy church represent.

2 Be the carnal mind subdu'd,  
 All into subjection brought;  
 Purified, in heart renew'd,  
 By thy Holy Spirit taught,  
 May we more and more improve  
 In the lessons of thy love,  
 And unto our family  
 Edifying patterns be.

1040. T. 341. (349.)

FOUNTAIN of life and light,  
 Sole Well-spring of delight!  
 Jesus, let thy blessings flow  
 Upon ev'ry married pair,  
 May we in thy knowledge grow,  
 Fruit unto thy honor bear.

2 O may our marriage state,  
 In duties small and great,  
 In relations far and near,  
 In its trials numberless,  
 In all cases whatsoe'er,  
 Serve Christ's holy name to  
 bless.

3 May we, by Jesus' love  
 Constrained, clearly prove,  
 That we are his flock indeed,  
 Living branches in the Vine,  
 Heav'nly plants, a holy seed,  
 Lights, who in Christ's image  
 shine.

1041. T. 16. (850.)

HEAD of thy blest congregation,  
 Look on ev'ry married pair,  
 Be our strength and our salvation,  
 Keep us from all needless care.

2 For our sake, most gracious Sa-  
 viour,  
 Thou thy life and blood hast  
 spent;  
 May we now in our behavior  
 Thee and thy church represent.

3 No spoil'd creature had been  
 able  
 E'er to guide his steps aright  
 In this state so venerable,  
 Or to act as in thy sight;

C c

4 Hadst thou not life and salva-  
 tion

By thy suff'rings for us gain'd,  
 And thereby sanctification  
 For the marriage state obtain'd.

5 Bless, O Lord, thy married peo-  
 ple,

In thy blood, O wash us clean;  
 Help us, for we're weak and feeble,  
 And preserve us from all sin.

1042.\* T. 9. (852.)

LOOK on ev'ry married pair,  
 Jesus! with compassion,  
 Grant that each may richly share  
 In thy great salvation.

2 Be thou with us, then indeed  
 We shall lack no blessing,  
 But with thee, O Christ, proceed  
 To meet joys unceasing.

3 O may we in all we do  
 Follow thy direction;  
 We commend ourselves anew  
 To thy kind protection.

4 Let our children, gracious Lord,  
 Share with us thy favor,  
 Grant they may be a reward  
 Of thy death for ever.

1043. T. 22. (853.)

O LORD, who number'st all our  
 days,

Who guardest us in all our ways,  
 In whom we live, and move, and  
 are,

Who know'st our wants, and hear-  
 est pray'r;

2 To this thy handmaid grant thy  
 peace,  
 Who comes to offer thanks and  
 praise

To thee, her faithful cov'nant-God,  
 For the support thou hast bestow'd.

3 Thy pow'rful aid thou, gracious  
 Lord,

In travail didst to her afford;  
 Her sorrows now are turn'd to  
 praise,

Her sighs and tears to grateful lays.

4 O Shepherd of thy chosen sheep!  
Both child and mother bless and  
keep,  
May they enjoy in their degree  
The fruits of thy humanity.

5 Endow the parents with thy love,  
And give them wisdom from above  
To educate this child for thee,  
As thy redeemed property.

6 Grant us, and all our children,  
grace,  
So here on earth to run our race,  
That we in heav'n may meet, and  
sing  
Eternal praise to thee, our King.

**1044.** T. 581. (854.)

PARENTS, weigh before the Lord  
The importance of your state;  
Learn from his most holy word,  
Your whole walk to regulate,  
That each to his family  
May a blessed pattern be!

2 All your children are his own,  
He hath bought them with his  
blood!

Unto him their souls are known,  
Full of sin and void of good!  
Yet he saith most graciously,  
'Suffer them to come to me!'

3 'Tis by you they should be led  
In the way that leads to bliss;  
Grace is not inherited  
As a worldly fortune is,  
'Tis free mercy, we must own,  
And the gift of God alone.

4 In this vain and wretched world  
Children are expos'd and tried;  
Many are to ruin hurl'd,  
Few in Jesus Christ abide;  
And no human prudence can  
Save the soul of fallen man.

5 Here's a task, may parents think,  
Far beyond the reach of art;  
But let not your courage sink,  
Grace and wisdom he'll impart:  
Your sincere endeavours bless,  
Hear your pray'rs, and grant suc-  
cess.

6 Hear, O Lord, a parent's pray'r,  
Let my tears prevail 'fore thee!  
How should I in heav'n appear,  
If my child were not with me!  
Therefore thou my steps direct,  
Lest my duty I neglect.

7 In thy grace my children keep,  
That when once, on that great  
day,  
Thou shalt come to seek thy sheep,  
I may gladly to thee say:  
'Here am I, through mercy free,  
And each child thou gavest me!'

**1045.** T. 166. (855.)

OUR children, gracious Lord and  
God,

With fervor we to thee com-  
mend:

Thou hast redeem'd them by thy  
blood,

They are by thee to bliss ordain'd.  
Kind Shepherd, take each little  
lamb

Into thy faithful arms of love;  
Cause them to know thy saving  
name,  
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,  
That we, with care and faithful-  
ness,  
May lead them thee, our Lord, to  
know,  
T' obey thy word, and seek thy  
face.

Teach us the duties of our state,  
To love each other heartily,  
Our children so to educate  
That they may love and follow  
thee.

**1046.** T. 83. (856.)

IN this world, so full of snares,  
Take our children in thy keeping;  
Hear the parents' sighs and pray'rs,  
When for them before thee  
weeping;  
Mercy for our children we,  
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

## 1047. T. 586.

O MAKE each family a temple,  
 A consecrated house to thee;  
 May we by word, and by example  
 To all around us patterns be:  
 To ev'ry husband grant that blessing  
 To lift up holy hands unceasing;  
 And to the wives give grace,  
 Array'd in lowliness,  
 Thy name to praise.

## G. FOR WIDOWERS.

## 1048. T. 22. (858.)

IN God, the mighty Lord of hosts,  
 A happy wid'wer gladly boasts;  
 No trials need oppress the mind,  
 For we in Christ may comfort find.

2 Whene'er by faith our Lord we see  
 Clothed with frail humanity,  
 Bearing our griefs and sicknesses,  
 This doth alleviate all distress.

3 He is our Saviour and High-  
 Priest,  
 Who, when we suffer in the least,  
 Sustains us by his pow'r and grace,  
 And in each hard and trying case.

4 Yea, he supports us ev'ry day,  
 He is our Comfort, Help and Stay;  
 We'll trust his boundless love and  
 pow'r  
 Until our happy dying hour.

## 1049.\* T. 22. (859.)

JESUS, accept the thanks and  
 praise,  
 We wid'wers offer for the grace  
 Which thou so richly hast display'd  
 Unto us, as the church's Head.

2 Grant that we all, with heart and  
 voice,  
 In thee, our Saviour, may rejoice;  
 Let us, in our sabbatic state,  
 The joys of heav'n anticipate.

3 Fill us with peace, and joy and  
 love,  
 And our support in trials prove;  
 When weaknesses of age appear,  
 Keep thou our mind and senses  
 clear.

4 This be our aim on earth, thy will  
 To seek in all things to fulfil;  
 And, when thou call'st, prepar'd to  
 be

To leave this world and go to thee.

5 Then, at the end of all distress,  
 We shall depart to thee in peace:  
 Meanwhile thy coming we await,  
 Like Simeon, ready thee to meet.

## 1050. T. 14. (860.)

JESUS, our Helper in all need,  
 And comfort in distress,  
 Thou art the wid'wer's only Stay  
 And Hope in loneliness.

2 A foretaste of eternal joys,  
 O Lord, to us dispense,  
 And 'midst our weakness bear us up,  
 Till we are called hence.

## 1051. T. 167. (861.)

THEY who for true consolation,  
 Like old Simeon, humbly wait,  
 Shall behold the Lord's salvation,  
 Then their joy will be complete:  
 May we follow his example,  
 Trusting in God's promises,  
 Wait for Jesus in his temple,  
 Daily offer pray'r and praise.

## 1052. T. 11. (862.)

ON our God we will rely;  
 Boldly unto him draw nigh;  
 And the Lord our Righteousness  
 Both with hearts and voices bless.

2 We can from experience trace,  
 That, in ev'ry trying case,  
 Jesus truly can impart  
 Joy and comfort to the heart.

3 May we fix the eye of faith  
 On our Lord's atoning death,  
 Till we shall in heav'nly bliss  
 See our Saviour as he is.

## H. FOR WIDOWS.

**1053.** T. 22. (863.)

'TIS true, the lonely widow'd state  
With various trials is replete,  
But Christ, the widow's faithful  
Friend,  
Will guide us safely to the end.

2 He saith to us repeatedly:  
'Cast all your burden upon me,  
For I in all things kindly care  
For you, and in your troubles share.'

3 Therefore whate'er our trials be,  
Or weaknesses, or poverty,  
Sickness of body, soul's distress,  
Or sorrows which we can't express:

4 Our comfort is, that he doth  
feel  
Whene'er his needy children ail;  
He sympathizeth with the weak,  
Relieves the poor, and heals the  
sick.

5 He graciously regards our pray'rs,  
And counteth all our sighs and  
tears;  
Afflictions, whether small or great,  
His comforts can alleviate.

6 Might we, like Anna, persevere,  
By day and night, in constant pray'r,  
And thus for his appearing wait,  
In joyful hope the Lord to meet.

**1054.\*** T. 22. (864.)

GOD will the widows ne'er for-  
sake,

To him we may our refuge take,  
And on his care and faithfulness  
Our whole dependence firmly place.

2 A widow, who her son belov'd  
With tears bemoan'd, his pity  
mov'd;

His mother he did recommend,  
When on the cross, to John, his  
friend.

3 Widows are objects of his care,  
Since scripture plainly doth declare,  
That to the church this charge he  
gave,  
Widows to honor and relieve,

4 To Christ O may we closely  
cleave,  
And in communion with him live;  
To love the Lord, be our first care,  
The next, to serve his people here.

5 Till we, who here must often  
weep,  
In heav'n eternal joys shall reap;  
Till he shall say to us, 'Ye blest,  
Enter into my joy and rest.'

**1055.** T. 185. (865.)

WE with joy confess, beloved Sa-  
viour,

Thee, the widow's special Friend;  
We are objects of thy love and fa-  
vor:

Thou on us thy life didst spend;  
Thou with more than husband's  
love dost lead us,  
Thy all-bounteous hand doth daily  
feed us;

All our wants thou dost supply;  
Thus our cruise is never dry.

2 Thou hast promis'd for our con-  
solation,  
That we shall not come behind  
In the gifts, which to thy congre-  
gation

Thou dispensest, of each kind;  
May we, to thy service dedicated,  
And for thee our Bridegroom de-  
corated,

For thy blest appearing wait;  
Then our bliss will be complete.

**1056.** T. 74. (866.)

CHRIST is the widow's Friend,  
Our cause he doth defend,  
All our complaints he hears,  
And listens to our pray'rs.  
His care and faithfulness  
We prove in ev'ry case.

2 The feeble he makes strong,  
With us he beareth long,  
On him the weak can lean,  
The youthful he keeps clean;  
Each may in him confide,  
Whate'er may her betide.

**1057.** T. 121. (868.)

BEFORE thee we appear,  
 Lord Jesus, hear our pray'r:  
 Fill our hearts with gladness,  
 O wipe away each tear,  
 Dispelling all our sadness;  
 Make thy face to shine  
 On us, we are thine.

**1058.** T. 74. (867.)

O LORD, the widow's Friend,  
 To us thy Spirit send!  
 Be in our husbands' place,  
 Revive us with thy grace,  
 Give us whate'er we need  
 Widows to be indeed.

**1059.** T. 184. (869.)

THOU art our comfort, blessed  
 Jesus,  
 To thee by faith O may we cleave!  
 For all thy mercies give thee praises,  
 In happy union with thee live!  
 Whene'er we call, thou, Lord, wilt  
 hear us,  
 And blessings on us all bestow,  
 Yea for that awful time prepare us,  
 When we in peace to thee shall  
 go.

2 The needy share thy consolation,  
 The poor are objects of thy love,  
 Thou on the weakly hast compas-  
 sion,  
 Thy sure support the aged prove:  
 Thou helpst us in our distresses,  
 Supplying kindly all our wants;  
 We'll cast each burden that op-  
 presses  
 On thee, who hearest our com-  
 plaints.

**1060.** T. 168. (870.)

'MIDST the trials we experience,  
 Let us not give way to fears,  
 But possess our souls in patience,  
 While here in this vale of tears;  
 Wean'd thereby from things ter-  
 restrial,  
 Let us look for joys celestial,  
 Waiting for that time, when we  
 From all sorrow shall be free.  
 2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit  
 Is our pledge of joys to come,  
 Of the bliss we shall inherit  
 When above with Christ at home;  
 O! this blessed meditation  
 Yields us solid consolation,  
 That we shall, when time is o'er,  
 With the Lord be evermore.

XXXVIII. *Hymns for various Occasions.*

## A. FOR THE NEW YEAR.

**1061.\*** T. 10. (871.)

YEAR after year commenceth,  
 And, as our life advanceth,  
 We, strength from Christ deriving,  
 Each year by faith are thriving.

2 As, in tempestuous weather,  
 A kind and tender mother  
 Her babe from harm protecteth,  
 And safely home conducteth;

3 So shelters Christ our Saviour  
 His children by his favor,  
 And proves in each temptation  
 Their refuge and salvation.

4 Lord, grant thy benediction  
 To ev'ry thought and action;  
 On youth and age declining,  
 Thou Sun of grace be shining.

5 O keep our souls and senses  
 Under the influences  
 Of thy most Holy Spirit,  
 Until we heav'n inherit.

6 O God of our salvation,  
Withhold no kind donation  
From us, but let us savor  
In this new year thy favor.

1062. T. 585. (1104.)

WHILE successive years are  
wasting,  
Still our God abides the same;  
All his words are everlasting,  
All his works his love proclaim;  
Men and angels :||:  
Sing thrice holy to his name.

2 Out of love he man created,  
And ordain'd him God's delight,  
Nor was this his love abated,  
When man lost God's image  
bright;  
Then compassion :||:  
Brought redemption's plan to  
light.

3 Here is love divine pourtrayed,  
So that man the lines may trace,  
See, O man, God's love displayed  
In thy Saviour's marred face;  
Wouldst thou praise him :||:  
Be thy theme redeeming grace.

4 Bear in mind, how Jesus suffer'd,  
He the righteous, for th' unjust,  
How his sinless soul he offer'd,  
Unto God for sinful dust;  
Love thus triumph'd :||:  
Mighty now to save the lost.

5 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merits of his blood,  
Now all enmity is ended,  
Man is reconcil'd to God;  
All the ruin :||:  
Of his fall is now made good.

6 We shall see our Lord returning,  
Then the sav'd their heads shall  
raise,  
He will change their grief and  
mourning  
Into notes of endless praise;  
As Jehovah :||:  
Ev'ry tongue will him confess.

7 Sing with glad anticipation,  
Mortals and immortals, sing,  
Jesus comes with full salvation,  
Jesus doth his glory bring;  
Hallelujah! :||:  
Lord of hosts, of kings the King!

1063. T. 14. (872.)

AGAIN another fleeting year  
Of my short life is past;  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments  
run,  
The few that yet remain.

3 Now a new scene of time begins,  
Pursue the way to heav'n;  
Seek pardon of thy former sins,  
By Christ it will be giv'n.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend;  
Unwearied walk the heav'nly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

1064.\* T. 167. (1073.)

FAITHFUL souls their Saviour's  
blessing  
Crave on each succeeding day,  
Asking: 'are we onward pressing?  
What may Jesus have to say?  
Are the ways of sin unpleasant?  
Do we hold our Saviour fast?  
Are we more like him at present,  
Than we were in seasons past?'

2 Great defects are still revealed;  
Short we fall of his blest aim;  
Then the conscious soul is filled  
With a deep, but wholesome  
shame;  
Earnest to improve the morrow,  
We our yesterday review,  
While the tear of godly sorrow  
Saddens, but enlivens too.

3 Jesus, for thy faithful leading  
 In times past, we humbly raise  
 Our thanksgiving, thus proceeding  
 Onward in the path of grace;  
 While another year we enter,  
 We renew our vows of love,  
 All for thee resolv'd to venture,  
 Our benign Conductor prove!

1065. T. 166. (874.)

LORD Jesus, 'midst thy flock ap-  
 pear,  
 Thy ransom'd congregation bless;  
 We're met to close another year,  
 Accept the thanks our hearts ex-  
 press;  
 We are not able to record  
 The boundless favors we have  
 prov'd,  
 They show that we, most gracious  
 Lord,  
 'Midst our defects, by thee are  
 lov'd.

1066. T. 97. (873.)

WHO can rehearse, most gracious  
 Lord,  
 The mercy which thou dost afford  
 Unto thy people ev'ry year?  
 We thy poor congregation here  
 Desire to thank and praise thee  
 evermore,  
 And humbly in the dust thy name  
 adore.

2 For we, unworthy as we are,  
 Enjoy'd thy faithful Shepherd's  
 care;  
 Thou always comfort didst impart  
 To ev'ry needy contrite heart;  
 Thou didst to us thy dying love dis-  
 play,  
 And wast our help and refuge ev'ry  
 day.

3 The hearing of thy precious word,  
 Thy gracious presence, holy Lord,  
 Have cheer'd our hearts abundant-  
 ly,  
 When met in fellowship 'fore thee:  
 But, O what blessings were on us  
 bestow'd,  
 When we enjoy'd thy body and thy  
 blood!

4 Lord Jesus, we would fain ex-  
 press  
 To thee our cordial thankfulness  
 For all thy boundless love and  
 grace;  
 But how imperfect are our lays!  
 O take our hearts, to thee ourselves  
 we give,  
 In future more unto thy praise to  
 live.

1067. T. 184. (1178. 875.)

ACCEPT, O God of our salvation,  
 The sacrifice of praise and pray'r:  
 Upon thy gracious invitation  
 Unto thy altars we repair:  
 Thou bidst us come: all things are  
 ready,  
 The treasure of thy boundless  
 grace  
 Is open to the poor and needy,  
 They ne'er go empty from thy  
 face.

2 Thee we approach, most gra-  
 cious Saviour!  
 We pray thee, mark our sighs  
 and tears,  
 Accept our thanks for all thy favor,  
 Bestow'd on us these many  
 years;  
 We conscious are of our trans-  
 gression,  
 Ah! cleanse us with thy pre-  
 cious blood,  
 Seal with thy pardon our confes-  
 sion,  
 Thine are we, and thou art our  
 God.

3 Thou God of mercy! thy salva-  
 tion  
 Remain'd throughout this year  
 our stay;  
 Thy care of us, thy congregation,  
 Was manifested ev'ry day:  
 Yea, even trials and affliction  
 Prov'd thee our gracious God  
 and Lord:  
 In all we felt thy benediction:  
 Thee we now praise with one ac-  
 cord!

4 O gracious Lord, thy name be  
blessed  
By us, for all thy proofs of grace!  
For all the gifts by us possessed;  
Thou crownest all our years and  
days.

Though we with deep humiliation  
Own, that we basely thee re-  
quite:

Yet will we joy in thy salvation,  
Thou art our Lord, and Help,  
and Light.

**1068.** T. 595. (876.)

LET hearts and tongues unite  
And loud thanksgivings raise;  
'Tis duty mingled with delight,  
The Saviour's name to praise.

2 To him we owe our breath,  
He took us from the womb,  
Which else had shut us up in death,  
And prov'd an early tomb.

3 When on the breast we hung,  
Our help was in the Lord;  
'Twas he first taught our infant  
tongue

To form the lisping word.

4 When in our blood we lay,  
He would not let us die;  
Because his love had fix'd a day  
To bring salvation nigh.

5 In childhood and in youth  
His eye was on us still;  
Though strangers to his love and  
truth,

And prone to cross his will.

6 E'er since his name we knew,  
How gracious hath he been!  
What dangers hath he led us thro',  
What mercies have we seen!

7 Now through another year  
Supported by his care,  
We raise our \*Ebenezer here,  
'The Lord hath help'd thus far.'

8 Our lot in future years  
We cannot, Lord, foresee,  
But kindly, to prevent our fears,  
Thou say'st, 'Leave all to me.'

\* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

9 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast  
Our cares upon thy breast;  
Help us to praise thee for the past,  
And trust thee for the rest.

**B. MORNING AND EVENING  
HYMNS.**

**1069.** T. 22. (877.)

AWAKE, my soul, and with the  
sun

Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy former mispent time re-  
deem,  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Thy talents to improve take care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Thy conversation be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day  
clear;  
For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and  
ways.

4 Glory to God, who safe hath  
kept,  
And hath refresh'd me while I  
slept!  
Grant, Lord, when I from death  
shall wake,  
I may of heav'nly bliss partake.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their  
might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all bless-  
ings flow!  
Praise him, all creatures here be-  
low!  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly  
host!  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy  
Ghost!

**1070.\* T. 10. (878.)**

MY soul, awake and render  
To God, thy great Defender,  
Thy pray'r and adoration  
For his kind preservation.

2 With joy I still discover  
Thy light, O Lord my Saviour!  
My thanks shall be the spices  
Of morning sacrifices.

3 Bless me this day, Lord Jesus,  
And be to me propitious,  
Grant me thy kind protection  
From ev'ry sin's infection.

4 Bless ev'ry thought and action;  
Afford me thy direction;  
To thee alone be tending  
Beginning, middle, ending.

5 Be thou my only treasure,  
Fulfil in me thy pleasure,  
May I in ev'ry station,  
Give thee due adoration.

**1071. T. 26. (881.)**

THAT favor grant to us, O Lord,  
That we maintain our part in thee,  
Unto thy voice attentive be,  
And seek instruction in thy word.

2 Tho' often of encumb'ring care,  
With busy Martha, we complain;  
Yet, gracious Lord, we wish to gain  
In Mary's happy lot a share.

**1072.\* T. 79. (882.)**

MAY Jesus' grace and blessing  
Attend me without ceasing:

Thus I stretch out my hand,  
And do that work with pleasure,  
Which, in my call and measure,  
My God for me to do ordain'd.

**1073. T. 22. (879.)**

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,  
Teach me what thou wouldst have  
me do,

Suggest whate'er I think this day,  
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbor pride,  
Lest I in mine own strength con-  
fide;

Show me my weakness, let me see  
I have my pow'r, my all, from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love,  
My kind Protector ever prove;  
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,  
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray,  
Incline my nature to obey;  
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,  
And only love what pleaseth thee.

**1074. T. 582. (880.)**

TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to view;  
And what I do in any thing,  
For thee alone to do.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend;  
In all I do be thou the way,  
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done t' obey thy laws,  
Ev'n servile labors shine;  
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

**1075.\* T. 89. (883.)**

GOD, omnipotent Creator,  
Who mad'st all things by thy  
might,

Rulest ev'ry thing in nature,  
And commandest day and night,  
Who the universe so wide  
By thy pow'r alone dost guide:

2 Let my life and conversation  
Be directed by thy word!  
Lord, thy constant preservation  
To thy erring child afford:  
No where but alone in thee  
From all harm can I be free.

3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,  
Keep in thine almighty hand;  
Strengthen'd by thy pow'ful merit,  
Let me follow thy command:  
Thou my glory and renown,  
I would fain be all thy own.

**1076.** T. 79. (884.)

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee,  
My morning pray'r shall offer'd be,  
For thee my soul doth pant;  
To me th' enjoyment of thy love  
Than life itself doth dearer prove;  
Renewed strength from thee I  
want.

2 Thou, Lord, art present to my  
mind,  
When I lie down sweet sleep to  
find,  
And when I wake at night:  
Since thou to me dost succor bring,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing  
I rest with safety and delight.

**1077.** T. 14. (885.)

MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun:  
Thou art my soul's bright Morning-  
Star,  
And thou my rising Sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me  
shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
When Jesus shows his mercies  
mine,  
And whispers I am his.

**1078.\*** T. 22. (887.)

LORD Jesus, may I constantly,  
Both day and night be near to thee,  
Both when I close at night my eyes,  
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my life and  
light,  
I wish to love thee day and night;  
Preserve my steps and guide my  
ways,  
And let me live unto thy praise.

**1079.\*** T. 14. (886.)

LORD, in the morning when I rise,  
Accept my humble praise:  
And when at night I close mine  
eyes,  
Grant me thy pard'ning grace.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, who is like  
thee!  
Thou art, both day and night,  
The Source of my felicity,  
And only true delight.

3 Thanks, dearest Jesus, for thy  
love,  
And great fidelity,  
O may I truly thankful prove  
To all eternity.

**1080.** T. 106. (888.)

O JESUS, may our whole beha-  
vior  
Rejoice thine heart and please  
thine eyes;  
In thy communion, gracious Sa-  
viour,  
May we retire to rest, and rise;  
Be present with us constantly,  
Then shall we sleep, and wake, to  
thee.

**1081.\*** T. 79. (889.)

IN lying down to take my rest,  
In rising, and in being drest,  
In all I think or do,  
In eating, drinking, on the way,  
In sickness, and in health, I pray,  
Thy blessing, Lord, on me be-  
stow.

**1082.\*** T. 36. (890.)

LORD Jesus, through all temp'ral  
variation,  
Thy loving kindness be my conso-  
lation,  
By night and day, whene'er I rest  
am taking,  
Or when I'm waking.

**1083.\*** T. 22. (891.)

ANOTHER day is at an end,  
And night doth now its shade extend;

To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,

And thee for ev'ry mercy praise.

2 Yet we are of defects aware:

Forgive them, Lord; thy children spare;

O Christ, our souls from guilt acquit,

Take us into thy care this night.

3 Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,

Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship,  
Thus under thy protection blest  
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

**1084.** T. 14. (892.)

THE hour of sleep is now at hand,  
My spirit calls for rest:

O that my pillow may be found  
The dear Redeemer's breast!

2 This night my longing soul with Christ

Would take up her abode,  
I gladly would myself divest  
Of ev'ry thing but God.

3 The nightly watches would I spend

In fellowship above;  
Would hold communion with my Lord,

And feast upon his love.

4 Dead to the world, when I'm asleep,

I'd be alive to God;  
My soul would rest at peace with him

Who bought me with his blood.

5 O may I then of Christ this night  
Be happily possess'd,

With holy angels round my bed,  
And Jesus for my Guest.

**1085.** T. 22. (893.)

THE hours' decline and setting sun  
Show, that my course this day is run;

The evening shade and silent night  
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2 I now my soul and frail abode  
Humbly commit to Israel's God,  
To him who slumbers not nor sleeps,

And who his own in safety keeps.

3 Where'er I thee this day did grieve,

O Lord, me graciously forgive;  
And, with a mind from trouble freed,

Let me sleep in thy peace indeed.

**1086.** T. 22. (894.)

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,

For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,

Under thy own almighty wings.

2 Lord, for the sake of thy dear Son,

Forgive the ill that I have done,  
That with the world, myself, and thee,

I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread

The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,

Sleep that may me more vig'rous make

To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

**1087.** T. 14. (895.)

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,  
Be with me through this night,  
And grant to me most graciously  
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my  
eyes,  
Thou wilt not from me move:  
Lord, in the morning let me rise,  
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Oh, if this night should prove my  
last,  
And end my transient days;  
Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,  
Where I may sing thy praise.

**1088.\*** T. 165. (896.)

AUTHOR of the whole creation,  
Light of light, eternal Word!  
Soul and body's preservation  
I commit to thee, O Lord!  
My Redeemer, dwell in me,  
Let me sleep and wake with thee,  
And perceive thy benediction,  
Both in joy and in affliction.

2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,  
While to rest I lay me down,  
Let my grateful heart remember  
All the mercies thou hast shown;  
Fill me with thy sacred love,  
That I dream of things above,  
And bestow on me the favor  
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgres-  
sion,  
Whether open or unknown,  
Thus removing that oppression  
Under which I else should groan:  
I confess the guilt of sin,  
But thy blood can make me clean;  
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,  
Grant me joy and consolation.

**1089.\*** T. 164. (897.)

IN peace will I lie down to sleep;  
O faithful Lord and Saviour,  
Me under thy protection keep,  
Let me enjoy thy favor!  
Ev'n death I need not fear,  
If thou to me art near;  
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,  
He also doth with Jesus rise.

2 As oft this night as my pulse beats  
My spirit would embrace thee;  
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats  
May I adore and praise thee;  
Thus I can go to rest  
In thy communion blest,  
United unto thee by faith;  
Thou art my joy, in life and death.

**1090.** T. 157. (898.)

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry favor,  
Which my God—hath bestow'd,  
I will bless my Saviour:  
O my Lord! what shall I render  
Unto thee?—Thou shalt be  
This night my Defender.

2 Thou my Rock, my Strength and  
Tower!  
While I sleep,—deign to keep  
Watch from hour to hour;  
Visit me with thy salvation;  
Be thou near,—that thy care,  
Guard my habitation.

**1091.** T. 14. (899.)

REFRESH me, Lord, with grace  
divine,  
Unto thy cross I flee,  
And to thy care my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.

2 Besprinkled with thy precious  
blood  
May I lie down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

**1092.** T. 14. (900.)

CHRIST'S precious blood, which  
from each vein  
Our sin and curse forth press'd,  
When overwhelm'd with grief and  
pain,  
His soul was sore amaz'd;  
2 May that refresh us while we  
sleep,  
And sanctify our rest,  
And while we dream our spirit  
keep  
With him in union blest.

**1093.** T. 79. (901.)

NO farther go to-night, but stay,  
Dear Saviour, till the break of day,  
Turn in, my Lord, with me;  
And in the morning when I wake,  
Me under thy protection take,  
Thus day and night I spend with thee.

**1094.\*** T. 79. (902.)

TO rest I now again retire,  
Thou know'st thy presence I desire,  
Of thee I wish to dream;  
Still near to thee by faith to keep,  
And taste thy goodness while I sleep,  
Who didst my soul with blood redeem.

**1095.\*** T. 68. (903.)

JESUS, hear our pray'r,  
For thy children care;  
While we sleep, protect and bless us,  
With thy pardon now refresh us;  
Leave thy peace divine  
With us, we are thine.

## CRADLE HYMNS.

**1096.** T. 16. (904.)

HUSH, dear child, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heav'nly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

2 Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide,  
All without thy care and payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

3 How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee.

D d

4 Soft and easy is thy cradle,  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When his birth-place was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

5 Was there nothing but a manger  
Fallen sinners could afford,  
To receive the heav'nly Stranger,  
Did they thus neglect our Lord?

6 See the joyful shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought him, there they found him,  
With his virgin-mother by.

7 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came;  
He by groans and bitter crying  
Saved thee from burning flame.

8 May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near him,  
See his face, and sing his praise.

**1097.\*** T. 22. (905.)

SLEEP well, dear child! sleep safe and sound,  
The holy angels thee surround,  
Who always see thy Father's face,  
And never slumber nights nor days.

2 God fill thee with his heav'nly light,  
To steer thy christian course aright;  
Make thee a tree of blessed root,  
That ever bends with godly fruit.

3 Those children are to God most dear,  
Who him, with rev'rence, love and fear;  
And infants are by Jesus Christ  
Most kindly bless'd, and highly priz'd.

4 Are not the joys of God above  
Giv'n to the children of his love?  
He who desires to see his face,  
Must here become a child of grace.

5 Be thou, dear child, in thy de-  
gree

Like Jesus, in his infancy:  
He soon did ev'ry grace display,  
Tho' he was God, he learnt t'obey.

6 He hath, by all he did and said,  
For thee rich blessings merited;  
'Twas thine entail'd misery  
Made him become a child like thee.

7 If thou partakest of his grace,  
Thou wilt enjoy that happiness,  
Which our incarnate God regain'd  
For all whom Adam's sin had  
stain'd.

8 Soon in this world will finish'd be  
The task God may design for thee;  
May'st thou, when this short life is  
o'er,

With Jesus live for evermore.

9 Sleep now, dear child, and take  
thy rest;

If thou with riper years art blest,  
Increase in wisdom and in grace,  
Till thou shalt see thy Saviour's  
face.

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C. BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

**1098.** T. 14. (906.)

THEE we address in humble  
pray'r,

Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;  
Father of all, thy children hear,  
And send a blessing down.

2 May we enjoy thy saving grace,  
Thy goodness taste and see,  
Athirst for blood-bought righteous-  
ness,  
And hungry after thee.

**1099.\*** T. 10. (907.)

TO God the Lord be praises  
For all the gifts and graces  
He hath to us dispensed,  
E'er since our lives commenced.

2 No blessing he denieth,  
Us all with food supplieth,  
Grants us his preservation  
In ev'ry age and station.

**1100.** T. 90. (908.)

THOU sov'reign Author of all  
good,

Whose providence for all doth  
care,

Giver of life, of health, and food,  
Be present with thy children here,  
And to our use O sanctify  
The gifts thy bounty doth supply.

2 All creatures, Lord, on thee de-  
pend,  
And by thy pow'r and bounty  
live;

May we each blessing thou dost  
send

With truly grateful hearts receive,  
In ev'ry gift thou dost dispense  
Admiring thy wise providence.

3 We can't thy boundless mercies  
share,

And thee, the Spring of life, for-  
get;

For all thy goodness, love and care,  
Our thanks we offer at thy feet.

Lord, may we always taste thy  
grace,

Until we end our mortal race.

**1101.** T. 595. (909.)

SURE God is present here,  
His gifts demand our praise;  
The present instance of his care  
Speaks him a God of grace.

2 In him we live and move,  
In him our being have;  
We thank thee, Jesus, Source of  
love,  
Who cam'st our souls to save.

**1102.** T. 11. (910.)

JESUS' mercies never fail,  
This we prove at ev'ry meal;  
Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,  
Gladly join to sing thy praise.

2 Lord, the gifts thou dost bestow,  
Can refresh and cheer us too:  
But no gift can to the heart  
Be, what thou our Saviour art.

3 Praise our God! it is but just,  
He hath rais'd us from the dust,  
Gave us being, gave us breath,  
Saves us from eternal death.

**1103.** T. 79. (911.)

WHAT praise to thee, my Saviour,  
Is due for ev'ry favor,  
Ev'n for my daily food!  
Each crumb thou dost allow me,  
With gratitude shall bow me,  
Accounting all for me too good.

**1104.** T. 22. (912.)

BE present at our table, Lord!  
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd;  
From thy all-bounteous hand our  
food  
May we receive with gratitude.

2 We humbly thank thee, Lord our  
God,  
For all thy gifts on us bestow'd;  
And pray thee, graciously to grant  
The food which day by day we  
want.

**1105.** T. 22. (913.)

LORD, bless what thou provided  
hast!

Give grace, that we at this repast  
May have, in all we think or do,  
The glory of our God in view.

2 Thy name be hallow'd evermore,  
O God, thy kingdom come with  
pow'r,  
Thy will be done, and ev'ry day  
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

3 Lord, evermore to us be giv'n  
That living Bread which came from  
heav'n;  
Water of life on us bestow,  
Which doth from thee, the Foun-  
tain, flow!

D. FOR TRAVELLERS.

**1106.** T. 79. (914.)

A STRANGER and a pilgrim, I  
With thy command, O Lord, com-  
ply,  
I go where thou dost send:  
My high commission I obey,  
The toil and dangers of the way  
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2 Attend me, Lord, in all my ways;  
Open my lips to sing thy praise,  
For blessings freely giv'n;  
In all my journies here below  
Let thy kind presence with me go;  
Yea, grant me once to rest in  
heav'n.

**1107.** T. 79. (915.)

THE Lord be with me ev'ry where,  
And screen me with paternal care  
By his almighty arm.  
No trav'ller needs to faint or fear,  
If he believe the Lord is near,  
Who can protect him from all  
harm.

2 By sea and land, by night and  
day,  
O Lord, in safety me convey,  
Though winds and thunders roar:  
Bring me, when ev'ry peril's past,  
Safe to the destin'd place at last,  
There to extol thy help and pow'r.

**1108.** T. 157. (916.)

JESUS, thou art my salvation!  
Bow thine ear,—hear my pray'r,  
Grant my supplication:  
Lo! thou seest me here a stranger;  
Unto me—gracious be;  
Lord, avert all danger.

2 In distress be thou my Saviour;  
Hear my pray'rs,—see my tears,  
Show thy servant favor,  
Thro' life's journey safely lead me;  
Guide my way,—lest I stray  
From the hand that made me.

**1109.\*** T. 22. (917.)

LORD, in thy name we go our way;  
Be thou our Guide, Support and  
Stay,  
Protect us by thy mighty hand,  
Where'er we go, by sea or land.

**1110.\*** T. 26. (918.)

LORD, let thy presence with us go,  
Throughout our journey us direct,  
Thy angels guard us and protect,  
Yea, prosper thou whate'er we do.

**1111.** T. 583. (919.)

PRESERVE this ship and com-  
pany, O Lord,  
And thy protecting aid to them af-  
ford;  
Be their support when waves and  
tempests roar,  
And bring them safely to their  
destin'd shore.

**1112.\*** T. 97. (920.)

WHEN Jesus calls, we ready stand,  
Our future life is in his hand;  
Though separated for a time,  
We yet continue one in him;  
And therefore, while we part, need  
not complain,  
As if we never were to meet again.

**1113.** T. 14. (921.)

BLESS'D be that sacred cov'nant  
love,

Uniting, though we part;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints, we go,  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
Show forth his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk with him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nought else desire, nought else es-  
teem,  
But Jesus crucified.

4 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor  
place,  
Nor life nor death can part  
Those, who enjoying Jesus' grace,  
In him are one in heart.

5 Soon will he wipe off ev'ry tear,  
On Canaan's blissful shore,  
Where all, who friends in Jesus are,  
Shall meet to part no more.

## E. FOR THE SICK.

**1114.** T. 166. (922.)

WHEN pining sickness wastes the  
frame,  
Acute disease or weak'ning pain;  
When life fast spends its feeble  
flame,  
And all the help of man proves  
vain;  
Joyless and flat all things appear,  
Languid the spirits, weak the  
flesh,  
No med'cines ease, nor cordials  
cheer,  
Food can't support, nor sleep re-  
fresh;

2 Then, then to have recourse to  
God,

To pray to him in time of need,  
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,  
This is to find a Friend indeed.  
And this, O christian, is thy lot,  
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith,  
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)  
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

3 When flesh decays, when vigor  
fails,  
He will thy strength and portion  
be;

Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,  
And softly whisper, 'trust in me.'  
Himself will be thy helping Friend,  
Thy good Physician, yea thy  
Nurse,

\*To make thy bed will condescend,  
And from affliction take the curse.

**1115.** T. 22. (923.)

THOUGH I'm in body full of pain,  
My soul doth heav'nly comfort gain;  
And, should I die, I'm not afraid,  
Since Jesus suffer'd in my stead.

2 Yet one thing will I ask of thee:  
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me;  
But bless me often, keep my mind  
Stay'd on thy help, to thee resign'd.

3 Then I shall be supremely blest,  
Nor ask, tho' sick, to be releas'd;  
I'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,  
I know thou rulest all things well.

**1116.** T. 22. (924.)

MY body's weak, my heart unclean,  
I pine with sickness, and with sin;  
My strength decays, my spirits droop,  
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look up.

2 To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,  
Who all my sicknesses hast borne;  
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst die

For guilty sinners, such as I.

3 Sin's rankling sores my soul corode,

Oh, heal them with thy precious blood;

And if thou wilt my health restore,  
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

**1117.** T. 22. (925.)

OH, how I long to go and see  
The Lamb of God, who died for me;  
How do I languish, night and day,  
To hear him bid me come away!

2 He loves and values me; I him;  
Therefore I all things dross esteem  
But my dear Jesus, whom I prize  
Above my life, or earth, or skies.

3 With pining sickness I decay,  
Diseases wear my flesh away;  
But I shall soon his leave obtain  
To be releas'd from all my pain,

4 Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge

To set my longing soul at large:  
Quickly thy blessed hosts command  
To carry me to thy right hand.

5 My loving friends, farewell, fare-  
well,

I go with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Welcome, my heav'nly country now,  
Parents and brethren, all adieu!

D d 2

F. CONCERNING THE HOLY  
ANGELS.

**1118.\*** T. 22. (926.)

TO God let all the human race  
Bring adoration, thanks and praise;  
He makes his love and wisdom  
known

By angels who surround his throne.

2 The angels, whom his breath in-  
spires,

His ministers, are flaming fires,  
With joy they in his service move,  
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3 With gladness they obey his will,  
And all his purposes fulfil;  
All those who Jesus' children are,  
Are special objects of his care.

4 Our God defends us day by day  
From many dangers in our way,  
By angels, who for ever keep  
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5 O Lord, we'll bless thee all our  
days,

Our souls shall glory in thy grace:  
Thy praise shall dwell upon our  
tongues,

All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray thee, let the heav'nly  
host

Be guardians of our land and coast,  
Bid them watch o'er thy flock of  
grace,

That we may lead a life of peace.

**1119.** T. 22. (927.)

NOW let us join our hearts and  
tongues,

And emulate the angels' songs;  
For sinners may address their King  
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once  
was slain,

But we can add a higher strain;  
Not only say, 'He suffer'd thus:'  
But, that 'He suffer'd all for us.'

3 When angels by transgression fell,  
Justice consign'd them all to hell;  
But mercy form'd a wondrous plan  
To save and honor fallen man.

4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,  
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;  
He, who redeem'd us with his blood,  
As man still fills the throne of God.

5 Immanuel, our Brother now,  
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow;  
They join with us to praise his  
name,  
But we the nearest int'rest claim.

6 But, ah, how faint our praises  
rise!

Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share his richest love,  
So cold, and unconcern'd should  
prove.

7 O glorious hour, it comes with  
speed,

When we from sin and darkness  
freed,

Shall see our God who died for man,  
And praise him more than angels  
can.

**1120.\*** T. 70. (928.)

THE holy angels,  
When they to Christ draw near,  
Fall down before him,  
Their God, with holy fear,  
And with profound humiliation,  
Pay him the deepest adoration.

2 Heirs of salvation,  
Redeemed with Christ's blood,  
Their ministration

Demands our gratitude;  
They'll guard us till we shall as-  
semble,

Where our joint voices shall fill the  
temple.

**1121.\*** T. 249. (929.)

THE seraphim of God  
Exalt :: their voices loud,  
With joy 'fore him they shout;  
Their holy choirs in heav'nly blaze  
Sing constantly with cover'd face,  
Holy, Holy is God,—Holy is God,  
The Lord of Sabaoth!

2 Thereto the church of Christ,  
His flesh :: and bone confess'd,  
Sings, Amen! God be prais'd!  
Above and here one voice doth  
sound:

Praise him who hath for us aton'd!  
To God in highest strain,  
To the Lamb slain,  
All glory be! Amen.

3 When Christ, once crucified,  
Returns :: with his pierc'd side  
In glory, to his bride,  
And all the world shall quake with  
fear,

Then will with joy 'fore him appear  
The countless ransom'd race,  
And sing his praise  
In never-ceasing lays.

**1122.** T. 14. (930.)

YE angels, who excel in pow'r,  
Praise ye and bless the Lord!  
Ye who delight to do his will,  
Laud him with one accord.

2 Yea, all his works, in ev'ry place,  
Extol his holy name!  
My thankful heart, my mind and  
soul,  
Unite to praise the same!

**1123.** T. 590.

THEE, Lord, th' angelic armies  
praise,

Thou first-born Son of Light!  
But cannot look on Jesus' face,  
And bear the dazzling sight:  
Ranks upon ranks, they fall before  
His all-abasing name,  
In silent ecstasy t'adore  
The glories of the Lamb.

**1124.\*** T. 583. (931.)

THANKS to our Lord for all the  
faithfulness  
Wherewith his angels guard his  
chosen race;  
When they, obedient to his blest  
commands,  
Receive the charge to bear us in  
their hands.

1125.\* T. 141. (1163.)

WHILE the pilgrim travels  
 On this earthly ground,  
 Watchful, guardian angels  
 Compass him around;  
 Like Elisha's servant,  
 He in faith espies  
 Hosts with fiery horses,  
 Flaming chariots rise.

1126. T. 166. (932.)

ANGELS astonish'd view their  
 God  
 As Son of man to sinners giv'n;  
 With awe they saw his streaming  
 blood,  
 Were struck, and silence was in  
 heav'n;

Now they with all the saints in  
 light  
 Worship the Lamb enthron'd  
 above,  
 And praise the length, the breadth,  
 the height,  
 And depth of God's stupendous  
 love.

1127. T. 141. (933.)

HOLY, holy, holy,  
 Sings th' angelic choir;  
 Might we, sinners, truly  
 Glow with heav'nly fire;  
 Praising all together,  
 Deeply bow'd in dust,  
 God, Jehovah, Father,  
 Son, and Holy Ghost.

XXXIX. *Our Departure to the Lord, and the  
 Resurrection of the Body.*

1128.\* T. 151. (935.)

FAREWELL henceforth for ever,  
 All empty worldly joys;  
 Farewell, for Christ my Saviour  
 Alone my thoughts employs;  
 In heav'n's my conversation,  
 Where the redeem'd possess  
 In him complete salvation,  
 The gift of God's free grace.

2 Counsel me, dearest Jesus,  
 According to thy heart;  
 Heal thou all my diseases,  
 And ev'ry harm avert:  
 Be thou my consolation  
 While here on earth I live,  
 And at my expiration  
 Me to thyself receive.

3 May in my heart's recesses  
 Thy name and cross always  
 Shine forth, with all their graces,  
 To yield me joy and peace:  
 Stand 'fore me in that figure,  
 Wherein thou bar'st for us  
 Justice in all its rigor,  
 Expiring on the cross.

1129.\* T. 146. (936.)

THE grace enjoy'd by faith  
 In Jesus' incarnation,  
 His wounds and bitter death,  
 Assures us of salvation;  
 Engageth our whole heart,  
 Prompts us to sing his praise,  
 Until we hence depart  
 To see him face to face.

2 If Jesus should appear  
 Now at this very moment,  
 What think ye, should ye fear?  
 No, we with deep abasement,  
 Yet joyful, would adore  
 The Lamb who shed his blood,  
 And own him evermore  
 Our Saviour, Lord and God.

3 Ah, might the time soon come,  
 When thou, our soul's Beloved,  
 Shalt fetch thy children home;  
 Our inmost soul is moved,  
 To think we shall behold  
 Him, whom by faith we know,  
 Chief Shepherd of his fold,  
 In whom we're one, and grow.

4 Hear thou our hearts' desire,  
Most gracious Lord and Saviour,  
Let us in peace expire,  
And rise to meet thy favor;  
And when thou shalt assign  
His doom to ev'ry one,  
Thy righteousness divine  
Shall be our boast alone.

**1130.\*** T. 74. (937.)

THE Lord my Portion is,  
I know no other bliss,  
Here nor eternally,  
But that which flows to me  
From Jesus' blood and death,  
Whereon I trust by faith.

2 Thou know'st, O God, that I,  
Were I just now to die,  
No Saviour have beside,  
But Christ who for me died;  
He is my faithful Friend,  
Whose mercies never end.

3 I shall, when time is o'er,  
Behold for evermore  
My Saviour, Lord and God,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And view the wounds which he  
Received once for me.

4 The time to him is known,  
Meanwhile be this alone  
My care, that through his grace  
I so may run my race,  
That I in faith may die,  
And live eternally.

**1131.\*** T. 149. (938.)

YE who Jesus' patients are,  
Let your hearts be tending  
Thither, where ye wish to share  
Bliss that's never ending;  
O may ye—constantly,  
Wean'd from things terrestrial,  
Look for joys celestial.

2 Fixing all our thoughts above,  
Where each true believer  
Will, for his redeeming love,  
Praise the Lord for ever,  
Here, by faith—in his death,  
We find consolation  
And complete salvation.

**1132.\*** T. 119. (1189.)

HAD we nought, :||:  
Nought beyond this life to hope,  
Here receiving our full measure,  
Did no further prospect ope,  
Laid we up no heav'nly treasure,  
Wretched were our state in life and  
death,  
Vain our faith. :||:

2 Here on earth, :||:  
Here on earth in tears we sow;  
He, who here goes forth and  
weepeth,  
Bearing precious seed below,  
Brings his sheaves with him and  
reapeth  
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows  
o'er,  
Evermore. :||:

**1133.\*** T. 132. (934.)

THANK God, towards eternity  
Another step is taken,  
My heart with longing turns to thee:  
Though not by thee forsaken,  
I long and pant for my release,  
When I shall hence depart in peace,  
To be with thee for ever.

2 I tell the hours and days and years,  
And think them tedious ages,  
Until the wish'd-for time appears  
Which all my grief assuages;  
Meanwhile with haste I forward  
press,  
Till I arrive, with thankfulness,  
At my desired haven.

3 Come, saith thy bride, who longs  
for thee,  
Of all else she is weary,  
And prays to thee incessantly,  
Come, come, and do not tarry;  
Jesus, my Bridegroom, come to me,  
Thou know'st, O Lord, my soul to thee  
Already is betrothed.

4 I am assur'd, nor life nor death  
Me from thy love can sever,  
While I abide in thee by faith,  
And taste thy love and favor;  
What tho' this time seem long to me,  
A foretaste of eternity  
I have in thy communion.

**1134.\* T. 244. (939.)**

HOW soon, exalted Jesus,  
Thou wilt to us reveal  
Thy countenance most glorious,  
That none as yet can tell;  
So as thou didst appear  
To thy disciples here;  
Meanwhile, by frequent visits,  
Us thy poor foll'wers cheer.

2 Till then, thou wilt call over,  
Out of thy family,  
Now one, and then another,  
To be at rest with thee:  
O grant us needful grace,  
That we may run our race  
Relying on thy mercy,  
Till we shall see thy face.

**1135. T. 11. (940.)**

LORD, my times are in thy hand,  
Be they then at thy command;  
Let me live to thee alone,  
Then the sting of death is gone.

2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,  
Lord, for shelter, but to thee?  
Thou hast gone before, in grace,  
To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sin's heavy load,  
All thy steps were mark'd with  
blood,

From the garden to the cross,  
Suff'ring to retrieve our loss.

4 By thy bitter agony,  
By thy life pour'd out for me,  
O let me, a sinner, find  
In my God a Friend most kind.

**1136.\* T. 14. (941.)**

WHETHER the period of this life  
Be long or short, we know,  
'Tis in itself of no great weight,  
We're pilgrims here below.

2 Thrice happy they, who in this  
time

In Jesus Christ believe,  
And as a living sacrifice  
To him their bodies give.\*

\* *Rom. xii. 1.*

3 He is, as long as life shall last,  
The Source of all their bliss,  
And when they from this world de-  
part,  
They see him as he is.

4 Lord, may I live to thee by faith,  
To thee O may I die,  
For thine I am in life and death,  
Thine, thine eternally.

**1137. T. 97. (942.)**

ALTHOUGH a pardon'd sinner's  
mind  
To be with Christ is most inclin'd,  
Yet, long as he remaineth here,  
Be it a day, a month, or year,  
If but his heart be daily cheer'd by  
grace,  
With patience he can run his des-  
tin'd race.

2 We in this world no city have  
Where we to fix our dwelling crave;  
For as a trav'ller on the road  
Oft rests, but hath no fix'd abode,  
Life's comforts thus we welcome,  
not pursue,  
But keep our heav'nly mansion still  
in view.

**1138. T. 166. (943.)**

LORD, whither can I, sinner, flee,  
When I go hence, but to thy  
breast?

For I have sought no other home,  
For I have found no other rest.  
When earthly cares engross the  
mind,  
And turn my thoughts aside from  
thee,

Then the successive days and nights  
Seem long and wearisome to me.

2 My God, and can a needy child,  
That loves thee in humility,  
From thy dear presence be exil'd,  
Or ever separated be?

O no, for in thy wounded hands  
By faith my name engrav'd I see;  
Firm and secure thy promise stands,  
That where thou art thy friends  
shall be.

**1139.** T. 96. (944.)

IN age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a helpless worm re-  
deem!

Jesus, my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and  
heart!

O could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity!

**1140.\*** T. 168. (945.)

MAKE my calling and election,  
Jesus, ev'ry day more sure;

Keep me under thy direction,

Till I, thro' thy godlike pow'r,  
Unto endless glory raised,

In thy mansions shall be placed:

When in thee I end my race,

Weeping shall for ever cease.

**1141.\*** T. 37. (946.)

MY happy lot is here

The Lamb to follow;

Be this my only care

Each step to hallow,

And thus await the time

When Christ my Saviour

Will call me hence, with him

To live for ever.

**1142.\*** T. 124. (947.)

THEE we love and long to see,

Yea, dear Saviour,

We desire to be with thee;

But the favor

To have thee, though still unseen,

Ever near us—doth revive and  
cheer us.

**1143.** T. 590. (948.)

OUR conversation is in heav'n,

Whence also we expect

The Lord our Saviour Christ to  
come,

And gather his elect.

Then shall he our vile body change,

And fashion it like his,

A glorious body, form'd for realms  
Of everlasting bliss.

**1144.\*** T. 83. (949.)

CHRIST, my Rock, my sure De-  
fence,

Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth!

O! what pleasing hopes from thence

My believing heart deriveth!

Else death's long and gloomy night

Would my guilty soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,

Thou shalt rise too, saith my  
Saviour;

Of what should I be afraid!

I with him shall live for ever.

Can the HEAD forsake HIS limb,

And not draw me unto him?

3 No, my soul he cannot leave,

This, this is my consolation;

And my body in the grave

Rests in hope and expectation,

That this mortal flesh shall see

Incorruptibility.

4 Closely by love's sacred bands

I am join'd to him already,

And my faith's outstretched hands

To embrace my Lord are ready;

Death itself shall never part

Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5 Flesh I bear, and therefore must

Unto dust be once reduced,

This I own, but from the dust

I shall be to life produced,

And, convey'd to endless bliss,

Live where my Redeemer is.

6 In my body, when restor'd

To the likeness of his body,

I shall see my God, my Lord,

My Beloved in his glory;

In my flesh eternally

My Redeemer I shall see.

7 These mine eyes most certainly

Shall behold and know my Sa-  
viour,

I, no stranger, no, ev'n I,

Him to see shall have the favor:

Grieving, pining in that day

Ever shall be done away.

8 What here sickens, sighs and groans,  
There o'er death shall prove vic-  
torious;

Earthly here are sown my bones,  
Heav'nly they shall rise, and glo-  
rious:

What is natural sown here,  
Shall as spiritual rise there.

9 Let us raise our minds above  
This world's lusts, vain, transi-  
tory,

Cleave to him ev'n here in love,  
Whom we hope to see in glory:  
May our minds tend constantly  
Where we ever wish to be.

**1145.\* T. 22. (950.)**

MY life I now to God resign,  
At his decree I'll not repine,  
Will he prolong my mournful days,  
He'll help me well to end my race.

2 I go hence at th' appointed hour,  
Nor would I wish to go before,  
My hairs the Lord hath number'd  
all,

Without his will not one can fall.

3 Lord, what is man! a clod of  
earth,

A needy mortal from his birth,  
Brought nothing with him when he  
came,  
And naked leaves this earthly frame.

4 Teach us to number so our days  
That we apply to wisdom's ways,  
Knowing how swift our moments  
fly,

That all, both young and old, must  
die.

5 Evil and few, as Jacob says,  
Alas! I count my pilgrim-days;  
When God shall call his servant  
home,  
In hope of joy I'll meet the tomb.

6 How should I live in constant  
dread,  
Harass'd by guilt, of death afraid,  
Did I not know, God gave his Son,  
Who did for all my sins atone!

7 'Tis he, my Saviour Jesus Christ,  
Who for my sins was sacrific'd,  
And rose triumphant from the  
grave,

That he my soul from death might  
save.

8 To him I yield my life and  
breath,

His love will guide my soul thro'  
death,

And bring me to the blissful place,  
Where I shall see him face to face.

9 My flesh meanwhile doth rest in  
hope,

Till in his likeness raised up;  
Out of his hands no dust shall  
fall,

My body he'll to life recall.

10 This gives me comfort and re-  
lief,

In all my greatest pain and grief;  
He'll wipe away my ev'ry tear,  
When he in glory shall appear.

11 Humbly, Lord Christ, I thee ad-  
dress;

Ah! clothe me in thy righteous-  
ness;

Arrayed in salvation's vest,  
I'm sure of endless joy and rest.

12 Amen! thou sov'reign God of  
love,

O grant that when we hence re-  
move,

Our souls redeemed with thy blood,  
May find in thee their sure abode.

**1146.\* T. 22. (951.)**

LORD Jesus, Fountain of my life!  
Sole comfort in this world of strife!  
I come, both weary and opprest,  
And pray, Lord, take my soul to  
rest!

2 When I shall yield my dying  
breath,

Support me by thy bitter death;  
Thy mercy is my only plea;  
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3 By all thou hast for me endur'd,  
Thou hast eternal life procur'd;  
Thy shame, reproach, and thorny  
crown,

Gain'd for me glory and renown!

4 Thy stripes have me, a sinner,  
heal'd;

My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;  
Thy agony, thy dying breath  
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5 Unto my heart, when speech I  
want,

The utterance of thy Spirit grant:  
O that my soul to heav'n may rise,  
When death in darkness seals my  
eyes.

6 Thy bitter death shall sweeten  
mine,

My soul I to thy care resign:  
Thou, since thou gav'st thy life for  
me,

Wilt keep me to eternity.

7 How glad am I, that I have  
known,

What thou to ransom me hast  
done:

How glad am I, that I believe,  
Thou, when I die, wilt me re-  
ceive.

8 Thanks be to thee, who hast en-  
dur'd

My curse, and life for me procur'd:  
Nor doth the grave to me appear  
A terror, since thou restedst there.

9 What songs of everlasting joy  
Shall mine and angels' tongues em-  
ploy!

How shall I to eternity  
Exalt thy love and mercy free!

1147.\* T. 132. (953.)

JESUS, by thy almighty pow'r  
My soul from death deliver,  
In that important, awful hour,  
When soul and body sever;  
Into thy ever faithful hand  
My spirit will I then commend,  
I trust thou wilt receive it.

2 Though guilt would fill my soul  
with dread,

Despair and consternation,  
I know I need not be afraid,  
Since Christ is my salvation:  
His precious blood, his wounds and  
death,

Shall, when I draw my latest breath,  
Be my support and comfort.

3 I of his body am a limb,  
This is my consolation;  
And death between my soul and  
him

Shall make no separation;  
He in me, I in him abide,  
In him, who for me liv'd and died,  
I've found life everlasting.

4 Since he did from the dead arise,  
And then ascend victorious,

I likewise in the hope rejoice,  
To rise again more glorious;  
Thus free from fear, I can in peace  
Depart to see him as he is,  
And live with him for ever.

1148.\* T. 244. (1192.)

IN spirit I am waiting,  
Lord Jesus, near to thee,

Thy suff'rings contemplating:  
I know, they were for me!  
I thee behold by faith

Bow down thine head in death,  
I hear thee cry: 'Tis finish'd,  
And watch thy latest breath.

2 Thy sighs, thy groans in anguish,  
The tears, which from thee flow'd

When thou for me didst languish,  
Thy wounds and precious blood,  
Be present night and day

To me, while here I stay,  
And at my dissolution  
My soul to heav'n convey.

3 'Midst joy beyond expression,  
I shall abased be

With deep humiliation,  
When called home to thee;  
When I, completely bless'd,  
Have leave with thee to rest,  
Thy holy feet with rapture  
By me shall be embrac'd.

4 O hasten thy appearance!  
 Yet as it pleaseth thee;  
 Meanwhile to me thy presence  
 Vouchsafe continually.  
 Fix thou my heart and eyes  
 Upon thy sacrifice,  
 Until, my race here finish'd,  
 I shall obtain the prize.

1149.\* T. 151. (955.)

WHEN I shall gain permission  
 To leave this mortal tent,  
 And get from pain dismissal,  
 Jesus! thyself present;  
 And let me, when expiring,  
 Recline upon thy breast,  
 Thus I shall be acquiring  
 Eternal life and rest.

1150.\* T. 232. (956.)

LORD, let thy blest angelic bands  
 Convey my soul into thy hands,  
 When soul and body sever;  
 My body, though reduc'd to dust,  
 Thou wilt (O Lord, I firmly trust)  
 Raise up to live for ever.  
 Then shall I see thee face to face,  
 In everlasting joy and peace,  
 And sing, with all the saints above,  
 The wonders of redeeming love.  
 O Christ, my Lord, :: I'll thee  
 adore  
 Here, and above for evermore.

1151.\* T. 14. (1193.)

O HOW I long with Christ to be,  
 And in his presence rest,  
 He draws my soul most pow'rfully,  
 I to his bosom haste.

2 Meanwhile may I in spirit view  
 His suff'rings, cross and death,  
 These to my heart be daily new,  
 Till I resign my breath.

3 Me for thy coming, Lord, pre-  
 pare,  
 Grant I may ready be,  
 Whene'er thou callest, without fear  
 To meet and welcome thee.

E e

4 Thou know'st my insufficiency,  
 All my diseases cure,  
 O let thy stripes and wounds on me  
 Exert their healing pow'r.

5 Thus will my wants be well sup-  
 plied,  
 Thus will my soul with grace  
 Abundantly be satisfied,  
 And kept in heav'nly peace;

6 Until the hour shall strike at last,  
 When I, from sorrow free,  
 Shall hasten to thy arms and breast,  
 And ever live with thee.

1152. T. 582. (954, 957.)

THE spirits of the just,  
 Confin'd in bodies, groan,  
 Till death consigns the corpse to  
 dust,

And then the conflict's done.  
 Jesus, who came to save,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,  
 And made ev'n death our gain.

2 Why should we fear to trust  
 The place where Jesus lay;  
 He'll raise our bodies from the dust,  
 And unto life convey.

Sin's pardon'd, we're secure,  
 Death hath no sting beside,  
 The law gives sin condemning  
 pow'r,  
 But Jesus for us died.

3 Confiding in thy name,  
 Jesus, the church's Head,  
 We give to earth the breathless  
 frame,

Rememb'ring thou wast dead:  
 A bitter death indeed  
 Was thine, O Lamb of God;  
 But from the curse thou hast us  
 freed,

By thy atoning blood.

4 O death, where is thy sting?  
 O grave, thy victory?  
 He that believes in Christ can sing:  
 'He hath redeemed me!'  
 Trusting in him by faith  
 We now the vict'ry gain;  
 In him we triumph over death,  
 Who for us rose again.

**1153.** T. 102. (958.)

WHERE is this infant? It is gone!  
To whom? To Jesus who redeem'd it:  
It now appears before his throne,  
Where he continues still to tend it,  
His favor—for ever  
To prove: he doth bear  
This lamb in his bosom, 'tis safe in  
his care.

2 He took such in his arms on earth,  
And show'd to them peculiar favor;  
Hence we may know, that from  
their birth  
He is their ever gracious Saviour!  
He gave them,—he takes them,  
Whene'er he sees best  
For them to come to him, and with  
him to rest.

3 This infant rests now happily  
In Christ, the Source of our salva-  
tion,  
Rejoicing to eternity,  
Join'd to the perfect congregation.  
The body,—we bury;  
We know, that from pain  
Released, we once shall behold it  
again.

**1154.** T. 14. (960.)

HOW sweetly this our *Brother*  
sleeps,  
Enjoying endless peace,  
The grave, wherein *his* Saviour lay,  
Is now *his* resting-place.

2 Nought can disturb this heir of  
life,  
All worldly cares are fled;  
To be with Christ was *his* desire,  
And *he's* now perfected.

**1155.** T. 16. (1195.)

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below,  
Thou, by angel-guards attended,  
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,  
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Reaching out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he set before thee,  
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,  
Die, to live a life of glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

**1156.\*** T. 79. (1196.)

WHEN children, bless'd by Jesus,  
To whom their souls are precious,  
Depart in early years,  
They are not lost, for heaven  
To children shall be given,  
Eternal happiness is theirs.

2 This child is therefore blessed,  
Let no one be distressed,  
Christ bid it fall asleep:  
The body dead, the spirit  
Will endless life inherit,  
With his redeemed, happy sheep.

**1157.\*** T. 14. (961.)

BLEST soul, how sweetly dost  
thou rest,

From ev'ry toil and care,  
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,  
Bliss far beyond compare!

2 His suff'rings have deliver'd thee  
From mis'ry, wo and death;  
His word, ' 'Tis finish'd!' prov'd to  
be  
The triumph of thy faith.

3 Now to the earth let these re-  
mains  
In hope committed be!  
Until the body chang'd obtains  
Blest immortality.

**1158.\*** T. 483. (962.)

NOW rest in peace!  
Our pray'rs, when dying, thee at-  
tended,

Thou hast ended  
Thy mortal life, and now, through  
grace,

Beholdest Jesus face to face;  
The holy angels did convey  
Thy soul to realms of endless day:  
There bless thee, God the Father,  
and the Son,

And Holy Ghost,  
Jehovah, Three in One!  
With saints adore the Lamb that  
sitteth on the throne!

XL. *The Last Judgment.*

1159. T. 585. (1197.)

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!

Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round:

How the summons :||:

Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine;Ye, who love the Lord's appearing,  
Then shall say: 'this God is mine!'

Gracious Saviour, :||:

Own me on that day as thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea,  
All the pow'rs of nature shaken,  
At his call prepare to flee:

Careless sinner, :||:

What will then become of thee?

4 To all those, who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,  
He will say: 'Come near ye blessed,  
'See the kingdom I bestow:

You for ever :||:

Shall my love and glory know.'

5 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought our courage  
raise,Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs will then be turn'd to praise:

We shall triumph :||:

While the world is in a blaze.

1160.\* T. 132. (963.)

'TIS sure that awful time will come,  
When Christ, the Lord of glory,  
Shall from his throne give men their  
doom,

And change things transitory:

This will strike dumb each impious  
jeer,When all will be consum'd by fire,  
And heav'n and earth dissolved.2 The wak'ning trumpet all shall  
hear,The dead shall then be raised,  
And 'fore the judgment-seat appear,

On th' right and left hand placed;

Those in the body at that time  
Shall, in a manner most sublime,  
Endure a transmutation.3 Wo then to him, that hath despis'd  
God's word and revelation,And here done nothing but devis'd  
His lust's gratification;Then how confounded will he stand,  
When he must go, at Christ's com-  
mand,

To everlasting torment!

4 When all with awe shall stand  
around,

To hear their doom allotted,

O may my worthless name be found  
In the Lamb's book unblotted;Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,  
That thou, my Saviour, by thy death  
Hast purchas'd my salvation.5 Before thou shalt as Judge appear,  
Plead as my Intercessor;

And on that awful day declare

That I am thy confessor,

Then bring me to that blessed place  
Where I shall see, with open face,  
The glory of thy kingdom.

6 O Jesus, shorten the delay,

And hasten thy salvation,

That we may see that glorious day  
Produce a new creation:Lord Jesus come, our Judge and  
King,

[to sing

Come, change our mournful notes,

Thy praise for ever! Amen.

1161. T. 581. (964.)

HARK! the trump of God is heard;

And th' archangel's voice on high;

Yea, the Lord himself descends  
With a shout that rends the sky;Lo! the bars of death are burst,  
See the dead in Christ rise first;2 His blest people, still on earth,  
In a moment chang'd, all rise  
In the clouds, caught up with them,

Meet their Saviour in the skies;

Fears and doubts are far remov'd,  
Him they see whom here they lov'd.

3 See this transient mortal life  
Swallow'd up eternally!

Death, O death, where is thy sting?  
Where, O grave, thy victory?

Thanks to God, thro' Christ we have  
Vict'ry over death and grave.

4 Now all tears are wip'd away;  
Free from curse and free from  
pain,

All Christ's people now with him  
Kings and priests for ever reign.  
Henceforth his unbounded grace  
Is their theme of endless praise.

5 In the hope of all this joy,  
Brethren, let us still be found;  
Stedfast in the faith of Christ,  
May we all in love abound,  
Till we shall, when time is o'er,  
Live with him for evermore.

**1162.** T. 585. (965.)

LO! he cometh! countless trumpets  
Christ's appearance usher in!  
'Midst ten thousand saints and an-  
gels

See our Judge and Saviour shine!  
Hallelujah! :::

Welcome, welcome, Lamb once  
slain!

2 Now the song of all the saved,  
'Worthy is the Lamb!' resounds:  
Now resplendent shine his nail-  
prints,

Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds!  
Great his glory! :::

Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
Earth and heaven flee away;  
All his enemies, confounded,

Hear the trump proclaim his day:  
Come to judgment! :::

Stand before the Son of man!

4 All who love him, view his glory,  
In his bright, once marred face:

Jesus cometh, all his people  
Now their heads with gladness  
raise:

Happy mourners! :::

Lo, on clouds he comes! he comes.

5 See redemption, long expected,  
On that awful day appear;  
All his people, once despised,  
Joyful meet him in the air:  
Hallelujah! :::

Saviour, now thy kingdom comes!

**1163.** T. 590. (966.)

MY faith shall triumph o'er the  
grave,

And trample on the tombs;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes:

Ere long I know he shall appear  
In pow'r and glory great;  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2 Then, though the worms my flesh  
devour,

And make my corpse their prey,  
I know I shall arise with pow'r,  
On the last judgment-day:

When God shall stand upon the  
earth,

Him these mine eyes shall see,  
My flesh shall feel a second birth,  
And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe  
the tears

From ev'ry weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs,  
and fears,

Shall cease eternally;  
How long, dear Saviour, O how  
long

Shall this bright hour delay?  
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,  
And bring the welcome day.

**1164.** T. 14. (967.)

WHEN rising from the bed of  
death,

O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh, how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
Thy mercy I've not sought,  
My heart with inward horror  
shrinks,

And trembles at the thought:

3 That thou, O Lord, wilt stand  
disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul;  
How then shall I appear?

4 But thou declarest in thy word,  
That sinners who to thee,  
While here they live, repenting turn,  
Shall live eternally.

5 Grant that I never may despair  
Full pardon to obtain,  
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,  
Upon the cross was slain.

**1165.\*** T. 592. (969.)

THIS transient world is not our  
home,

No soul finds here or rest, or bliss;  
The man by this vain world o'er-  
come,

Will of salvation surely miss:  
Jesus alone yields comfort true,  
Jesus is pleasure void of pain;  
His mercies ev'ry day are new,  
His friendship's fire doth still re-  
main.

The scorn'd, selected few thrice  
happy are  
Who have in Jesus' love and grace  
a share.

2 His shame to all will be display'd,  
However specious here his dress,  
Who is not in the robe array'd  
Of Jesus' perfect righteousness;  
Who of Christ's fulness ne'er re-  
ceiv'd,

Will tremble at the judgment-day;  
However righteous here believ'd,  
Then naked must he go away:  
Haste then to Jesus Christ; thrice  
happy they

Who to the mercy-seat have found  
their way!

**1166.\*** T. 22. (970.)

REJOICE, thou happy little flock,  
Which, grounded firm on Christ the  
Rock,  
Shalt dwell with him in lasting day,  
When heav'n and earth shall pass  
away.

E e 2

2 Who doth not turn to him while  
here,  
And love him truly, shall with fear  
And trembling seek a shelt'ring  
place,

To hide himself from Jesus' face.

3 May Christ continue still to keep,  
To feed and tend his dear-bought  
sheep,

Until his ransom'd flock shall be  
Gather'd to him eternally.

4 Help us, O Lord, to watch and pray  
That we be ready ev'ry day,  
To stand before thee through thy  
grace,

And in thy kingdom have a place.

**1167.** T. 151.

WHEN conscious sinners tremble,  
To hear the trumpet sound,  
That bids the dead assemble  
The judgment-seat around,  
O then among that number,  
May we thy call obey,  
Who burst the bands of slumber  
To view a glorious day.

**1168.\*** T. 16. (971.)

JUDGE me now, my God and Sa-  
viour,

Ev'n before the judgment-day;  
Then to me, a worm, thy favor  
Through eternity display.

**1169.\*** T. 205. (972.)

ARE you form'd a creature new,  
Cleans'd by Jesus' precious blood?  
Can you Christ in spirit view,  
Reconcil'd by him to God?

Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,  
Mingle with the virgin-row,  
Have you oil, you need not fear,  
Though this moment he appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,  
Slumber not 'midst worldly care;

Let your lamps be all on flame,  
For his coming now prepare:  
Then whene'er you hear the cry,  
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh!  
You will not confounded be,  
But can meet him cheerfully.

2 Let us walk the narrow way,  
Watchful, cheerful, free from  
toil,

Trim our lamps from day to day,  
Adding still recruits of oil;  
Doubly doth the Spirit rest  
On his happy, peaceful breast,  
Who himself to praying gives,  
Who a life of watching lives.

**1170.\*** T. 588. (973.)

YE virgins, be  
Girt with alacrity;  
At midnight cometh He:  
Cease all your mourning,  
The Lord will be returning,  
Him ye shall see  
In majesty.

2 Now ready stand,  
Yea, always ready stand;  
The Bridegroom is at hand:  
Sleep not, nor slumber,  
Let nothing you encumber,  
But ready stand;  
He is at hand.

**1171.\*** T. 244. (974.)

PREPARE your lamps, stand  
ready,

Your vessels fill with oil;  
Be clean in soul and body,  
Your wishes then can't fail;  
Hark! 'tis the midnight cry,  
'The Bridegroom draweth nigh,'  
Arise, go forth to meet him,  
With songs of praise and joy.

**1172.\*** T. 79. (1198, 975.)

BEFORE us place in dread array,  
Lord Jesus, that tremendous day,  
When thou in clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell us, Lord, that we shall there  
Receive from thee a blissful doom.

2 Lord, for thy coming us prepare,  
May we to meet thee without fear  
At all times ready be:  
In faith and love preserve us sound,  
O let us day and night be found  
Waiting with joy to welcome  
thee.

## XLI. *The Church Triumphant, and the Glory of Eternal Life.*

**1173.** T. 159. (976.)

MOUNT Zion, where the Lamb of  
God,

Who for our sins aton'd,  
And bought us by his precious blood,  
For ever is enthron'd;  
Where his redeem'd and chosen  
bride

Through endless ages shall reside;  
Is here, through faith in Jesus' name,  
Our joy and final aim.

2 Jerusalem, the church above,  
Now triumphs over death,  
And when we, perfected in love,  
Shall once resign our breath,  
We shall, with all the saints in  
light,  
In cheerful songs of praise unite,  
And with his chosen evermore  
His saving name adore.

3 Deliver'd from this mortal clay,  
From sorrow, sin, and pain,  
We shall with Christ, in lasting  
day,

True holiness obtain;  
Lord Jesus, hear our fervent pray'r,  
Us needy sinners all prepare,  
By faith in thee to end our race,  
And to behold thy face.

**1174.\*** T. 97. (977.)

HOW greatly doth my soul rejoice,  
That, by my faithful Shepherd's  
choice,

My name is certainly enroll'd  
Among the sheep of his blest fold!  
May I by nothing e'er be drawn  
aside,  
But be a happy member of his  
bride.

2 My faith victorious now doth rise  
Above all earthly vanities,  
And hath Jerus'lem full in view,  
That holy city, fair and new;  
Through faith in Christ I am God's  
child and heir,  
And shall the glories of his king-  
dom share.

3 Then all old things will pass away,  
And a new scene itself display;  
We wait for thee, Immanuel,  
Come soon, thy majesty reveal;  
Our voices then in higher strains  
shall raise  
A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

1175.\* T. 585. (979.)

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,  
All his suff'rings, death and pain,  
Prove in life our consolation,  
And in death our joy remain;  
Hallelujah, :||  
Christ's our Life, hence death is  
gain.

2 On his precious death and merit  
All our hopes are safely built;  
We rejoice in his salvation,  
Freed from sin's condemning  
guilt;  
Sing his triumphs, :||

'Twas for us his blood was spilt!

3 Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,  
Lo, he bows his head and dies!  
From his death we life inherit,  
Hence our happiness takes rise:

We now glory :||  
Only in his sacrifice.

4 Jesus' body, once interred,  
Sanctifies his brethren's rest,  
And the place which keeps their  
bodies,  
Since earth lodg'd that heav'nly  
Guest,

Now is hallow'd; :||  
We lie down in hope most blest.

5 Our Redeemer rose victorious,  
O what joy doth this afford!  
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,  
Rais'd to glory, like our Lord;  
Blessed Saviour, :||  
Ever be by us ador'd!

6 Conqu'ring Lord, to heav'n as-  
cended,

To prepare for us a place,  
Pleading thine own blood and merit;  
Here, our faith rests on thy grace,  
There, in glory, :||  
We shall see thee face to face.

7 Jesus! at thy blest appearing,  
Freed from weakness, grief and  
pain,

We, restored to thy likeness,  
Then shall join thy happy train;  
Make us ready, :||  
Lord, thy glory to obtain!

1176.\* T. 58. (980.)

HAPPY I am, yet o'er my happi-  
ness

Can ne'er rejoice but with a blush-  
ing face,

For it is mere mercy, remains a  
wonder

Of Christ's long suff'ring, when  
thereon I ponder,  
Now and always.

2 In the glorious presence  
Of God my Saviour,  
Though with abasement, this great  
truth I'll ever

Own to his praise:

3 That his incarnation,  
His bitter passion,  
And meritorious death procur'd sal-  
vation, And life for me.

4 In his great atonement  
I'll trust unshaken,  
Until I once to see Him shall be  
taken, Whom here I love.

5 Grant to me, Lord Jesus,  
The special favor,  
Depending on thy grace both now  
and ever, To look to thee;

6 In that ever lovely,  
Heart-piercing figure,  
As for us bearing justice in its rigor,  
Upon the cross.

7 What ecstatic pleasure  
Shall I then savor,  
When face to face beholding thee  
for ever, So as thou art!

8 On what joys celestial  
Shall I be feasting,  
When, in thy presence from all la-  
bor resting, I sabbath keep!

9 O! what songs of praises  
Will then in heaven  
Resound, when all the ransom'd  
souls thanksgiving  
To Jesus bring!

10 Lamb, once slain for sinners,  
Receive our praises,  
Honor and glory from all choirs and  
classes,  
To thee they're due.

11 Now let all say Amen,  
The Lord be praised,  
In heav'n and earth his name for  
ever blessed  
By all that breathe!

1177.\* T. 71. (983.)

WHAT shall I feel, when I  
The glorious choirs espy  
In bliss unceasing!  
Already in my heart  
Rays from bright Salem dart,  
With hopes most pleasing.

2 I hear th' enraptur'd song  
Rais'd by the blessed throng  
Of the redeemed:  
Seated upon the throne,  
The Lamb once slain, alone  
Is worthy deemed.

3 Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,  
When here thy race is run,  
Shalt have the favor  
To go and join the blest,  
And there at home to rest  
With Christ, thy Saviour.

4 Then shall our wo and grief  
Find a most sure relief  
In joys unbounded;  
Triumphant songs shall be  
To the blest Trinity  
For ever sounded.

5 How blest when we can say,  
All else is fled away,  
And love prevaleth!

No longer faith and hope  
We need to bear us up,  
Love never faileth.

6 See, how the victors go  
In raiment white as snow,  
With glory crowned!  
He grants to them, through grace,  
Around his throne a place,  
On whom death frowned.

7 The Bridegroom now appears,  
He wipes off all our tears,  
And ends all sadness;  
To him I had resign'd  
Myself, and now am join'd  
In perfect gladness.

8 O Lord, grant my request,  
To be in heav'n at rest,  
When 'tis thy pleasure;  
Then, to eternity,  
I ne'er shall parted be  
From thee, my Treasure.

9 At thy through-pierced feet  
I'll humbly take my seat,  
There's heav'n's enjoyment:  
To give thee thanks and praise,  
For all thy love and grace,  
Be my employment.

10 While here, I live by faith,  
Relying on thy death,  
For thou'rt my Saviour;  
There I shall sweetly rest,  
Reclining on thy breast,  
In peace for ever.

1178. T. 136. (984. 1091.)

MY Lord and God!  
Who hast for me atoned,  
And in death's agony for me hast  
groaned;

I weep for joy,  
And raise my feeble song:  
For both in life and death this me-  
ditation

Proves unto me a sweet and strength-  
'ning consolation;

My pardon's sealed with thy blood,  
My Lord! my God!

2 The time will come,  
When endless consolation  
Will be their lot, who wait for  
Christ's salvation.

'I am redeem'd,'  
Saith a believing heart;  
'Ev'n here the Lord, whose mercy  
never endeth,  
Wipes oft my tears away, and all  
my steps attendeth;  
The time, to be with him at home,  
At last will come.'

3 Come soon, O come,  
Ye hours, wherein for ever,  
With hosts of saints I too shall  
have the favor  
To see my Lord!  
With joy I for him wait;  
Who knows but I this day may  
leave the body,  
Call'd forth to meet the Bridegroom:  
may he find me ready;  
I long to be with him at home;  
Come soon, O come!

4 O happy lot,  
To live in blessed union  
With Christ, and with his church  
in close communion;  
To look to him,  
Prompted by love and need,  
To feed by faith upon his death and  
merit,  
And, purified in heart, become with  
him one spirit:  
To love him, tho' we see him not,  
O happy lot!

5 O happy lot!  
To live with Christ our Saviour,  
There to behold his countenance for  
ever;  
In songs of joy  
His holy name to praise;  
To thank him for our blessed con-  
summation,  
And view his wounds, those pledges  
of complete salvation,  
All pain and sorrow then forgot;  
O happy lot!

## 1179. T. 30.

O YE heav'nly souls, true joys pos-  
sessing,  
At the fountain-head of ev'ry bless-  
ing!  
From your bright legions

Waft your praises to these lowly  
regions.

2 Songs of vict'ry to the Lamb once  
wounded,  
With immortal glory now sur-  
rounded,  
O'erwhelm my senses,  
And my heav'n already here com-  
mences.

3 Hear I not the golden harps re-  
sounding?  
See I not the crowds the throne sur-  
rounding?  
'Adore, adore him!'  
They exclaim, and prostrate fall  
before him.

4 O that I could join their adoration,  
Lie with them in awful, deep pros-  
tration,  
His feet embracing;  
Bath'd in tears, yet hymns of glad-  
ness raising!

5 O Jerusalem, from God descend-  
ing,  
To thy pinnacles my flight I'm  
bending:  
Begone for ever  
World and sin! and welcome Christ  
my Saviour!

6 But what gentle voice my flight  
prevented?  
Whisp'ring to my spirit, 'be con-  
tented,  
Thy days are number'd,  
And thy sighs and pray'rs 'fore God  
remember'd!'

7 Am I longer here, 'midst tribula-  
tion,  
As a pilgrim to maintain my sta-  
tion?  
May I unmoved  
Rest upon the arm of my Beloved.

8 May the tears and sweat of  
Ol'vet's mountain,  
May the scene of Calv'ry's purple  
fountain,  
The dying Saviour!  
Hover 'fore my eyes of faith for  
ever.

9 Till allow'd to join the happy  
chorus,  
Of the ransom'd who have gone be-  
fore us,  
And now are seated  
Round his throne, to perfect bliss  
admitted.

10 Lamb of God, once slain for our  
transgression,  
To thy name we now ascribe salva-  
tion:

Here, and in heaven,  
Everlasting praise to thee be given!

**1180.\*** T. 83. (1191. 987.)

JESUS' suff'rings were for me,  
That my hence departing spirit  
Full of joy and peace might be,  
And eternal life inherit:  
I'm from judgment freed, by faith  
In his meritorious death.

2 When I leave this world in peace,  
I shall have the grace and favor  
To behold him face to face,  
Whom I love, ev'n God my Sa-  
viour:

Then I shall for evermore  
Him in endless joy adore.

3 When I shall permitted be,  
To enjoy in fullest measure,  
What his suff'rings gain'd for me,  
And possess salvation's treasure,  
With what rapture shall I sing  
Hallelujah to my King!

**1181.\*** T. 119. (988.)

O WHAT joy, :||:  
O what joy awaiteth me!  
I rejoice in expectation,  
That I in my flesh shall see  
Him, the God of my salvation,  
And behold the Lord in endless  
bliss,

As he is. :||:

2 Yea, Amen! :||:  
Pardon'd sinners here rejoice  
In this hope and consolation,  
Till we shall with sweeter voice,  
Sing in the great congregation,  
Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh  
to God

By thy blood! :||:

**1182.\*** T. 45. (989.)

MY lot of grace—will be always  
Beyond description blessed;  
Yea, the bliss I shall enjoy  
Cannot be expressed.

2 Him I shall see—whose love to me  
My heart hath captivated;  
From his presence I no more  
Shall be separated.

**1183.\*** T. 208. (990.)

WHAT hast thou, Lord Jesus,  
To redeem and bless us,  
For us undergone!

Here we know but partly,  
But there will be shortly  
More of this depth known:  
When above—we shall remove,  
And shall live with thee for ever,  
Our beloved Saviour.

2 I am lost in wonder,  
When I duly ponder,  
Jesus, on thy grace;  
That I shall in glory  
Evermore adore thee,  
And that, face to face,  
I shall see—eternally  
Thee, the God of my salvation;  
O what consolation!

**1184.\*** T. 58. (1200.)

WHEN Jesus had to his disciples  
giv'n

His farewell blessing, and went up  
to heav'n,  
With deep sorrow filled, they up-  
wards gazed,  
Then to Jerusalem their steps re-  
traced

With inward joy.

2 When he in like manner  
Shall be returning,  
His church on earth will change  
her grief and mourning,  
To songs of praise.

3 This reflection fills us  
With joy unbounded,  
That we the Lord, who for our sins  
was wounded,  
Shall once behold.

4 O might we, poor sinners,  
For his salvation  
Hunger and thirst, until our consum-  
mation, By day and night.

5 Thus shall we believing,  
Ne'er be confounded,  
And here already with his peace sur-  
rounded, Taste heav'nly joys.

6 May we cleave to Jesus,  
Till we've obtained  
The prize, and till our faith and hope  
have gained  
Their highest aim.

7 So as she believed,  
Christ's congregation  
Shall find it, and behold the Lord's  
salvation, In endless bliss.

8 At his blest appearing,  
Freed from all weakness,  
Our bodies shall be chang'd into his  
likeness,  
By his great pow'r.

9 Amen, Lord, afford us  
Thy kind direction,  
Keep us from evil, under thy pro-  
tection, Always secure;

10 Till we shall in heaven  
Behold thy glory,  
And free from sin and sorrow there  
adore thee,  
World without end.

1185.\* T. 205. (981.)

O EXALT and praise the Lord,  
Laud his name for evermore,  
Gratefully with one accord,  
With the angels him adore;  
Thank him for the faithfulness  
Wherewith he his witnesses,  
Who in heav'n are perfected,  
Through great tribulation led.

2 Here, by Jesus' precious blood  
Cleans'd from sin and render'd  
chaste,  
They, as ministers of God,  
Him by word and deed confess'd;  
In their Lord's reproach a share,  
Hated by the world, they bare,  
Now they, with th' angelic train,  
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

3 They with patience having run  
Their appointed race, in hope  
Of the prize, at last the crown  
Have obtain'd, for them laid up;  
Now they serve the Lamb of God,  
(Having in his precious blood  
Wash'd their robes and made them  
white,)

In his temple day and night.  
4 In fine, spotless linen dress'd,  
Palms of victory they bear,  
By no sorrows e'er oppress'd,  
Unmolested now by care,  
Free from hunger, thirst and heat,  
They, possessing joys complete,  
Unto living fountains led,  
By the Lamb himself are fed.

5 Since we likewise may attain  
To this happiness through grace,  
And by foll'wing Jesus, gain  
With the saints in heav'n a place;  
May we tread the narrow path,  
Not unfruitful in the faith,  
And unto the end endure,  
Making our election sure.

6 May we always have in view  
The example of our Lord,  
Faithfully his steps pursue,  
Giving heed unto his word;  
In our bodies, while we've breath,  
May we bear about his death,  
That his life may even here  
In our mortal flesh appear.

7 Let us call to mind with joy  
Those who have before us gone,  
Who obtain'd the victory  
Thro' the blood of Christ alone;  
That we all may zealously  
Imitate their constancy,  
Till we too the prize receive,  
And with them in glory live.

1186.\* T. 166. (982.)

UNTO ourselves with deepest awe  
The spirits of the righteous  
We represent, and comfort draw  
From hence, when trials fright us:  
Rejoicing, we behold them now,  
In Jesus' presence blessed,  
From the church militant below  
To the triumphant raised.

2 There sits the princely company  
Of those, who did surrender,  
For Jesus' sake, most willingly,  
Their lives and worldly grandeur:  
Undaunted meeting fire and sword,  
No toils too great esteemed,  
If they to preach his precious word  
By him were worthy deemed.

3 All who in Jesus' presence live,  
Remov'd from mortal vision,  
The crown of righteousness receive,

In endless life's fruition;  
They are now with the Lord at home;

Our humble expectation  
Is, that he'll let us also come  
To join that congregation.

**1187.\*** T. 149. (985.)

O HOW excellent and fair,  
Great beyond all measure,  
Will to us our lot appear,  
And how rich our treasure,  
When we see—bodily  
Our beloved Saviour,  
As he is for ever!

2 Countless hosts before God's throne,

(Where the Lamb resideth,  
And, as God and Man, his own  
To life's fountain guideth,)

Now possess—perfect bliss,  
Which to us is wanting,  
And for which we're panting.

3 What here sickens, sighs and groans,

There will prove victorious;  
Earthly here are sown our bones,  
They shall rise most glorious;  
Death and wo—ev'ry foe  
Which us here annoyed,  
There will be destroyed.

4 May this ever blessed hope  
Fill our hearts with gladness,  
And, 'midst weakness, bear us up,  
Till from sin and sadness  
We shall be—wholly free,  
And above for ever  
Praise our gracious Saviour.

**1188.\*** T. 594. (986.)

AT God's right hand the countless numbers

Of just, made perfect, joyful stand,  
Freed from whate'er on earth encumbers,

They gain with joy the heav'nly land:  
Our souls, with sweet anticipation,  
By faith these glorious realms descry:

And from each kindred tongue, and nation

We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2 When, O when shall I have the favor

To see th' approach of those blest days,

When I shall welcome my dear Saviour

With solemn strains, with joyful lays?

How blest will then be my condition,  
When in my flesh I Christ shall see!  
Though happy in his love's fruition  
Ev'n here, with him I long to be.

3 What heav'nly joy and consolation  
This hope affords unto my heart,  
That Christ, the God of my salvation,  
Will me receive when I depart!

Then in his presence I for ever,  
With the redeem'd shall sing his praise;

O make me ready, blessed Saviour,  
To leave this world, and see thy face.

**1189.** T. 79.

WHILE we anticipate the day,  
That calls our longing souls away,  
What transports fill the breast!

For lo! our great Redeemer's pow'r  
Unfolds the everlasting door,  
Which leads us to eternal rest.

2 Ev'n now to our expecting eyes,  
The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem rise,

Ev'n now, with glad survey,  
We view her mansions, that contain  
Th' angelic form, the blessed train,  
And shine with everlasting day.

3 Hither, from earth's remotest  
end,  
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,  
Their tribute hither bring,  
Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,  
To sing his praise is their employ,  
To hail with songs th' immortal  
King.

4 We too shall join the choir above,  
Where all is peace, and joy and  
love,  
Where faith is chang'd to sight:  
Then shall we mix with that blest  
throng,  
And raise the ransom'd sinner's  
song,  
In realms of everlasting light.

**1190. T. 14. (978.)**

THERE is a house not made with  
hands,  
Eternal, and above;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till it shall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by his saving grace  
Prepareth me for heav'n;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Hath his own Spirit giv'n.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace:  
But we would rather see:  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

**1191. T. 14. (991.)**

COME, Lord, and warm each lan-  
guid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heav'n impart  
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,  
And discord, there shall cease;  
And perfect joy and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;  
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.

F f

**1192. T. 14. (992.)**

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone;  
Walking in all his ways, they find  
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church above no other theme  
But Jesus' love doth know;  
In joyful hymns they praise his  
name,  
We do the same below.

3 Him in his glorious realm they  
praise,  
And bow before his throne;  
We in the kingdom of his grace:  
The kingdoms are but one.

**1193. T. 14. (993.)**

THERE, where my blessed Jesus  
reigns,  
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,  
I shall a long eternity  
Spend in ne'er ceasing praise.

2 Dear Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine  
Will fresh endearments bring;  
And streams of ever new delight,  
From all thy graces spring.

3 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
Up to thy blest abode;  
Haste, for my spirit longs to be  
With thee, my Lord and God.

**1194. T. 14. (994.)**

GOD hath laid up in heav'n for me  
A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge, at that great  
day,  
Will place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone,  
But all that love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.

**1195.\* T. 205. (995.)**

WITH thee, Lord, while I remain,  
Thou wilt near thy child abide,  
Till thy perfect aim t'attain,  
I throughout am sanctified:

All my wants, all my distress,  
I'll to thee, my Lord, confess,  
Soon will come the happy day,  
When all tears are wip'd away.

2 Amen, yea, Hallelujah!

Jesus, praise to thee be giv'n,  
That a place for me, through grace,  
Is by thee prepar'd in heav'n:  
Ah, how blest will be my case,  
When I shall behold thy face,  
And from pain and sorrow free,  
Live for evermore with thee!

**1196.** T. 114. (996.)

THE just made perfect, who in glory  
seated

Around God's throne enjoy eternal  
bliss,

Behold our God and Saviour as he is;  
Ah, when shall I poor trav'ler be  
permitted

To join that happy, num'rous com-  
pany,

And my Redeemer face to face to see!

**1197.\*** T. 588. (998.)

WHAT happiness,  
What joy and happiness,  
Lord, shall we then possess,  
When we adore thee,  
With angels fall before thee,  
And see thy face,  
What happiness!

2 Amen, Amen!

Then will, in highest strain,  
Unto the Lamb once slain,  
Eternal praises

Resound in heav'nly places;  
Hallelujah,—Hallelujah!

**1198.** T. 249.

TO God we render praise,  
Who grants :|: us new displays  
Of mercy all our days:

When Christ, the Son of man again  
Shall come—the angels in his train,  
May all of us, who here

'Fore him appear,  
Then meet him without fear.

2 How great our joy will be,  
In heav'n, :|: O Lord, where we  
Thy glorious face shall see:

We then shall thee for evermore,  
As the Lamb slain for us adore:  
In realms of glory bright,  
With saints in light,  
In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,  
Worthy :|: the Lamb once slain!  
Let all reply: Amen!

Blessing, and pow'r, and majesty,  
Through endless ages be to thee,  
Who us by blood hast bought,  
In mercy sought,  
And to thy fold us brought!

**1199.\*** T. 159. (999.)

NOW, Lord, who in this vale of  
tears

Dost lift thy gracious face,  
Upon thy church which thee re-  
veres,

And givest us such peace,  
That sweetly we anticipate  
The heav'nly bliss, for which we  
wait,

In thee rejoicing here below,  
Ev'n while in tears we sow:

2 O form us all, while we remain  
On earth, unto thy praise!

That each one fully may obtain  
Thy blessed aim, through grace:  
Till we in heav'n thy face shall see  
May spirit, soul and body be  
Preserv'd by thee, till thy great day,  
Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

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#### CONCLUSION.

**1200.** T. 159. (1000.)

SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!  
Sing with a cheerful voice;

Exalt our God with one accord,  
And in his name rejoice:

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd  
host,

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!  
Until in realms of endless light  
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity  
Shall join th'angelic lays;

And sing in perfect harmony  
To God our Saviour's praise:  
'He hath redeem'd us by his blood,  
And made us kings and priests to  
God;

For us, for us the Lamb was slain.'  
Praise ye the Lord!

AMEN.

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Of every first line of each verse; those lines marked thus \* begin a Hymn.

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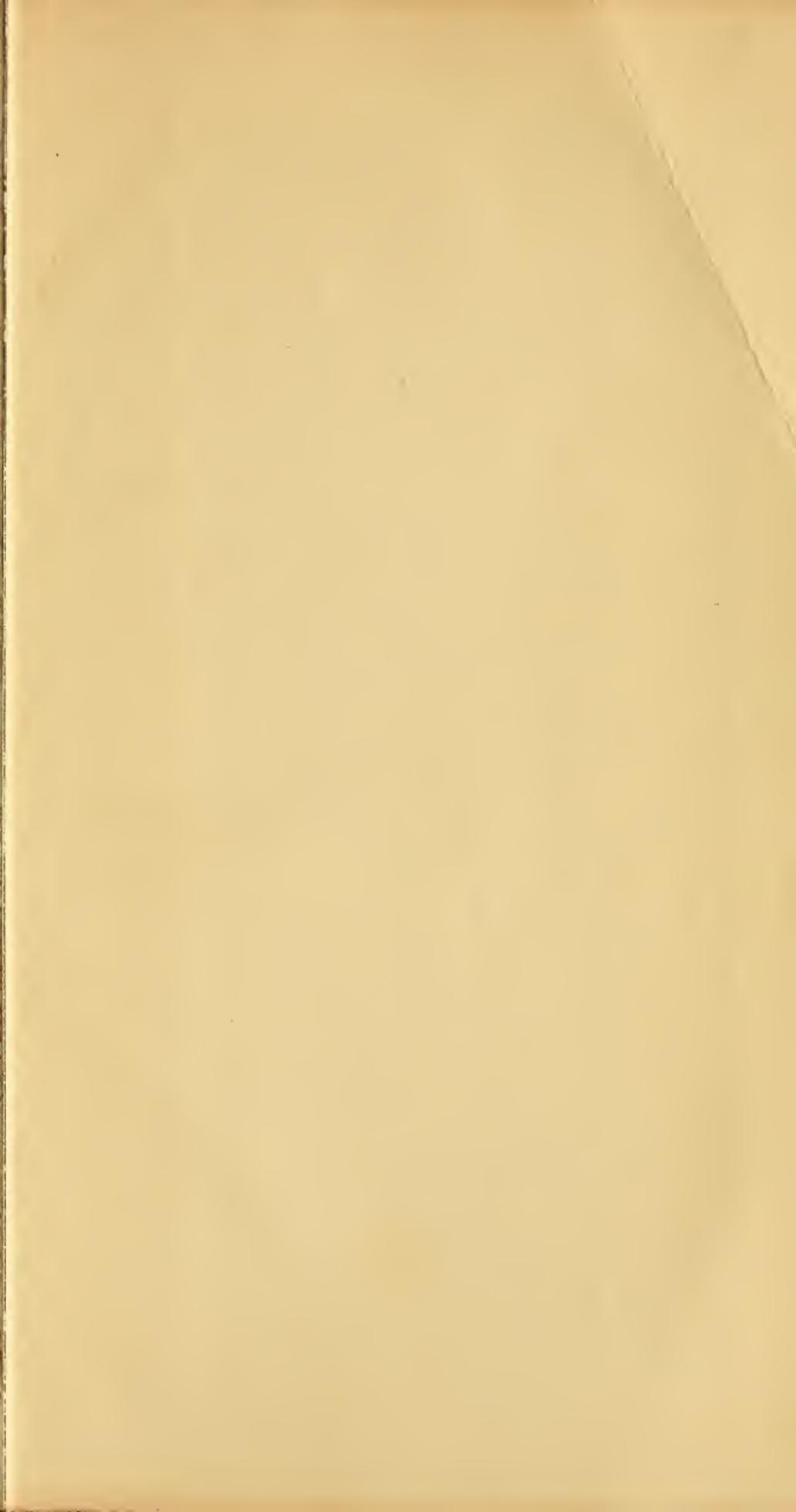
*Note.*—The number affixed to every line in this Table, corresponds with the Tune-book, which is an extract from the Tune-book used in our congregations abroad, with the addition of a few original English tunes.

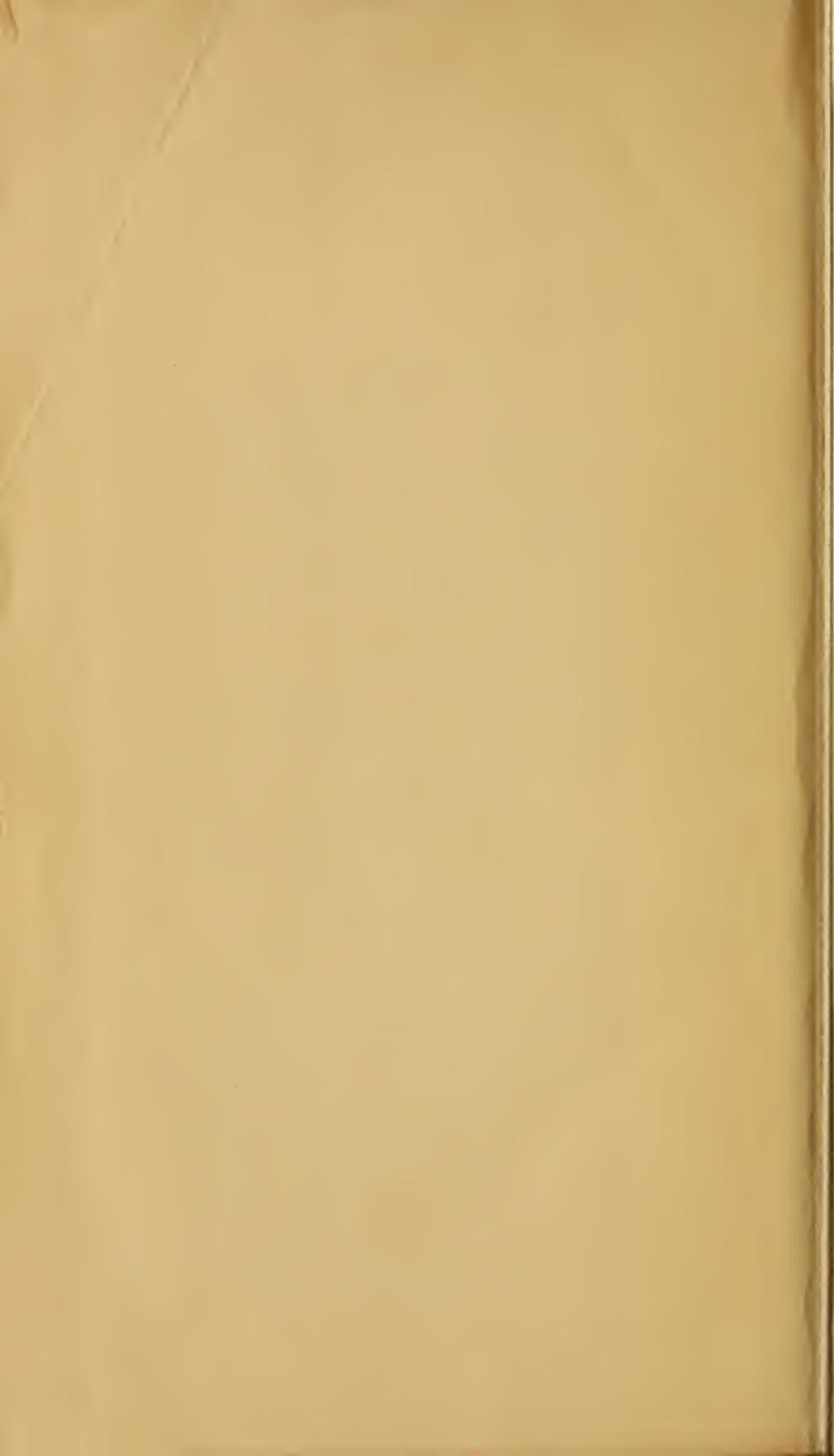
<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>
1	721.	22	2, 5, 6, 8, 12, 28, 29, 32, 36,
4	255, 367, 402, 470, 524, 617, 853, 936.		46, 47, 48, 58, 81, 84, 121, 126, 128, 131, 164, 176, 184,
9	256, 636, 668, 734, 790, 795, 856, 921, 926, 1042.		185, 187, 216, 217, 219, 221, 233, 235, 248, 251, 254, 267,
10	51, 431, 615, 698, 796, 1061, 1070, 1099.		270, 277, 278, 279, 310, 311, 317, 318, 327, 340, 344, 346,
11	17, 44, 45, 75, 78, 133, 155, 162, 286, 299, 319, 356, 391, 467, 474, 479, 482, 483, 496, 497, 508, 542, 562, 613, 673, 697, 885, 897, 899, 965, 967, 983, 985, 1052, 1102, 1135.		377, 400, 466, 480, 487, 502, 506, 518, 526, 532, 533, 536, 544, 550, 558, 561, 570, 597, 598, 605, 612, 621, 627, 630, 641, 648, 651, 674, 676, 713, 714, 715, 729, 730, 781,
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		23	554, 583, 927, 928, 959, 1009.
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		30	522, 765, 1179.
		36	89, 101, 120, 305, 306, 371, 445, 545, 705, 1082.
		37	314, 456, 516, 812, 1008, 1141.
		39	69, 204, 464, 492, 642, 672, 693, 852, 909, 1000, 1001, 1002.
		45	148, 151, 471, 1016, 1182.
15	359, 418, 468, 607, 798, 934.	50	35, 160.
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		54	90, 511.
		56	455, 510, 770, 841, 941, 1018, 1025, 1032.
		58	16, 39, 73, 171, 178, 207,

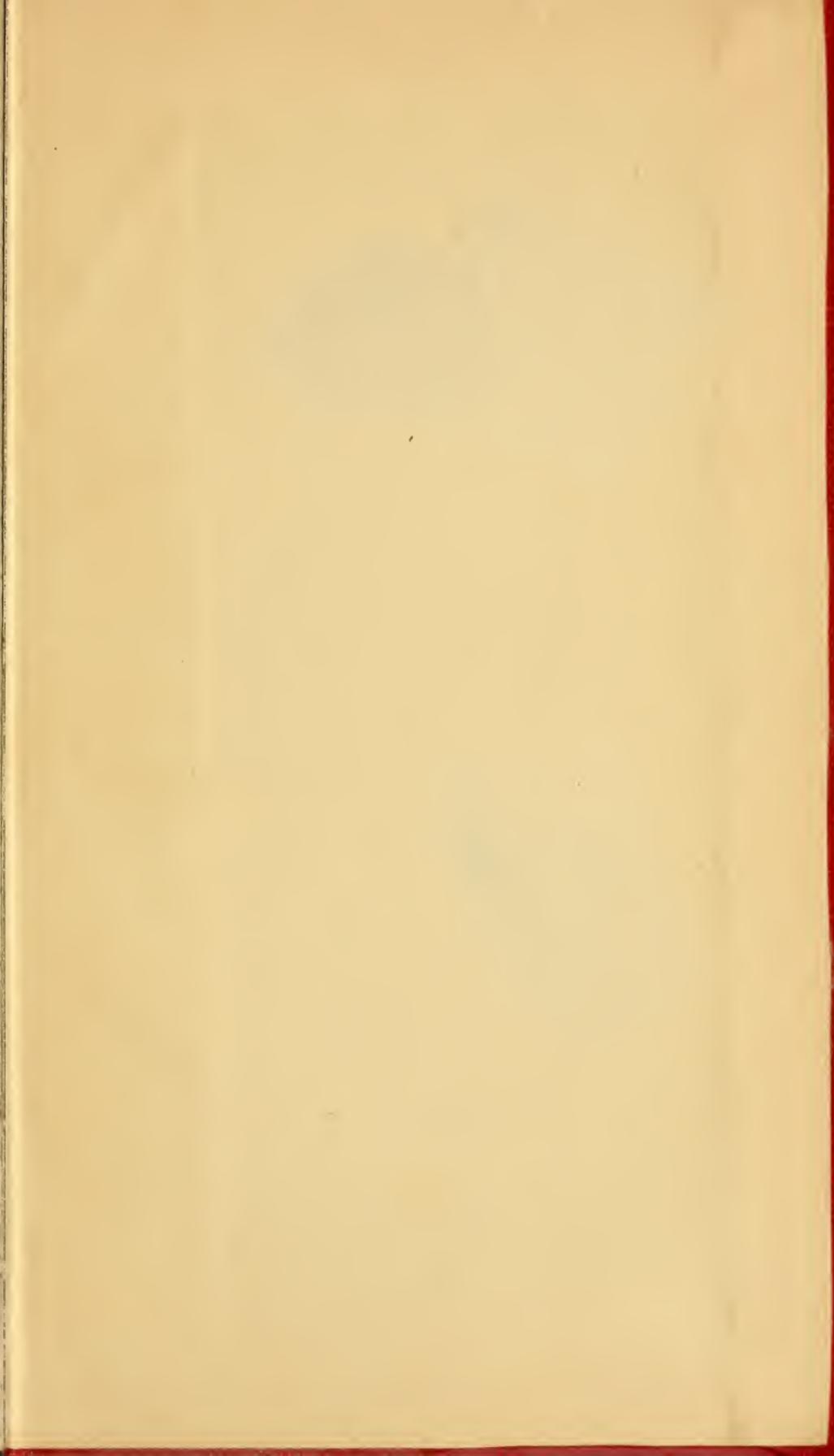
<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>
	208, 223, 225, 249, 253, 260,	123	322.
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66	302.		560, 569, 731, 752, 924.
68	201, 234, 245, 366, 435, 578,	127	99.
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69	611, 727, 811, 914.		226, 287, 289, 362, 394, 444,
70	397, 1120.		659, 671, 769, 1133, 1147,
71	96, 410, 576, 810, 929, 1035,		1160.
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	1094, 1103, 1106, 1107, 1156,		969, 1128, 1149, 1167.
	1172, 1189.	152	109, 950.
82	595, 838, 961.	155	60, 203, 355, 484, 515, 688,
83	14, 52, 170, 403, 465, 500,		744, 748, 759, 783, 789, 858,
	594, 638, 685, 706, 962, 973,		891.
	978, 1046, 1144, 1180.	156	463.
84	3.	157	37, 1090, 1108.
89	15, 21, 447, 643, 1075.	159	65, 368, 424, 493, 494, 514,
90 see 96 & 106.	228, 271, 283, 334, 350,		539, 540, 541, 624, 670, 719,
	376, 441, 449, 452, 503,		814, 817, 998, 1037, 1173,
	646, 669, 835, 837, 900, 1100.		1199, 1200.
96	87, 132, 222, 244, 292, 324,	160	915.
	338, 538, 681, 733, 972, 1139.	161	749, 778, 786, 890.
97	9, 10, 31, 200, 239, 385, 326,	164	388, 513, 746, 1007, 1089.
	399, 417, 439, 440, 469, 551,	165	103, 105, 491, 1088.
	556, 722, 732, 799, 827, 854,	166	20, 38, 135, 182, 186, 211,
	863, 873, 874, 949, 956, 1019,		231, 358, 392, 425, 566, 592,
	1066, 1112, 1137, 1174.		684, 718, 728, 745, 792, 797,
99	88, 97, 944.		815, 822, 831, 834, 840, 844,
101	665, 794, 806.		851, 859, 869, 916, 920, 952,
102	571, 1153.		1011, 1015, 1017, 1045, 1065,
106	4, 192, 195, 229, 281, 312, 315,		1114, 1126, 1138, 1186.
	348, 349, 459, 531, 534, 606,	167	66, 94, 107, 152, 209, 307,
	773, 1080.		308, 382, 407, 472, 485, 486,
107 (see T. 599)	913.		609, 614, 632, 690, 726, 800,
114	85, 146, 386, 591, 691, 709,		808, 1051, 1064.
	754, 787, 871, 1196.	168	77, 104, 111, 112, 119, 345,
115	387, 395.		740, 1023, 1026, 1060, 1140.
119	1, 74, 149, 404, 527, 756, 946,	169	42.
	1132, 1181.	172	236.
121	309, 519, 686, 777, 780, 876,	184 (see 594)	136, 321, 325, 360,
	1057.		458, 604, 955, 1059, 1067.

<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>
185	91, 143, 153, 167, 212, 214, 365, 383, 409, 430, 564, 568, 572, 574, 616, 712, 717, 720, 791, 802, 813, 821, 826, 849, 888, 945, 970, 1014, 1020, 1024, 1027, 1055.	376	351, 352.
189	654.	483	1158.
195	645, 662, 894.	519	156.
200	461, 575.	520	725.
201	910.	581	145, 198, 295, 922, 960, 1044, 1161.
203	252.	582 (see T. 595)	26, 54, 122, 129, 259, 263, 284, 296, 297, 336, 343, 390, 696, 757, 767, 836, 884, 907, 912, 951, 963, 974, 1074, 1152.
205	67, 154, 168, 274, 280, 294, 300, 401, 423, 432, 656, 716, 742, 818, 865, 880, 883, 887, 917, 1039, 1169, 1185, 1195.	583	134, 268, 272, 329, 478, 584, 600, 653, 658, 699, 710, 711, 768, 785, 843, 879, 964, 966, 1028, 1111, 1124.
206	205, 370, 422, 667, 877.	585	50, 53, 55, 57, 275, 567, 573, 640, 902, 1033, 1062, 1159, 1162, 1175.
208	144, 147, 446, 608, 650, 682, 775, 1183.	586	64, 385, 586, 776, 1006, 1047.
211	932.	587 (or 596)	498, 1005.
212	18, 634.	588	139, 1170, 1197.
214	188, 555, 807.	590 (see 593)	22, 33, 40, 158, 159, 177, 190, 210, 328, 361, 393, 412, 454, 552, 553, 585, 596, 625, 628, 631, 689, 771, 819, 861, 868, 892, 904, 905, 919, 971, 997, 1013, 1038, 1123, 1143, 1163.
216	108.	591	276, 626.
217	113, 273.	592	1165.
218	389, 548.	593 (see T. 14.)	
221	24, 736, 779, 878, 882.	593 B. (see T. 590.)	
227	661, 762.	594 (see T. 184)	93, 114, 396, 918, 1188.
228	364, 419, 437, 477, 517, 588, 618, 619, 850.	595 (see T. 582)	161, 179, 196, 215, 240, 241, 243, 679, 680, 1068, 1101.
230	202, 269, 380, 495, 695, 809, 823, 829.	596 (see T. 587.)	
232	137, 460, 476, 864, 925, 1150.	597 (see T. 126.)	
234	438, 652, 735.	598	150.
235	657.	599 (or rather T. 107)	913.
237	581.		
240	63, 141.		
242	931.		
243	95, 504, 999.		
244	117, 384, 411, 525, 547, 587, 644, 764, 1134, 1148, 1171.		
249	68, 247, 692, 694, 1121, 1198.		
341	224, 238, 246, 262, 421, 663, 784, 788, 824, 1040.		

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